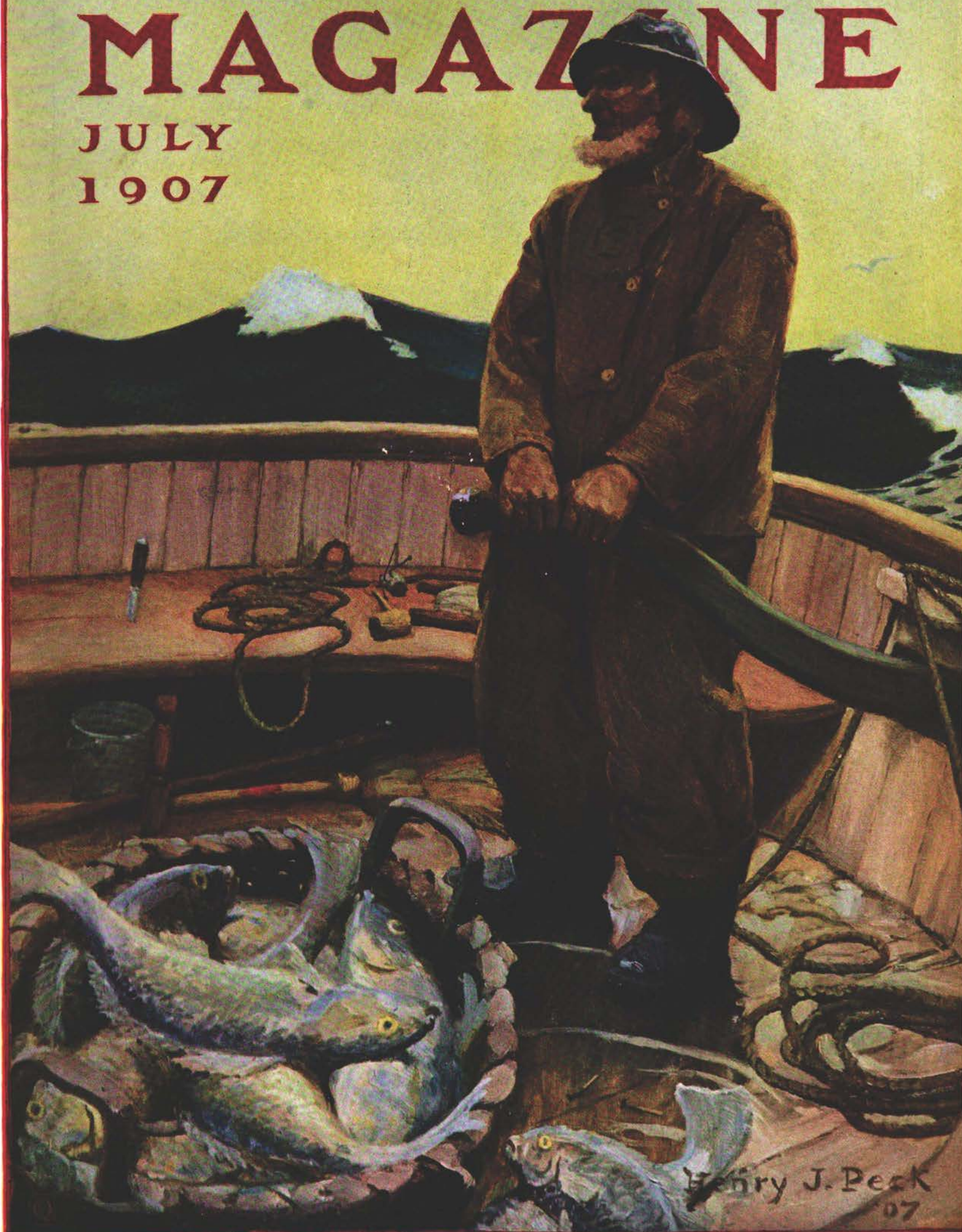


# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

JULY  
1907



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While Uncle Sam is making the  
dirt fly at Panama, Sapolio  
is making it fly at home



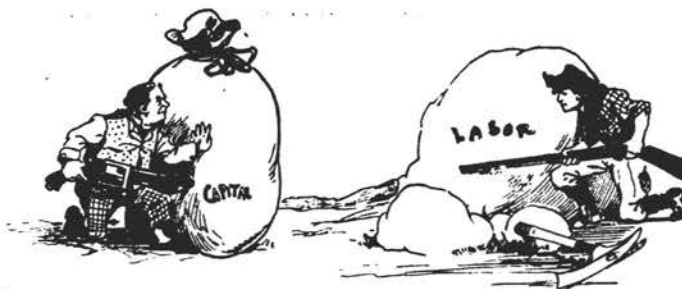
Dirt and drudgery flee before

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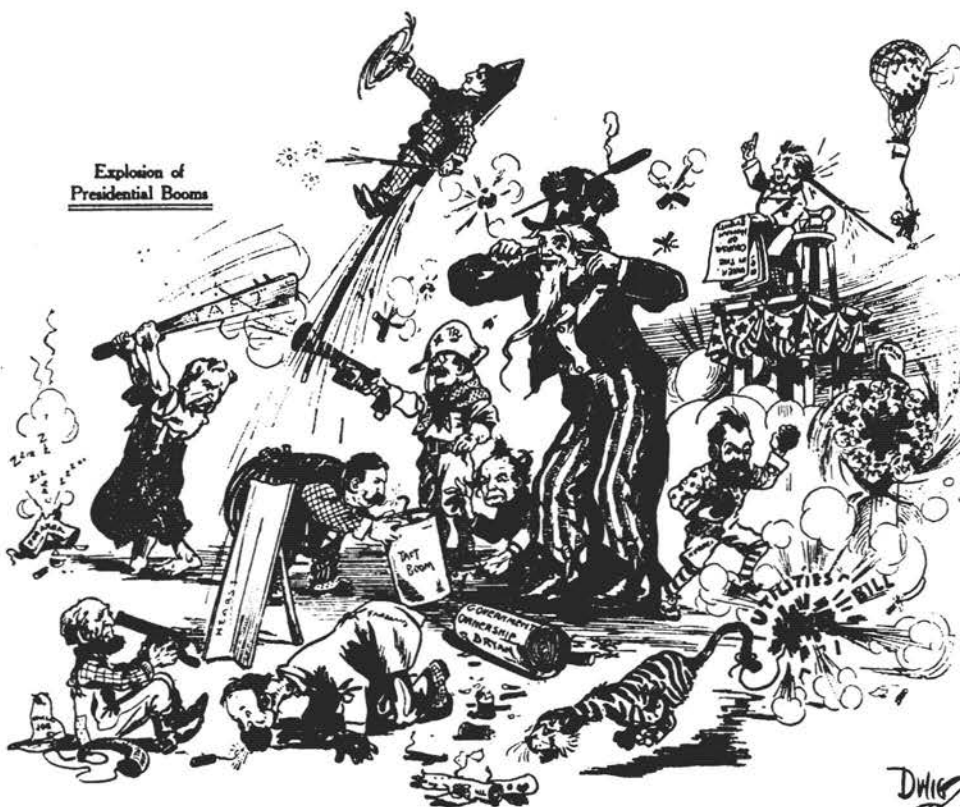


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## SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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Associate Editor

Cover Design by Henry J. Peck

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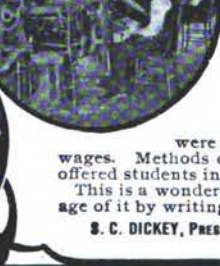
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"In a 'plug' hat and a frock coat, digging into a greasy pot with a tin fork and eating—well, whatever it happens to be"

# Roosevelt--Democrat

By Robert Lee Dunn

*Photographs specially taken by the author*

"HEY there, Teddy!"

The President stopped the big wagon, full of Cabinet members in hunting costume, and looked steadily at the youngster who had called to him. The boy was standing beside the trail into Yellowstone National Park.

"Come here, kid," said the Chief Executive of the nation.

The boy came over boldly, expecting to get a handshake and a pat on the head, I suppose, when suddenly the President's voice roared: "If I were your daddy you'd get a good licking for this! What sort of bringing up have you had, anyway? Don't you know any better than to call the President of the United States 'Teddy'?" The boy drew back abashed and the wagon rolled on. "I lost more than I gained by that, I guess," said Mr. Roosevelt, turning to the other members of his party, "but I hope that youngster learned a lesson from it."

That was the only time I remember that the President, in all my travels with him, ever took it upon himself to shout *Res-majesté*. Generally, wher-

ever he went, and whether the occasion was a political one or not, it was "Mister Roosevelt, Democrat."

Is it a barbecue in Indian Territory? We get a picture of the Executive in a "plug" hat and a frock coat, digging into a greasy pot with a tin fork and eating—well, whatever it happens to be. Is he traveling on a railroad train? The chances are we will find him sitting up in the engineer's cab, talking over everyday topics with the engineer. He is all things to all men, and he enters into each situation with great gusto. People

shudder in aristocratic amazement.

I do not think, for instance, that if the German Emperor were speaking, and some one in the audience shouted "Louder!" he would jump to the top of the most convenient table, upset the water pitcher and kick the floral decorations to the ground, strain himself up on tiptoe and send his voice bellowing out into the farthest corners of the building. Yet Mr. Roosevelt has done this frequently. Sometimes, in his haste, he doesn't notice whether the table is a weak-kneed affair or not, and the onlookers are then treated

to the spectacle of three or four State Senators, valiantly propping up the extemporized platform, while the two hundred pound orator dances a speech-making jig on the top of it.

If it is an outdoor celebration, and it is raining, he is the same negligent, free and easy citizen, and pays no attention to a good soaking—as many a patient,

Robert Lee Dunn is the best known "campaign photographer" in the United States. Ever since Theodore Roosevelt became President he has accompanied him on every journey of importance and has taken photographs of him under the most trying circumstances. Mr. Dunn's reminiscences, published herewith, tell of many amusing incidents of his career and of the trials and tribulations of a camera artist



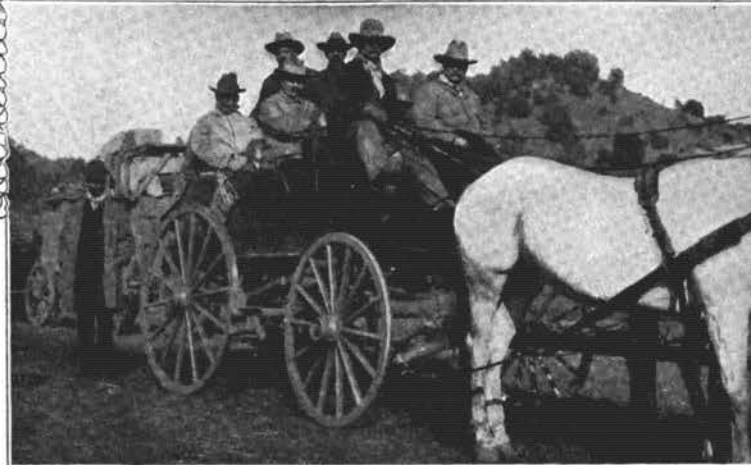




He will gladly stop in the middle of a speech to receive a message handed up to him on a fish pole



"Where's the rest of the committee?" he asked



The Kid:—"Hey, there, Teddy!"  
The President:—"If I were your daddy, you'd get a good licking for this"



If he stops to admire a dog the owner has the animal shipped on to Washington as a present



The President's special train stopping at a prairie station so that he might lunch with some old-time cowboy friends



The President's coach in the Big Trees, Calaveras County, California



When traveling he frequently prefers to ride in the locomotive





When flowers were presented by the young ladies of a town



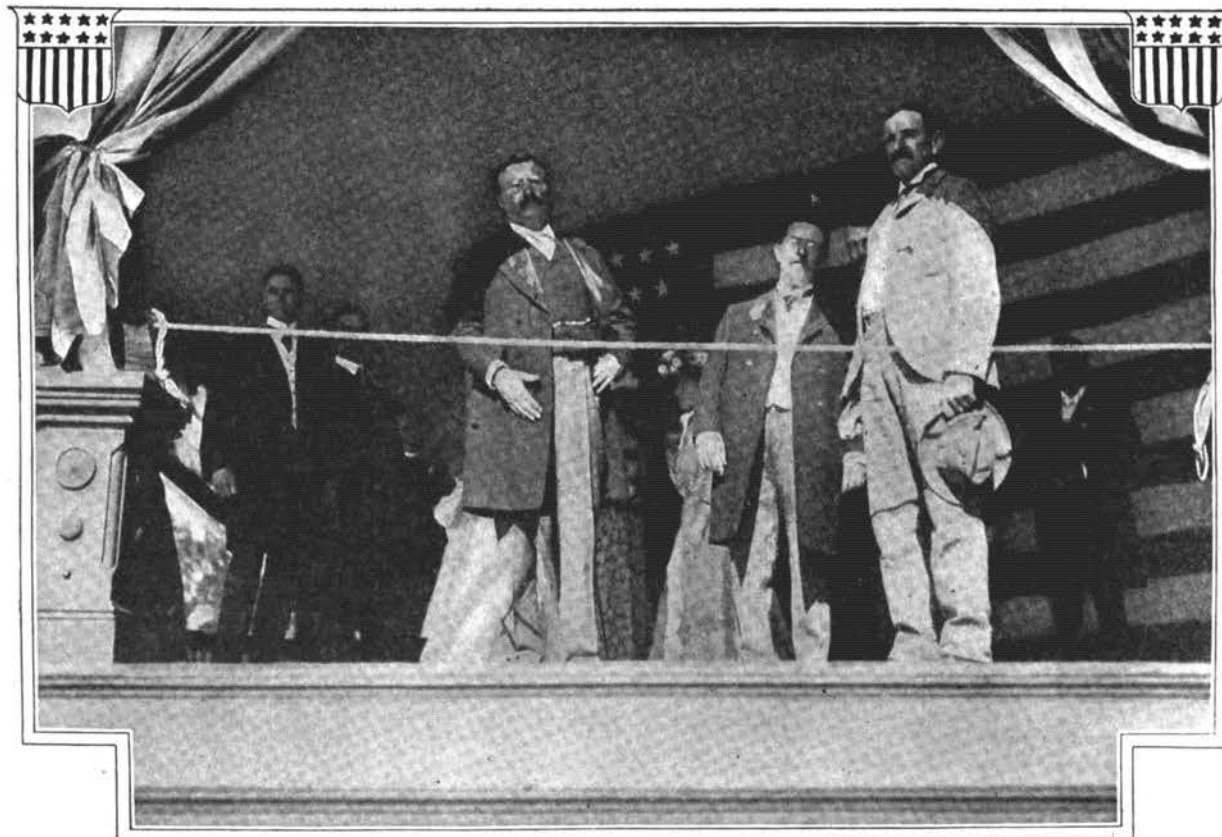
Even in his busiest moments the President will stop to discuss national affairs with a reporter



"Don't ever use that photograph," said the President



During the "Gold Bugs" parade in New York the President saluted the flag nearly five hundred times



This picture was taken at Oyster Bay. The President had shaken hands with so many people that his right hand became stiff and swollen, as the photograph plainly shows, and he was unable to move it



Always in a position to be heard



Standing unsheltered for hours in the rain to review a parade



Greeting an old friend in a crowd



sodden delegate or committeeman can testify. At the so-called "Gold Bugs' Parade," I remember, in Madison Square, New York, he stood in the downpour for hours, refusing the shelter of an umbrella, until the last of the paraders had passed in review.

"A good colonel ought to bare his head, no matter the weather," he remarked. Some of the reviewing party went off to luncheon, others might be seen standing by him under their umbrellas, but he stayed on to the dripping end, his hat in his hand, and his hair, eyes, glasses, and mustache dripping with water.

Another time when Mr. Roosevelt braved the storm was when he went down to Ellis Island to inspect the immigrant station there. The bad weather overtook him while he was still out in the river in a tugboat, and a thick fog followed. To say that it rained cats and dogs is to neglect the rest of the Pluvian menagerie, and inasmuch as his boat was delayed for about two hours, the reception committee gave him up and retreated indoors. All of a sudden, through a rift in the mist, here came Mr. Roosevelt's boat. The President leaped ashore and saw me standing there, ready to take his photograph.

"Hello, there! Where 's the rest of the committee?" he asked.

"They 're up there, indoors, where it 's dry," I answered.

"Seems to me, if I can stand it, they ought to be able to," he remarked. Then, changing front, he said: "Oh, well, let the boys stay where they are. I 'm wet already, and I 'll come on up to them." And he set out, through the torrent, for the building, about a block away. I had caught him, in the picture, just as he was springing ashore, his coat tails flying out straight behind him. The New York newspapers had a great deal of fun with this photograph, claiming that

the reason for the elevation thus observed was that the President carried a gun in his hip pocket! And one metropolitan journal, more sensational than the rest, actually had a staff artist paint a pistol into the photograph.

Before his election to the Presidency, as well as afterwards, Mr. Roosevelt was known as a thoroughly democratic man. When he took the stump in the McKinley campaign, his first trip took him straight to Oklahoma and a cowboy reunion there. Cowboys and "Rough Riders," as the world well knows, have always been his favorites.

Later, after he became President, we were out on a similar trip. Just beyond Omaha, he had made an agreement with some of his old plainsmen friends to take breakfast with them at five o'clock one morning; and sure enough, he had the special train stopped there, while he got down, shook hands with them, crawled in under their tent in his silk hat and Prince Albert coat, and partook of their bacon and eggs and coffee. The photograph I took of this scene displays a remarkable exhibition of his democracy.

"He 's the same old Teddy, ain't he?" remarked the cook of the outfit, as he wiped his hands on his apron and looked after the retreating Executive.

Again, on this western trip, other incidents of a similar nature came up. At one stop, the cowmen had arranged a barbecue. Now it was considered a great honor by them if Mr. Roosevelt drank out of their cup or ate out of their plate (these utensils, by the way, being generally made of tin), and, as a result of this, he was kept continually at it, drinking pint after pint of coffee, and deliberately gorging himself on the food, so as not to hurt the feelings of his prairie friends.

As he left that time, he stood on the back plat-

form of the train, saying farewell, when, all of a sudden, a small cavalcade of men on ponies, their wide, soft hats flopping in the wind, came tearing down after him, trying to catch up with the fast speeding cars. One woman was among them, and they were shouting their merriest. I stood beside the President, my photographic apparatus ready for action.

"Get that!" he cried to me, pointing at the oncoming riders. "Look at that woman! That's great, glorious! Is n't that America for you, though!" And when, in spite of the quick movement of all concerned, I managed to get this photograph, he was immensely pleased.

On one occasion it looked as if a cowboy had got the best of him. This plainsman was a huge, brawny, husky young fellow, with a grip like iron. He reached up innocently to give the President's hand a shake, while the latter was making a speech from the rear platform of his coach. Now, the President has a special way of giving the greeting, without subjecting himself to any suffering in consequence. But on this occasion, he forgot to arrange his fingers properly, and the young ranchman got a good, tight grip, and would n't let go until his victim squealed for mercy. Then he jumped into the crowd and enjoyed his joke among the people for a while. Mr. Roosevelt remembered the trick, and some minutes later, as this fellow got close to him again, the President leaned over and remarked:

"Let 's shake again on that!"

Nothing loath, the man complied. Instantly the President got the other's hand into his own two hands, pulled him up onto the platform and made him go through the familiar trick of falling on his knees and begging to be let up. The crowd roared with delight. Imagine a European monarch in such a scene!

[Concluded on pages 510 to 512]

# The Moonshiners

*A Romance of the Tennessee Mountains*

**By H. S. Cooper**

*Illustrated by P. V. E. IVORY*

THERE were too many "Peterses" in the valley, and their choice of "given" names was too much a matter of precedent, for simple "Hagar" to answer as a means of identification. "Hagar" had been the name of "Ol' Mis' Peters," one of the patriarchs of the family, and in honor of her that harsh Biblical name had been inflicted on many of her female descendants. On so many, in fact, that it had to be further qualified when any particular owner of it was to be identified. So, when any one, a stranger to the valley, would ask for "Hagar Peters," he would have to answer the query, "Which Hagar?" Failing to answer this question, he would be asked, "Whose Hagar might you be a-wantin' to see?" and, if still unable to reply, he would come face to face with identification by looks as a last resort: "What kind o' looking woman is she?"

In answer to the first question, there were "Widow Hagar" and "Ol' Mis' Hagar;" to the second, "Joyce's Hagar," and Lem's and Sim's and John's and—to complete the confusion—"Ol' Mis' Hagar's Hagar." To the third question, there would be, ungallantly, "Cockeyed Hagar," and "Reddy Hagar," and "Ginger-cake Hagar"—descriptive terms applying to features, hair, and complexion. Besides this, there was a goodly supply of small and unidentified Hagars, and one or two that a cow puncher would call "mavericks."

However, if plain "Hagar" could have individualized any one of the name, it would have been "Joyce's Hagar." Joyce himself was the virtual head of the family when it acknowledged any; not by reason of years, but on account of direct descent, a feature to which more prominence is given in the South than elsewhere. Moreover, he was well off in this world's goods—by mountain standards—and his Hagar had been "edicated in town," which, of itself, was a solitary distinction.

She was his only child; her mother, a gentle, feminine natured and "sickly" woman, had been reared "in town," and, dying of heart disease when Hagar was a baby, had made a last request of Joyce to give the little one a good education, to "send her to a good school, like an academy." So, to an "academy" in town she had been sent, to the open-voiced envy of many of her

female relatives, who prophesied that she'd "come back 's full o' airs as 'n egg is o' meat—an' a city beau; none o' the boys 'round here 'll be good 'nough for her!"

But Hagar, having her mother's nature, returned pretty much as she went, much to the disappointment of the prophets, who, while they would have greatly resented her "puttin' on any eddicated airs," were still, woman-prophet-like, greatly disappointed that she did not do so; that, while her language was better than theirs, her tastes more refined, and her perceptions keener, she immediately settled down among them as her father's housekeeper, and was "the same ol' fashion' Hagar she allus was." In fact, one or two, who had been most prophetic, openly lamented the spending of Joyce's money in an academical education as "a plumb waste of good dollars an' nothin' to show fer et, bein' as Hagar ain't no ways diff'ent 'n ef she'd 'a' gone to the deestrick school,"—an announcement that made Joyce say: "Drat the women; there ain't no pleasin' 'em, 'cep'in' you treat 'em like a mule an' 'spect 'em to kick anyway, an' pervide fo' it and go 'long 'bout your business."

To show further their unprophetic character, she also came home without a "city beau." It is true there were, for some months after her return, quite a few letters, in male handwriting, and on marvelous stationery, that commenced, "My dear Miss Peters," and ended, "Yours sincerely," or "Ever your friend;" but these soon lapsed, as platonic correspondences usually do, and, if Hagar ever thought of the writers, it was with a kindly smile and a quiet heart.

Unconsciously, her heart had always been filled; from childhood she had been playmate, schoolmate, child sweetheart, confidante, and companion to Will Shipley, and, although few letters had passed between them during her four years of absence, his influence had been strong enough to bring her back, heart-whole,

to him. And when, some months back, as he drove home with her from "Big Meeting," he had bent down, and putting his arm around her and kissing her full in the mouth, had called her "My Hagar!" it had not seemed sudden nor strange, nor had she felt shy or timid. As she told her father, in quaint Presbyterian phrase:

"I reckon, paw, that it was to be!"

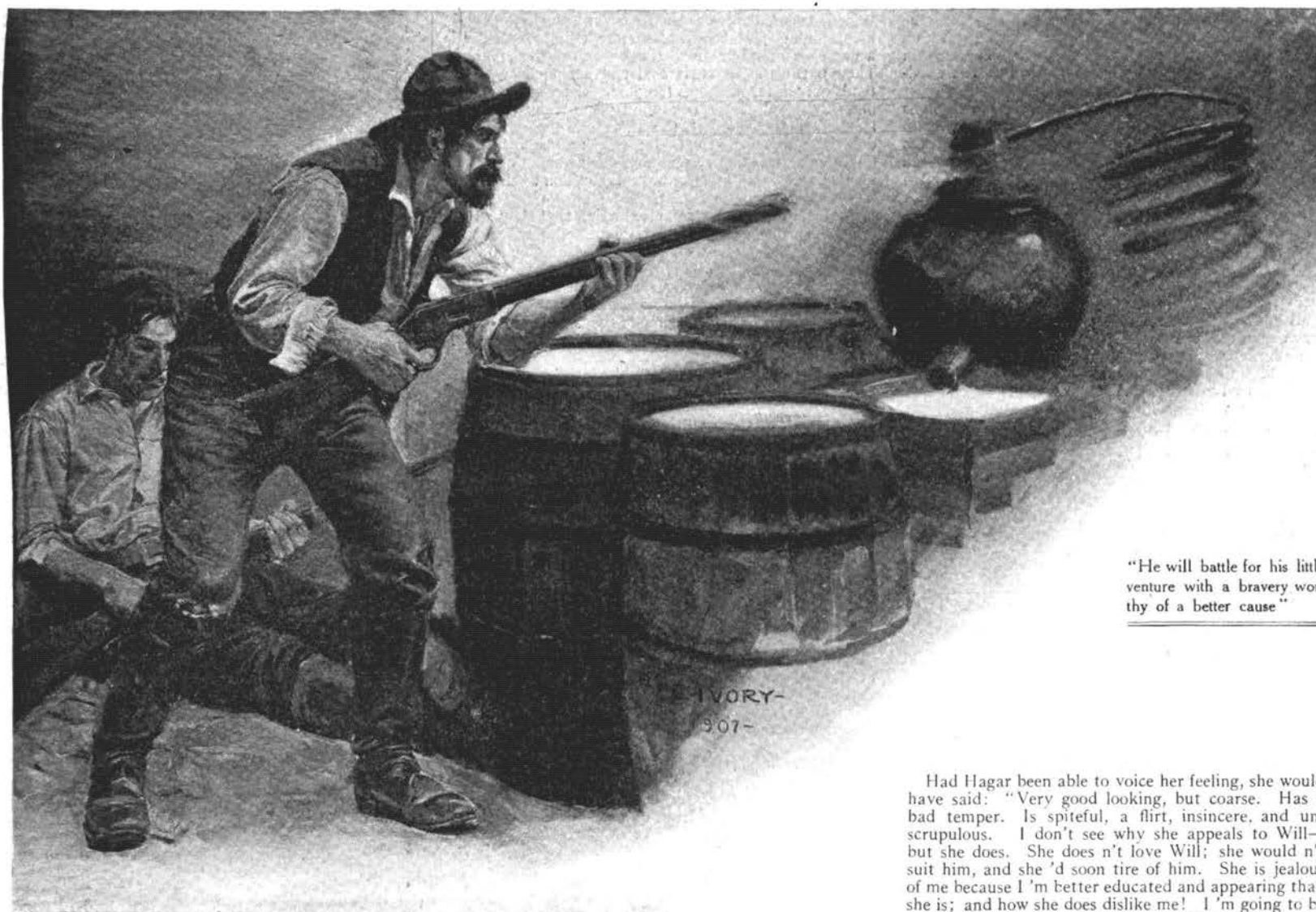
Then, indeed, life promised to be a long, happy dream with Will by her side, and "paw" spending a happy old age with them. United and contented, the vista stretched out into the years ahead with no cloud to dim the brightness of its perspective. No cloud? Yes, one—a little one—perhaps two, but the sun of her love would soon dissipate them. "When we are married," thought the girl, "I will make him so happy, I will love him so, that he will stop drinking and never touch another drop. And he will sell out that miserable still, and have nothing more to do with the Morgan boys."

For Will "took his drop o' liquor," as nearly all the men in the valley did, but, with his weak nature, the "drops" had gradually followed one another in such quick succession that they had made a stream that had carried him off his feet and landed him with the "Morgan boys" and their "moonshine" still.

The Morgan boys, with their mother and sister, lived about five miles farther up the mountain, which is not far "to neighbor" in that section of long distances; but, they were "Cove" men, and Ronald's Cove bore a name for roughness and illegality of which the more peaceable and law-abiding citizens of Peters Valley did not approve. There was nothing absolutely against the boys, no hint of dishonesty or dishonor, but they were not "real nice folks"—for society has its gradations, even in the backwoods. "Anyway, they're not the folks for Will to mix up with too free," and, "Marthy Morgan is not the girl for Will to come under the influence of," were two of Hagar's decisions.

Of Martha, personally, Hagar knew little, for there were local and natural reasons, as well as social ones, to keep the girls apart. The "Covers" generally "traded" at "Hosmer's," five miles to the north; the "Valley People" did their trading at "Perkins's," nearly as far to the south. Again, the Peters Valley





"He will battle for his little venture with a bravery worthy of a better cause"

folks were Presbyterians and "tended church" at Macedonia; the Cove People were, if anything, Methodists, and "went to meetin'" at Mount Carmel. All these differences, social, commercial, and religious, had operated to keep the girls from actually meeting of late years, but Martha's name and sayings had slipped off Will's tongue several times lately in Hagar's presence, while, from the same source, Hagar's name and ways had been made familiar—and odious—to Martha.

So, when Hagar thought or spoke of the "Morgan boys," she would, had she been entirely candid with herself, have added "and girl." As yet, though, no active thought of jealousy of Martha or distrust of Will had entered her mind; she felt only that, if Will could be kept away from the influence of the "Morgan boys," all else would work out well, and those two little clouds would disappear.

So it happened that, one morning, as Will parted with her to "go over an' see the boys an' how things is getting along"—a daily visit of late—some malicious imp put it into Hagar's head to ask him to take her along, and into Will's head to appear unwilling to do so. To do Will full justice, he had no deliberate intention of playing fast and loose with Hagar. She held the better part of his nature; he loved and honored and respected her as he never could the other, and, had not Martha intervened, he would very probably have completed Hagar's mental picture, and made a good and loving, albeit weak, husband. But Martha's coarse beauty had appealed to his liquor-roused appetites; her rough and masterful ways with her brothers and himself had commanded the admiration of his weakness as Hagar's tender firmness had never done; and, to crown it all, Martha had no word to say, no innuendo to throw out against his "taking a drop," no matter how often he did it. She would bring it to him herself, invite him to partake, and on more than one occasion had "graced the glass" by taking a previous sip.

Unconscious as he was of the real state of his feelings, he still felt uncomfortable at the idea of Hagar's going with him; but how prevent it?

"Why, Hagar, what's put that into yo'r min'?" Thought the boys was a sight too rough fer you-all. 'Sides o' thet, Marthy ain't never been to see you sence you come f'om th' acad'my. An' it's an awful rough path up th' mountain! An' you so sot ag'in' a still an' whisky!" But Will's reluctance only settled Hagar's desire into a determination, and she disposed of his objections seriatim and in short meter.

"I'm not going to see the Morgan boys; that's your business. If Martha won't call on me, that's no reason I should n't call on Mis' Morgan; and as for the path being rough, I've walked to Fisher's Gap, an' paw says

that's the worst path around here. Besides, I ain't going near that ol' still; I'm going to see Mis' Morgan, an' stay at the house whiles' you get through yo'r business."

Will was nonplused. He had no other objection ready at hand, and was endeavoring to think of one, when Hagar added:

"Is n't any reason why you really don't want me to go, is there, Will?"

Something in the tone, as well as the words, stung Will's half-aroused sense of wrongdoing, and he made haste to answer:

"Lands' sakes, Hagar, what put thet into yo'r head? I don't want yer *not* to go! Come along, ef yer want."

So, with this permission they set off together, Will wholly dissatisfied with her going, Hagar half feeling that she had been wrong in persisting. The walk was rather a quiet one for that reason, and moreover the path was a difficult and dangerous one, and all Will's time and attention were taken up in helping Hagar over the rough places and pointing out the "way marks" to her. "You see, Hagar, any hard rain washes the path marks out suddint, an' ef yer don't take notice o' trees an' rocks and the turns an' twists you 'd shore get los' if you ever bev to come this path again."

"Don't reckon I'll ever want to come again, Will."

Soon after these words were said they emerged into Morgan's "clearing," and a short walk brought them to the log house, the door of which Will opened as of right, and ushered Hagar in, saying, in a manner that showed him to be ill at ease:

"Well, I've brung you-all a vis'tor this trip. Mis' Morgan, I reckon you remember Hagar Peters—Joyce's Hagar—an' Marthy, you know Hagar too well fer interductions. Boys down in th' cornfiel'? Well, I'll go down an' see 'em a minute whiles' you ladies chat."

## CHAPTER II.

THERE is an inherent, or instinctive quality of the feminine mind, that, to the grosser intellect of a mere man is marvelous and mysterious, the instinct that enables one woman not only instantly to comprehend and classify another woman, but truthfully to read that other woman's opinion of her, no matter how much her speech and manner may try to disguise that opinion. The result is seldom formulated in words, but it biases their opinions and influences their actions as much as if it were.

So, when Hagar and Martha stood face to face, before each had dropped the flabbily extended hand of the other, the appearance, character, motives, and thoughts of each were settled by the other—forever after to influence their actions and thoughts toward one another and the one who was of interest to both.

Had Hagar been able to voice her feeling, she would have said: "Very good looking, but coarse. Has a bad temper. Is spiteful, a flirt, insincere, and unscrupulous. I don't see why she appeals to Will—but she does. She does n't love Will; she would n't suit him, and she 'd soon tire of him. She is jealous of me because I'm better educated and appearing than she is; and how she does dislike me! I'm going to be as pleasant and nice as I can be, and I'll watch her and Will when he comes back and see what he thinks of her really—and I wish that I had n't come, and I'll never, never come here again!"

And Martha's reflections: "Is n't as pretty as I am, and knows it, but she's got style and education that I have n't, and she knows that too. One of these goody-goodies, but she's no fool. Dead gone on that fool Will, and half jealous of me and half scared about him. I'll do all I can to make her full jealous and full scared about him while she's here—and I hope she'll never, never come here again! I hate her!"

The actual talk, however, ran into feminine channels, neighborhood and relation gossip, sickness, the weather, and "the fashions"—for there are votive altars to Dress in the innermost recesses of the mountains, even if the materials are plain calico and the mode that of ten years back. Martha, with sly intent, often drew the conversation to Will, his people, his sayings, doings, prospects, and belongings. Hagar, as slyly, parried by accepting him on the same par as any other subject, neither avoiding nor pushing him as a topic. Foiled in this, and afraid that she might have little chance to see Hagar and Will together, Martha determined to force them together. To this end she pressed the visitor to go with her and visit their "cornfield"—the moonshine still—and her mother, from motives of pride and hospitality, being equally insistent, there was nothing for Hagar to do but acquiesce and follow Martha.

## CHAPTER III.

TO ONE who has never actually been in a moonshine country, who has not lived with its people, eaten of their corn bread and fried pork and, of necessity, drunk of their whisky; to one who has only read the sensational accounts of desperate fights, destroyed stills, and murdered revenue officers, the illicit still and its continuance amid such danger and against such odds is either a source of wonder—almost of disbelief—or it gives a wrong impression of the people themselves.

Bred and raised as these people are, "far from the madding crowd," patriarchal in their ideas, and totally ignorant of political science, it is to them the height of injustice, the most absolute tyranny of a not too much loved "Gov'ment" that they cannot do as they like with their own, "bein' as 't don't hurt no one;" that, while they can turn their corn into "pone," their wheat into "biscuit" and "white bread," and their fruit into preserves and jellies, beyond that they are not allowed to go without irritating restrictions or dangerous risks. If they desire to go a step further, if they desire to transmute these staples into liquid instead of solid refreshments, the "Gov'ment" steps in, loads them with a heavy bond for something they may possibly do, or may not do, invades their premises with its gaugers and inspectors, locks their own goods away from them, establishes arbitrary rules, mulcts them heavily for the



least infraction of them, and—to crown all—takes the lion's share of the profits. All this, if the transmutation from solid to liquid is performed with the full permission of and according to the rites prescribed by "His Lordship, the Secretary of the Treasury!"

But, when such assent is lacking and the ritual is ignored; when the hungry—or thirsty—native sets up his own little laboratory "unbeknownst" to the powers that be, and proceeds to take the whole profit of the enterprise, then the "Gov'ment" treats him as a felon and puts him on a par with thieves and robbers. A price is put on his venture; he is watched like a suspected murderer, tracked like an escaped convict, and if discovered, his little plant—often the labor and saving of years—is wrecked and destroyed. If personally caught passive, he is carried, perhaps hundreds of miles away from his family, cooped up in prison with criminals until "court sets," and is then imprisoned direct for years, or—what amounts to the same thing—given the alternative of a fine, the payment of which is an absolute impossibility to such a poverty-stricken individual as he is. His family get along during his absence as well—or ill—as they can, and upon his release he goes back home and prepares to start another still!

All this if he has simply broken the revenue laws and has passively accepted the consequences.

But, if he is of venturesome mood, if he has strong feelings on the subject of governmental interference in—to him—private and personal matters, if he has plenty of ammunition and friends—nay, often with little of either—he will battle for his little venture with a bravery worthy of a better cause. Being wary and alert, a good shot, and knowing every inch of the country, he often puts up a good fight, and makes one or more of the revenue men into corpses or cripples.

Still, it is generally a hopeless fight, for Uncle Sam is the "better man." Even if the moonshiner succeeds in driving off the revenue men and saving his still, he and it are marked objects and a price is on his head; he will have to move it to still wilder fastnesses and take more heed to himself, and, if he persists in the work, it is only a question of time until he lands in the penitentiary—or the grave.

Many of them would be willing to "run a Gov'ment still" but for its necessity of considerable capital and ample bond, an impossibility to one who owns only a gun, a dog, an ill-nurtured "pony," a few household goods of the most primitive character, and—a large family. In their own language, they "shorely bev to live," although the "Gov'ment" may not see the necessity from their point of view. And how can they live, if they have no "cash money?" And corn whisky is cash in liquid form at almost any place.

These people "make" nearly all that they eat and a great deal that they wear, but there must be some actual money for coffee, tea, medicines, snuff, cloth, yarn, and other "store goods" for which there is not always an opportunity to barter. Skins and hides and "pelts" and dried blackberries and "roots and yarbs" are fairly legal tender, in season, at the store at which they trade or at the railroad depots; but this currency has its fluctuations, and it is not always plentiful when needed; moreover, its acquisition requires hard and perhaps continuous work, a sensation of which the average mountaineer is not fond.

As for bulky crops or materials, corn, grain, hay, and lumber, even if the native could bring it the twenty or thirty miles over steep hills and impassably rocky roads to his "store," that store, unless it were situated at a railroad depot, would be in as bad a fix as himself so far as further transportation went. It is true, he might make the crops transport themselves, to market in the shape of live stock, but the native strain of such stock is poor and small, running principally to legs, ribs, and hide, and the habit of the people is against raising more of these than the few they can use themselves. Their peculiar isolation, their terribly suspicious conservatism combined with a distaste for regular, hard, and prosaic work, combines, with all the other conditions men-

tioned, to predispose them to exactly such work as moonshining. Moreover, to them the "Gov'ment" is a name—a hated or dreaded one—and nothing more. Their patriotism is patriarchal and personal, and extends only as far as things tangible. Consequently the unwritten law of the community is paramount, the local statutes come next, the State laws are somewhat dim and hazy, while those of Congress are so nebulous in character and distance, so evidently framed directly against their local interests, that they "don't belong to be obeyed"—and they are not!

So what is more natural, considering that they view it impersonally as a venial offense and one not having any element of actual wrong, that they should clandestinely condense such of their bulky and unsalable products as corn, rye, wheat, apples, and other fruits into a marketable form, into something easy to carry for long distances and over rocky roads, something for which there is always a popular demand and consequently a spot cash value?

Instead of having to haul the low-grade ore of raw materials, with attendant hard work and poor pay, they extract the valuable metal in a manner and by means that are congenial to their tastes, and market it in a portable and potable form. But, owing to the dislike that Uncle Sam has to people who do not do things *his* way, and owing to his continual prying and meddling habits, the laboratory for such a purpose must have several vital requisites if it hopes to be even a partial success.

It must be inconspicuous, not to say imperceptible, for Uncle Sam has the eyes of Argus; it must have a fairly abundant supply of cold, fresh, clear water; it must be fairly accessible to a gristmill—for its "ore" must be crushed before the metal can be extracted; and it must have a safe dumping and hiding ground for the "tailings"—the refuse "mash." Otherwise, it may be storm-washed into a "branch" or creek, and some astute and inquisitive revenue agent, reasoning from effect to cause, may observe some of these tailings in a stream, may follow them up to their source and, lo—a raid!

If it is to be a run *vi et armis*, it must occupy a strategic position and be capable of withstanding a siege, and it should have an emergency exit to be used if the raiders catch the front door open or are able to close it permanently, for the mountain people believe

There was a deep cave in the side of a wooded and precipitous hill, the small entrance to it behind a projecting rock, and over this mouth a clear, spring-fed stream that covered it with an innocent veil. Inside there was a large room, ample for mash tubs, still, and w-m; at the back of the cave a seemingly bottomless abyss, a deep *crevasse* without apparent outlet, and beyond that a narrow, winding slab-built passage, that led on and up for a hundred feet, and finally came to daylight in the hollow of a big tree. So much for nature, and this jewel was situated in a community that for many miles around drank deep damnation to "all Rev'noors an' raiders!" and—to double the insult—drank the toast in "liquor as has never paid no tax."

Arriving at the bottom of the hill, Martha put her hands to her mouth and blew the bubbling gurgling, chuckling cry of the rain-crow, three times repeated, and then, motioning to Hagar to follow, went down to the little "spring branch" that flowed there, and stepping on to some stones that seemed naturally projecting above the shallow water, she commenced ascending the stream. After walking this way some hundred feet or so, they came to a place where a pretty little rivulet ran down the face of the rock as though from a spring overhead.

Stepping abruptly around a clump of bushes, Martha again gave the bird cry, and, from a crevice in the rocks above, a rope with a loop in the end was lowered. Putting her foot in the loop, Martha grasped the rope firmly and was quickly drawn up out of sight. The rope was again lowered, Hagar followed her example, and was soon on a ledge of rock some twenty feet up, facing Will and one of the Morgan boys, who had pulled her up. Guided by them she followed the ledge behind another big rock, and there, following their example, got down on hands and knees and crawled through an opening, and, as soon as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, saw what she, although mountain bred, had never before seen, a moonshine still in full operation.

Will was evidently surprised to see Hagar there, and not over-pleased that she should have allowed Martha to bring her. He said nothing of this, but, seconded by the Morgan boys, two well-grown country lads of twenty and twenty-four, proceeded to show Hagar the working of the still and the secrets of the cave. They showed and operated the device by which, at will, they could divert part or all of the spring into the cave and

so cause it to run out of the opening as a more natural device to "fool the Rev'noors." They showed her the great crack or *crevasse* running at the back of the cave, and into whose seemingly exhaustless maw they safely dumped all the refuse from the still. They took her up the rough and devious passage—another big crack in the rocks—which served them for the back and main entrance, and then showed her its exit into the hollow of an enormous chestnut tree and its location with regard to the house and Will's mill.

On their return they all sat down on wood blocks and boards around the fire, and, while Lewis Morgan fed the fire carefully with some dry wood that made no smoke, Will told Hagar, for the first time, the story of the cave and his connection with it.

While he was relating this, John moved some boards in one corner, and showed a sort of cellar, which evidently did duty as a storeroom, it being full of kegs and stone jugs. Selecting a small jug, he brought it

out, and, filling a little glass from it, offered it to Hagar, telling her that it was from one of their first and finest "runs," and was "so'thin' to enjoy!"

Hagar excused herself from even tasting it, giving as an excuse that any liquor disagreed with her, and John at once handed it to Will, who drank it off quickly and almost unconsciously. After he had drained the glass, he looked up at Hagar, and was half ashamed and half angered at the look of surprise she gave him, and he was wholly angered by intercepting a quick and amused look on Martha's face at his discomfort.

Several times the glass was filled and emptied by the young men, by Will as much in bravado as from a desire for it, until, by the time his tale was finished, it was evident from his tripping tongue that he had had—ir-



"Don't reckon I'll ever want to come again, Will"

that "it's only a gopher as has one hole ter his burrer; a fox has two!"

Last—but by no means least important—it must be situated in the midst of a community that loathes, abhors, detests, and despises any member of the "Infernal" Revenue Department, and that, upon occasion, may be relied on to mislead, trick, bully, or even browbeat a "Revnoor."

#### CHAPTER IV.

SUCH a spot was that to which the two girls wended their way, a spot which, framed roughly by nature for that especial purpose, had been improved by man until it was a perfect gem of an illicit—or "moonshine"—still.





"Will told Hagar, for the first time, the story of the cave"

local parlance—"mighty near as much as was good for him."

Several times Hagar had been pressed to "jest taste it," and had courteously refused, until, when he had ceased telling his story, Will poured out some and said: "Why, Hagar, it's mild as milk! Take a taste for comp'ny manners, anyway—any one 'd think as 't was poison by the way yer act! I tell yer 'tain't in it to hurt yer—look a-here." Reaching over, he took up a small dipper gourd, filled it, and saying, "Here 's luck! was about to drink it off, when Hagar caught his arm and exclaimed:

"Oh, Will! For my sake don't drink that!"

Martha tittered—a contemptuous, aggravating sound that galled Will and spurred him on.

"What foolishness, Hagar! I tell yer thar 's no harm in a bar'l of it. Marthy, here, drinks it, an' Lord knows she ain't dead. Here, Marthy, you try some with me!" and he handed her the glass.

Martha took it, and, raising it to her lips said, with a sarcastic glance at Hagar:

"Well, for your sake!" and drank it all.

The intent and the insult were obvious, but to Hagar they came like a dash of cold water, bracing and nerving her. She turned toward the back opening, saying:

"Well, it may not hurt Miss Martha, but it would me. Now I reckon I must be going. Paw 'll be wondering whereabouts I am, so I reckon I 'll get right home."

The brothers had seen that all was not right, but were not astute enough to have fully caught the by-play. They pressed Hagar to stay a while longer and go to the house and "hev a bite o' dinner," and in these offers Martha airily joined, while Will said nothing.

The offer was refused on the score that "Paw 'll be wanting bis dinner, and only me to get it;" so Will, Lewis, and the girls left by the back way and went along the hill to the house. After bidding Mrs. Morgan and Martha good-by, Hagar turned to Will and said, "Are n't you coming along, Will?" and was answered by Martha:

"Reckon Mr. Shipley 'll stay to dinner with us, Miss Peters. Lew, he 's got to go right along on an errand as 'll carry him close to yo'r paw's house, an' he 'll see you safe, I reckon!" Catching Will by the arm, she turned him away, and made a low-toned remark to him, accompanying it with another exasperating titter.

Hagar turned fiercely, as if to say something in return, but, seeing that Will gave no sign of coming with her, she went quickly down the steps, struck into the homeward path and was well into the woods before Lew overtook her.

He undertook to apologize for Will's and Martha's behavior, and, to use his own words, had his head "mos' snapped off 'fore I knowed it." As a more impersonal topic, he tried the weather, and Hagar showed her

appreciation of his efforts by a series of irrelevant replies that completely bewildered him. As a last resort, he reverted to their *magnum opus*—the still—and beguiled the rest of the way by anecdotes in regard to it, with the result of obtaining from Hagar some still more perplexing replies. He afterwards remarked to John:

"Miss Hagar 's no manner of comp'ny. Looks like them eddicated gals don't have much sense!"

Poor Hagar, she had indeed but little sense left. Angry, hurt, humiliated, she felt as if she would never arrive home or be rid of the chattering youth at her side. To her disturbed and distorted senses it seemed as if days had passed since she left home, and that she had been walking, walking, walking, over endless rocks and interminable woods ever since. At last they struck a familiar path, where Lew bade her good-by, and, with hurrying footsteps, she sped toward home.

#### CHAPTER V.

As SHE approached the house she saw a stranger sitting on the porch with her father, an unusual event and, at that moment, an unwelcome one. However, there was no escape, as her father saw her and called to her. Mounting the steps, she found the stranger, on introduction, to be a peddler, such as once in a while reached out into the sparsely settled districts when trade in the small cities and towns became dull. He was a middle-aged man, shrewd looking, with keen and humorous eyes and a genial manner, and his speech showed him a Southerner. Mr. Howard—as he introduced himself—explained to her, as he had already done to her father, that his pack horse had fallen lame a mile or two below, and that, if it would not put her to too much trouble, he would like to stay there a day or two, until the horse was well, and make short trips from there around the neighborhood with his saddle horse.

Hagar looked inquiringly at her father, who gave a ready assent, and Mr. Howard was at once installed as their guest. The necessity of preparing a room for him and something extra for supper kept Hagar's feelings somewhat under control all day, but she went about her work with a sense of some vague but overwhelming calamity impending.

Will did not put in an appearance during the afternoon, but in the evening she saw him walk across a distant hill path—that she had often watched of late—and disappear in the direction of his house, not, as usual, coming down to spend a few minutes with her. She waited up late, hoping to hear his steps, ready, as such gentle natures are, to give him a loving and un-reproachful welcome, to make every excuse for him and bear all the blame herself. But no Will came, and when she at length gave up all hope of seeing him that

night, she threw herself on the bed and cried herself to sleep.

So, for several days, ran the girl's life; no word of or from Will, and in her heart at times a dull, numbing pain, at others a raging, passionate feeling, as though she must do something to end her suspense, no matter how wild or foolish that something might be, so that it brought her lover to her. Over and over she repeated to herself the incidents of that unlucky day, blaming herself, blaming Martha, blaming everything and everybody but Will, and, after every such retrospect came the dumb, inward, half-reproachful, wholly loving cry, "Oh, Will! Will! Will!"

She was so quiet and still these four or five days, so dull and apparently stupid, that Mr. Howard, usually astute reader of character that he was, made up his mind that his first estimate of her had been a mistaken one, and that, although somewhat different in language and manners from the other girls of the neighborhood, she was yet of about the same caliber of mind.

So, one afternoon, as he sat reading and she sewing on the porch, while Joyce had walked over to see one of his many "cousins," he asked her some questions in regard to the neighborhood and its business and peculiarities, that, had he judged her more correctly, he would either have put in more cautious form or would not have put at all.

Hagar, still rehearsing her dismal and penitential self-catechism, was paying but scant attention to his questions or her replies, when the semi-interrogatory statement fell on her ear:

"This ought to be a good country for a little cornfield business, Miss Hagar."

Something in the tone of the remark, as well as the use of the local phrase for "moonshining," made her raise her eyes to the speaker's face, and see there an intent and earnest expression very much unlike the look of quizzical *bombonie* that usually sat on his countenance when he addressed her. With a vague suspicion of something wrong, a feeling which showed in her face, she replied:

"Why, what has that got to do with the peddling business, Mr. Howard?"

The mask was pulled quickly over his face as he replied:

"Oh, lots, Miss Hagar! I can sell more goods where the liquor don't pay taxes—there's always more cash money. Now I reckon I must catch my horse and go out and get some of that cash money. Sitting here chatting with you is very pleasant, but it is not buying the baby a frock!"

Hagar pondered uneasily for a little while over his remark and its tone and the look she had caught on his face, but her trouble was too great for any other thing

[Concluded on pages 499 to 503]





The swim fairly begun. The piper provides martial music to cheer the swimmer



Webb starting from underneath the great chalk cliffs of Dover at 7.20 a. m.



Feeding Burgess with lozenges made of chocolate and beef tea



Burgess entering the dreaded Goodwin Sands—a whirlpool of treachery



A repast of chicken breasts, red currant tart, and grapes

# AN Eighteen Hour Swim

THE shining immensity of the heat-haze blotted out Cape Gris-Nez that morning. Even up here on the chalk cliffs of Albion, by the vast bastions of Dover Castle, four hundred feet above the vicious chop of the Channel, we could not see the French coast. And all the early risers were down there on the curving beach—a sheet of gold with silver fringe—under the mighty lee of the South Foreland.

We went down the "shaft" by the four hundred steps. A nude giant studying on the beach was the central figure that day—Tom Burgess, the big Yorkshireman. The eyes of two nations were upon him, for he was about to attempt to swim the English Channel from England to France—the hardest feat that brave heart and sinews of steel ever turned to.

His training for the trip had been a swim of one hundred miles in six days. What's the use of it? I don't know. What's the "use" of facing a wounded man-eater in the Bengal Sunderbund, of scaling the ice-cliffs of the Dent Blanche, of breakneck steeplechasing at Auteuil, of ballooning over-sea in a gale, of motorizing at ninety miles an hour on Long Island?

We were to go on Burgess's tug. Here was something of human interest—something of the germ of peril, of the fierce joy of conquest. Something the world's hardest athletes have sought to do and sought in vain for the past fifty

The notable efforts of Burgess, Webb, and other great swimmers to cross the English Channel. Their endurance, courage, and their ravenous appetite while attempting the rough journey

**By W. G. Fitz-Gerald**

years. True, Captain Webb did it, in 1875, but there was luck in that. For over thirty years since, swimmers from Land's End to Sydney had tried it without success. Now Tom Burgess was to have a try.

It was his fourth attempt. The last time he started from the French side, and took Montagu Holbein's course of five years before, but a sou'-westerly wind held up the west-bound tide, and he could n't face the suction of the swirling and broken seas over the shallow Goodwin Sands. He gave it up after nine hours and twenty miles, skipped up the tug's ladder unaided, temperature only a degree below normal, and ate a dinner to nourish Hercules.

They greased Burgess all over, and gave him a thick rubber cap to protect him from the sun—Wolfe and Horace Mew were beaten that way—and motor goggles, that he could take off or put on as he pleased on the way over, for he was quite at home in the sea, this Yorkshire giant.

We sat in the stern of the feeding boat. Big Burgess passed his massive hands over his shining slippery frame, breathed deeply, then walked in

ankle deep. The boat was full of provisions—canned stuff and chickens. It looked like a boat shoved off from a wreck.

With us were Horace Mew of Shanklin, and J. A. Weidman of Dover, long-distance swimmers both, ready to take to the water like ducks should

Burgess be distressed; Pilot McKeen, said to know every ugly wave of the "Silver Streak" as he knows his own numerous brood at home; and the doctor, A. Wauchope Watson, a Scotchman, who brought with him a piper in tartan and plaid. Strange how music of any sort puts new life into the strenuous physical worker, whether on the stage, the battlefield, or in the gymnasium. Wolfe, the last man who had previously attempted this feat, had a big gramophone in his feeding boat, and the voice of his old father cheered him for nearly twenty miles.

Burgess stopped wading. He stooped, disappeared silently, and reappeared in a moment, swimming with a powerful left over-arm stroke which you'd think could n't be maintained for a hundred yards. It seemed incredible a man could swim so fast as that—twenty-seven to the minute—in a choppy sea with perhaps forty miles of it in front of him. Seven twenty was the hour; the sea shone with oily rollers that promised trouble in mid-channel.

Of course, from Dover Castle to Gris-Nez Light is but twenty-one miles, but the swimmer is





A glass of champagne in the middle of the channel

at the mercy of wind and tide and current. He must be a strategist, as well as an athlete, and take advantage of all three. Hence the queer right-angled course.

Burgess was drawing away at a tremendous pace now. The fussy little tug "Simla," Captain Egalton, put about and steamed slowly into the haze, showing the curious "unmanageable" signal customary on these events. You see, her antics would be a puzzle to navigation, and she must explain them somehow. Moreover, she could n't change her course, for she must protect the swimmer; must brood over him as a hen over her chick, and drive dangerous intruders, such as fishing smacks and tramps, out of the course.

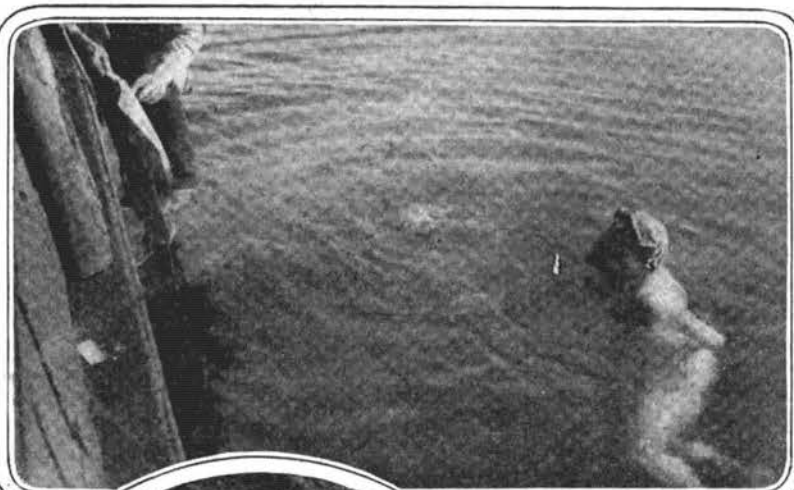
We were hoping the weather would clear, so that Pilot McKeen might pick up sufficient marks to locate the swimmer's position and head his course in a way that would save his strength. He 'd want every ounce of it before he was through those capricious seas. Still, the haze was keeping the sun's rays off him. The tug was rolling now. She would be gunwale under in another hour or two.

The haze was thinning perceptibly; the sea was becoming rough, and the newspaper men on the tug began to look serious. One of them shouted to Burgess, and as he rose on a slashing comber he gasped, "I 've got my old luck with the water again." A message was scribbled, a flat basket opened, a silver-gray fantail pigeon taken out. In a moment the dispatch was made fast to the bird's leg, and with craned head and swift wings it flashed off toward the hoary old Norman castle on Shakespeare's Cliff.

One hour and three-quarters had passed; cross bearing showed a good five miles, and the swimmer was now using a very fast under-arm stroke. The temperature of the sea was 63 degrees.

We talked of his former swims. "Last September," said rugged old McKeen—he was a surfboatman at the Dover Life Saving Station for twenty years—"Burgess tried it from the French side. We all went over in that there tug and brought up off Gris-Nez. I rowed him ashore to the sands at Gris-Nez village. He started back at 5:22 a. m. The flood tide was just going through, with a swift east'ard flow. And, was n't it cold! All of us were muffled up to our ears as we leaned over to cheer our man. He was in the best of spirits, and as usual had swum a hundred miles in six days by way of preparation.

"I set him a nor'nor'west course, and he drew out at a great pace. First of all, what must he do but run straight into shoals of jelly fish! They bothered him a lot, and he had three solid miles of them. At 8:40 he was only six miles out, and



Burgess consulting the chart to locate his position



The swimmer resting for a few moments to put on a pair of sun goggles



First symptoms of exhaustion and cramp, when only four miles off France



Weidman joining Burgess during the final moments of distress



Hauling Burgess aboard the tug after he had swum forty-two miles

the sou'west breeze had freshened up a good deal.

"I tell you, we were all mightily pleased when the English cliffs began to come out of the mist. The fifth hour's bearings showed Burgess just fifteen miles from Dover Pier; and by midday he was still thirteen. The wind was ugly by this time, freshening all the time and whipping stinging spray off the tops of nasty big waves. Burgess was not at all satisfied with the progress. Suddenly he stopped and said he wanted to look at the chart. I got it out and climbed down the ladder to explain it.

"We went over it together, and he said he 'd

go on, though the wind was holding up the ebb tide, and he was getting practically no western drift. So, to avoid getting too far east, he asked me to alter the tug's course so as to set him more westerly. An hour of this put him a mile westward to the good and half a mile more directly on his

course. Then he stopped, waited for the feeding boat to be brought up, and began on cold roast chicken, red currant pie, hot beef tea, and grapes. But we decided an hour later to abandon the swim, because Burgess was very tired, and wind and wave decreed he would have to battle with the swirling seas over the Goodwin Sands."

Ours was a strange procession truly. The swimming giant, capped and goggled, swam by the small boat, alongside the tug, to talk to the doctor or ask the piper to change his tune. Once he was caught by the ebb off Lydden Spout, well to the west of Dover; but shortly after he regained the flood tide, which fetched him up-channel once more.

A swim in waters so busy is never without exciting incidents. Once, out of the faint haze, a big Norwegian bark bore straight down on Burgess, who of course saw nothing of her deep down in the troughs. Our tug shrieked an alarm, and matters looked so serious that McKeen ordered the swimmer to go back.

But at that moment the bark's crew understood. She was the "Gaapan," of Arendal. All her hands crowded the rail waving their caps, while some one else ran up a string of signal flags to wish the athlete "Good Luck." Our tug ran up a flag, too, and "dipped" in reply to the salutation.

By this time the sea was very rough and the tug was rolling tremendously. Nearly all on board were seasick. Our own position in the small boat was one of real peril. Only now and then could we see our man, now on the white crest of a big wave, and next moment far below us in a hissing trough.

He was swimming with superb vitality and pluck, although he had swallowed considerable salt water while rising through broken seas. His periodical meals were of the wildest, and their method a miracle of skill, humorous intelligence, and swift calculation. It reminded me of the sea lions' feeding time at the zoo, when the keeper flung fish from afar, and the clumsy-looking creatures caught them every time and signalled for more.

But jokes were at an end when it was seen to be inevitable that Burgess would have to swim over the terrible Goodwin Sands—those famous shoals of the English Channel on which have been lost ships by the score and lives by the thousand.



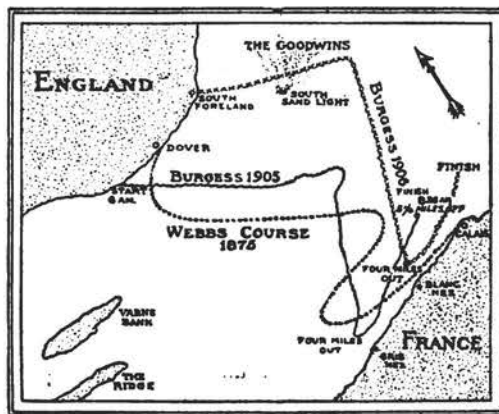
Captain Egalton came down the tug's ladder for a talk with his Herculean charge. "Can't take the 'Simla' over the Goodwins, Burgess," he said, anxiously. "You see, if it had n't been for the haze, McKen here could have headed a different course for us, and avoided the Goodwins altogether. Then you could have faced to the westward of Calais, and fetched in at Cape Blanc-Nez. Better give it up to-day. What d'ye think?"

But Burgess shook the salt drops from his face, as he rose magnificently, and said he was in grand trim and would push on even over the dreaded Goodwins. "The feeding boat 'll do for me, Cap," he said, "and we can meet again in calmer seas beyond."

It sounded like a last farewell! Already I could see the broken water, white and boiling on the shallows, whose vortex was reached when we were just three hours out.

It was a sight to appall the stoutest swimmer. But, after adjusting his goggles, Burgess changed swiftly to a wide sweeping, breast stroke, and entered the furious maelstrom, striving to lift himself high out of the water and lessen the pounding and punishment. The seas fairly boiled and tossed and foamed over those dreaded shallows. They fell against the swimmer in a wild chaos and all but knocked the breath out of his body. The man's face grew pale and distressed, as he rose and fell swiftly in the crazy swirl; yet he smiled at us faintly as we caught his eye.

To cross the Goodwins took an hour and a half. It was the first time on record a swimmer had done this. To us in the boat the time seemed interminable, for a number of reasons; but we emerged at length on the other side, to see our tug circling vaguely in search of us round the South Goodwin buoy. She would surely have grounded had she followed our course over the sands.



The routes made by various swimmers in trying to span the English Channel

The swimmer was now greatly exhausted, and called for hot beef tea and food. He rested a while, treading water and talking very little. Nor did he ask for the chart. "Let's push on," he said, after he had been fed; and as he spoke he began a whirling over-arm stroke that left our boat behind. Once more a strange craft loomed suddenly out of the haze, and bore down after a moment's hesitation.

She was the Hull trawler, "Colonial Empire," and fancied the steamer was in distress because of her "unmanageable" signal. All her hands grew enthusiastic over Burgess, on finding that he, too, was a Yorkshireman. As they drew off into the mist, their roaring cheer rose high above the dismal wails and hoots of distracted fog sirens. The haze at least served to protect the swimmer from the fierce sun rays that had conquered so many athletes who essayed this great feat.

Time and again I looked at the man. He was swimming mechanically, without thought or effort, as a fish swims, changing stroke again

and again, almost automatically, to rest certain sets of muscles. He would halt now and then for a strange, restless meal in the deep sea, washed down with hot beef tea. The man's apparent unconsciousness of the incongruous was most strange. Literally, he was in his element. He would read the chart, as the pilot spread it over the tug's ladder, converse with the reporters, relate anecdotes of former deep sea attempts, or watch the preparation and flight of carrier pigeons to both coasts with naïve interest.

The haze had thickened now, and the strong race of the tide plainly worried Pilot McKen. Long ago Captain Egalton had passed the East Goodwin Lightship, and sung out to Burgess that he was nine miles off the towering South Foreland. And now at four in the afternoon our bearings were taken again. Only nine miles off the French shore! The swimmer's eager face was upturned pathetically for the news. "I'm glad," he said simply; "I'll never feel more fit or get a sea so favorable."

Certainly he had swum and eaten splendidly. It was curious how often and how largely he ate. The food was as fuel to the fire of his splendid vitality. He had now been battling with the sea for nine hours.

Hour after hour passed in the same way. It was fascinating to watch the never-ending whirl of those great arms, the insidious heave of a shining shoulder through the long, green seas. It made my own muscles ache. I had to turn my eyes away from eyes that seemed to ask with the Psalmist, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The sun was setting vaguely in the haze; and just as the moon glistened on the sea, out flashed the coastal lights of the South Foreland on one side, and Gris-Nez and Calais on the other. The two last seemed really beams of hope.

Eight miles—and disappointed. "I thought I was nearer," Burgess said, calmly, as he

[Concluded on page 506]

# A Quart of Turquoises

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

Illustrated by Hy Leonard

YOUNG Mr. Dan Towers came loitering in to the doorway of his gilded hotel. It was still early morning, but he was footsore, and weary of New York. With the easy roll of a seafarer, he swung into the glass-paneled turnstile. In the smiling Orient, where all things are placid and unimportant, time is nothing; in grim New York, where all things are feverishly important, it is called valuable. So Mr. Towers's tranquil gait caused nearly two seconds' delay in the revolving trap, and seriously incommoded traffic. An over-fed couple in splendid motoring furs swept past him—the man, a gross and swarthy fellow, glared indignantly; the woman, a mineral blonde with a chubby pink face, glanced aspersions on Mr. Towers's *terai* of slouched felt, and whisked away down a corridor of gilt pillars and scrawny hot-house palms. Bits of her strident displeasure floated back—"... take their time about it, ... farmers, ... first one he ever saw."

"I'm glad I have n't got a fat wife to boss me," was the young man's only

comment to himself. He was never ruffled. He lounged through the great, gaudy offices and halls, with a feeling of weariness. There was no one in the bar whom he knew; "And I'm tired to death," he thought, "o' seeing that hoorish-Moorish room." So, chatting with the elevator-boy (a middle-aged Irishman who had taken



"I'm glad I found you here"

him to a prize fight one evening), he mounted to his lonely bed-chamber for a smoke.

"I think I'll pull my freight," he ruminated, stretched in an armchair, with his feet up on his big sea-chest. His brother wanted his help in reclaiming several hundred acres of Western desert; and New York was a deadly place—"sort of a canyon," thought Dan, looking from his window down a yawning street of ugly stone piles honeycombed with square black orifices; "sort of a canyon full o' little monkeys talking big. That was a fair proposition o' Brother Joe's. I think I'll pull my freight."

Some one rapped at the door. "Come!" he roared, cheerfully. Catching from the mirror the gleam of a white cap in the opening, he added—"Morning, Susie!"

"It's not Susie, sir," replied a quiet little voice. He was on his feet in a moment, with a manner quite transformed:

"Good morning, Miss Heriot."

"Good morning, sir," the girl answered. Disappearing into the bath room with an armful of towels, she returned to make the grate more tidy. "Is there fire enough, Mr. Towers?" she asked. A trim, quiet,

pretty creature, with a sort of timid dignity, she so little resembled Dan's idea of chambermaids that he never thought of her as one.

"Plenty, miss," he assured her. In his manner appeared his nearest approach to shyness, —a constrained respect. "Seemed pretty cold here at first," he went on, "after such a long



spell o' the tropics; but I'm tougher now. How's your cousin, miss?"

"Oh," said the girl, with a look of pleased, ingenuous surprise. "She seems to be a little better, sir. Thank you for asking. I have this afternoon off, and I'm going out in the country a while to see her."

As her hand reached the door-knob, Dan found courage for a question he had framed a week ago.

"Excuse me, Miss Heriot, but has your home always been located in this city?"

"No, sir," she answered, with the same look, "I always *had* lived in the country."

"Good! So 've I," Dan ejaculated. They both laughed as the door closed between them.

"Thought so," he continued to himself, once more smoking in the armchair. "I certainly do like that little girl. To think o' her doin' chamber-work here!"—He scanned the room with disdain: the fittings, sumptuous and without meaning seemed to him a brief abstract of all luxury in New York—comfortless, expensive, grim. "To think o' her!" he repeated. "Among all these money-wallahs! And she sure is a human sunflower. How'd she ever—Humph! It's a funny world."

He went down to tiffin sadly, in a room bedeviled with more scratchy palms, where the mineral blonde and her man, among other tables of kindred spirits, drank wine, while an orchestra concealed the lack of conversation. Once he caught the blonde lady giggling at his air of somber dejection.

"Seems like being homesick," thought Dan, as he rolled slowly back to the elevator; "as near's I can remember the feeling. That's funny, too, when a feller has n't got any home."

It was nothing against Dan's social gifts that in a fortnight ashore he had made no friends. He was fond of talk, and, after adventurous years in the Far East, was wealthy in subjects; but he found no compeers with whom to talk. "I keep company very easy, too," he had told himself. But all his chance acquaintances, in *cafés* and elsewhere, merely ate fast, talked nervously of dull matters that had no continuity, and dashed away as if called by some excitement. On the other hand, it spoke well for Dan that he had had rather long chats with several of those hurried and haughty mercenaries known as servants. "Servants," he thought, cynically, "I'd give the whole houseful for Yu Gong, or Ali, or even Lutfi." A few of them took an almost morbid interest in him, as a young Oriental nabob, who kept a fabled store of treasures in a Chinese chest. The day elevator man's athletic club would have made him an instantaneous member. A worldly young porter had offered to help him "see Life," but found him both snobbish and mystical.

"Thanks," Dan had drawled, "seen that kind. I prefer a little good straight Death."

With the occasional chambermaid, Miss Heriot, his talk had been sparing, but very direct, ever since he first came upon her, crying in a corridor. Probably to no other human being in those gilt halls had she spoken so many words as to this simple young stranger. Her cousin—a school-teacher, her only relative—had been lying ill with pneumonia in a distant suburb. "Women seem to take pleasure talking about any kind o' trouble," thought Dan, the philosopher. "She certainly ain't the chop o' girl for this place."

Now Susie certainly was—Miss Susan Riley, the regular who did the work usually. She had found Dan interesting—he was a large young man, not at all ugly—and something of a puzzle. Then, too, there were the rumors of Eastern riches. In a single morning of genial banter he had progressed far enough to call her "Suse," but, although her blandishments had nearly

caused her to be "docked" twice for loitering, he was still merely affable and chatty.

This afternoon, as he smoked and reflected gloomily, she "looked in" on one of her usual pretexts.

"Say, Mr. Towers," she asked, indistinctly, through a pillow-slip held in her teeth, "*does* everyone in Singapore dress in satin all the time?"

Dan had aided her in picturing Singapore as a jasper city full of tigers and sultans' daughters, with daily service (per elephant) to a suburb known as Golconda.

"A kind o' gold satin," he admitted. "You don't see any like it 'round here. Diamonds? Oh, yes—but only the green ones are fashionable. White ones they don't think nothing of, out there—kind o' vulgar."

"There was a gentleman in 1248 used to wear 'em," remarked Susan. "Just white ones, I mean. He was a jockey; had lots o' money; but I never thought he was a real swell. He used awful nice perfumery, though. But I can nearly always tell a real gentleman," she added, with an arch look at Mr. Towers.



"The door flew open with a bang"

"There ain't much you don't see," he replied, politely, "with them eyes o' yours. That's why they're so big and bright." The edge of this compliment was somewhat dulled by the fact that he was reaching for his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Towers, you get out!" tittered the young lady, shooting sidelong glances, and capturing a stray wisp of her black hair with a clever and not ungraceful finger.

"I'm getting," said Dan. "Good-day, Suse. Chin-chin!"

The face that Miss Riley made at the closing door was a lively witness against all tame young men.

"Now that Heriot girl," thought Dan, as he wandered down the corridors, "she asked me I was homesick in Singapore. Homesick! Huh! Six years ago! But that was a—sort of a—sort of a—real She question to put. She's a little Gold-Chop woman, all right."

He plunged into the steam of automatic hurry that roared down the canyon avenues.

Next morning he happened to put off his shaving till after breakfast. A man of less equilibrium might have cut himself, because of the way in which Miss Susan Riley burst into the room.

"Oh!" she cried, "I'm glad I found you here!"

"What *you* sufferin' from, sister?" inquired Mr. Towers, kindly, finishing the point of his chin with one calm stroke.

"Mr. Towers—I've—always—been—a—good—friend—o'—yours," exclaimed Miss Riley, in a gallop of words. "And—I—don't—want—you—to—think—I—tell—tales—on—people."

"All right. Half-speed," he said; "carry on."

The girl paused for breath, and advanced slowly to the dressing table. In the mirror, the two faces, one lathered and one flushed, eyed each other for a second.

"Mr. Towers," asked the maid, in a voice of foreboding, "have you missed anything out of your room in the last day or two?"

"Not a thing," said Dan, heartily.

"Are you sure?" she persisted.

"Sure," he echoed. "Why?"

"Because," began Susan. She hesitated, then went on boldly—"Because, I saw Ann come out of this room, yesterday, at lunch time, with a package. It was wrapped up in a funny, foreign kind of looking paper. She'd ought to been back last night, and she has n't come yet—"

"It's all right, I guess," said Dan;

"she did n't take my razors, anyway."

"But I mean your valuables," urged Miss Riley. "Money and jewels and things—in your trunk. See, it ain't locked."

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Towers, "neither it is." He turned to examine the Chinese chest. "I deserve to lose things, don't I?"

"Did you have any—any jewels?" asked Susan, anxiously, behind his back.

"Did I?" said Dan, in an absent tone, as he rummaged in the trunk. "Well, I should say!" he cried, ruefully; "my turquoises!"

"Turq—oh, did you have some in there?"

"Some?" retorted Mr. Towers, curtly. "Had a quart of 'em!"

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Susan, in a voice quivering with excitement.

"Do you mean to say—" he began, with a queer inflection. He made choking sounds, and stopped short. Mastering with difficulty a strong emotion, he continued to ransack the chest. "Do you mean to say she's jumped the town with those turquoises?"

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Towers,"

replied the maid, pathetically. "Ann always was a quiet, sneaky sort of girl. None of us liked her. Looked so innocent, too!"

Mr. Towers paused in his search.

"Who is this Ann?" he inquired.

"Why, Ann Heriot," was the answer. "The girl that—"

"Look here!" cried Dan, rising and wheeling in anger. Then his manner changed. "They're gone all right," he said, in accents of despair.

"Oh, my!" was Miss Riley's condolence. "Oh, Mr. Towers! Oh, my goodness! Oh, what'll you ever do?" Her state seemed sloping toward hysterics, but her eyes were not devoid of calculation. "Oh, what *will* you do?"

"It was wrapped in foreign-looking paper?" asked Dan, with a swift, hard glance. "You've got sharp eyesight, Suse."

"Well, I—you see," she explained, suddenly collecting herself, "why, Ann passed right close by me."

"I see," remarked Mr. Towers. His unnatural manner made Miss Riley anxious; for the drama had taught her that after robbery the average man cries—"My God, I am ruined!" This one, whistling softly, paced up and down the room with an expression of face which meant absolutely nothing.



"I tell you what you 'd ought to do, sir," she ventured, in a voice of sympathy. "You 'd ought to set a detective on her track."

"Mm-hmm," said Dan.

This mental attitude must be what she had known as "stunned by grief."

"You 'd ought to," she repeated; "I can recommend one to you, Mr. Towers—friend o' mine; an awful nice man. He 's had lots of robbery cases. He 's awful smart!—a real high-class private detective. I 'll go call him up and see if he 's engaged."

A gleam of interest passed over Dan's features. "Just as you like," he said. "I 'll be overhauling the chest to see if anything else is taken."

When the door closed after her, however, he merely completed his shaving and sat down before the fire. Once he spoke aloud:

"Ann Heriot! That 's a number one name, too."

He was finishing a long cheroot when a knock came at the door, and there entered a plump, baldish man, in a white-checked waistcoat. His air was a mixture of the bold and cringing, as were his eyes, set in rather puffy, wrinkled lids. Dan surveyed him frankly with displeasure.

"Good morning, sir," began the visitor. "My name is Boulter. I am a private detective."

"I would n't go round telling strangers like this," drawled Mr. Towers. "It gives it away."

"Gives it away?" said Mr. Boulter. "I 'm stating my business, sir, in a professional call—"

"Oh, I see," said Dan. "Looking so much like an actor or a horse breeder, I thought this was a disguise. Sorry it ain't."

The detective assumed a distant pose. Then seating himself without invitation, he said, mysteriously:

"Miss Riley informs me that you have met with a loss."

"So you 're Susie's friend?" remarked Dan. "Well, now, let 's see, I never hired a detective before. Do you play the violin?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Boulter, blankly.

"Not at all?" Dan continued.

"Not a note," declared the criminologist.

"Hm! That 's too bad," said Dan, in a friendly fashion. "But I suppose you squirt your fore-arm full o' cocaine, don't you?"

"Certainly I don't!" snapped Mr. Boulter.

"Well, now, this ash tray," Mr. Towers reflected; "you must have written lots of monographs about cigar ashes. Just study that a minute."

Mr. Boulter examined the tray with scorn.

"All the detectives I ever read about," explained Dan, pleasantly, "always went round drawing things they called deductions. The only real live one I ever knew was the city marshal o' Reno; and he drew his deductions with a gun. Now, to look at those ashes, should you say they was Trichinopolis or Germinals?—and what do they give away about the habits o' my uncle?"

"Look here!" cried Mr. Boulter, rising, with a red face; "I did n't come here for baby-talk. I wanted to make you a business proposition about those turquoises."

"Oh, those," said Dan. "Who d' you suppose took 'em?"

Mr. Boulter regained at once his professional dignity.

"That 's difficult to say," he made utterance. "Personally, from all the evidence, I believe it was the Heriot woman."

"The—!" Dan cried, hotly. "Well," he admitted, after a pause, with great meekness, "it looks that way."

"Now, the first point," expounded Mr. Boulter, "is not to complain to the office. Keep it dark. I 'll follow up this sick relative steer of hers—"

"No, wait," interrupted Dan. "We 'll lay the turquoise business on the table a while. I 've got a theory that don't agree with Susie's—I mean yours." He studied for a moment, then his face lighted up. "There 's something much more important to come first," he said. "Have you ever done any divorce business?"

"Divorce? Me?" asked Mr. Boulter, proud-

ly. "Well, I used to work for — and —," —and he mentioned melodorous legal names.

"Say no more," cried Mr. Towers, with enthusiasm. "That settles it. You 're the man. Now, my wife has been going round here with a friend o' hers. I don't know his name, big dark-complexioned chap, wears a fur motor coat. So does my wife; she 's a blonde, big lady, pink face. Sort of blonde you can't help seeing and hearing. Kind of a cosmical looking lady. Got the picture?" he cried, radiantly. "Now find 'em, go everywhere with 'em,—shadow 'em! See? That 's why this turquoise-pidgin must rest,—any fuss about that, my wife 'd get wind I was here. See? No evidence, no pay. Divorce, five thousand dollars. How is it?"

"It 's a go," said the detective, admiringly. "Now that 's business, Mr. Towers. It 's a go. I 'm off."

"You are," Dan commented, when alone once more,—considerable off. And that big black man looked pretty husky."

As a cold rain was falling, he kept his room and waited for events; it was mid-afternoon before any one approached the door. He hardly recognized Miss Ann Heriot when she came in; for, despite her tear-stained face, she looked alarmingly pretty in her street garb, which he had never before seen, and which seemed to raise her to another order of being.

"Mr. Towers," she began, in an uncertain voice, "I just came to thank you for your kindness,—and—to say if you should ever know of any place that you 'd feel willing to recommend me for—I 'd be—ever so much—obliged."

The breaks in her speech were curious, but the tones were resolute, and she looked appealing at him.

"Why, I 'd recommend you for any place, miss," declared Dan; "I don't know much about these things, but—"

"I would n't have troubled you this way," said Miss Heriot, her voice trembling, "but I don't know any people round here, and—and—you 're the only person who 's ever treated me like—like an equal."

"Me?" said Dan, in joyful surprise. "Me treat you like an equal?"

"Oh!" said the girl, "I was foolish enough to



## The Road to Heart's Desire

By EDNA S. VALENTINE

It's a long, long road to travel—the road to Heart's Desire, And all along the roadway are will-o'-wispes afire— The light-foot, tricky wonder things that lure our souls astray.

Oh, straight you 'll fix your eyes ahead, if you 'd not lose the way; For over footsore mountain trails and skirting blackest mire, Where even stout hearts sometimes quail, runs the road to Heart's Desire.

And glittering in the moonlight are dewdrops, diamond-bold,

But at the sun's transmuting touch they turn to fairy gold. So, underneath the moon and stars, the small lights wax and wane,

A-flickering in the dreary wind, obscured by driving rain. The moonlight and starlight and will-o'-wispes' false fire; For you is set the far light that gleams from Heart's Desire.

And evenings by the roadside when you sit down to rest, And see the land of Heart's Desire as in a vision blest; What further need to struggle? Within your hand the prize—

Your toil would go for nothing and vain be your emprise. And, in that dreamy shadowland, your soul will drowse and tire;

'Tis then you 're nearest losing it—your land of Heart's Desire.

Take heed you keep the right road, for many roads there run,

Ay—all adown the Hill of Dreams, and toward the setting sun.

The stranger roads are fair, and filled with merchant, priest, and knight,

The glint of sun on steel by day, the tramp of hooves by night;

The highway and the byway, fleet war horse or gray friar, They travel o'er the long road that leads to Heart's Desire.

think so. I 'm sorry." She moved toward the door, looking very straight and cool.

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Towers. He ran round a chair to intercept her. "Hold on! Don't you see—I meant—I always looked up to you so,—why, you can't guess how much I—respect you, and—and think of you—"

"Oh!" she said again, but with a different meaning. She looked hard at the carpet, and her face was glowing.

"Tell me," persuaded Dan. "What you want to leave this place for?"

"They 've discharged me," she answered, slowly. "I stayed over my time off—a whole day over. My cousin was worse—and—" she trembled, and suddenly gave way to tears—"and I 'm afraid she won't live, and—she 's the only person I 've got in the world."

Through her sobbing she heard a deep growl, like that of a friendly bear. "Don't say that," the growl was advising,—don't say that." And Miss Ann Heriot found herself supported by a big arm, while a heavy hand patted her awkwardly. "Go ahead and cry," she heard him say, "you 've got me, if that 's any good. Go ahead. That 's one person ain't it?"

The door flew open with a bang, and a man, muddy and panting, dashed in, like a frightened rabbit. His coat, torn from collar to arm's eyes, hung in pavement-colored tatters down across a blood-smeared white waistcoat. To a swollen bulb of nose he held a handkerchief that resembled the war-flag of Japan.

"This is what I get!" he declaimed, in a choking voice. "Right at the main entrance, in front of a whole crowd!"

"Who 's this?" inquired Dan, curiously. "Why, Mr. Boulter, I did n't know you, with those bunged eyes. At first, I thought some one 'd had a fall out of a balloon. You know, I was kind of afraid that big black man *would* be handy with his fists?"

"Fists!" snorted the detective. "They ain't nothing to his feet. I 'm internally injured."

"It 's a shame," confessed the young man. "I find later that was n't the right woman. I 'm sorry, Mr. Divorce-man. It was all a mistake."

"Mistake!" yelled the apparition, waving scarecrow arms. "You say that easy, don't you? Where do I come in?"

"You don't come in," retorted Dan; "you go out,"—and the action, which was sudden and violent, suited the word beautifully.

"There," resumed Dan, turning to the amazed Miss Heriot, "that 's all right. Don't you be frightened. Now, as we were saying, you just play that I 'm your uncle, or your grandfather or something. I mean," he added, "only till after your cousin 's better. Then," he prophesied, with a mysterious smile, "you 'll have to change your play some."

The bell of the telephone chattered violently. Mr. Towers took down the receiver.

"Hello," he said. "Yes—Who? The what? —Oh, the office. All right, Mr.—. What? *Who's* been complaining?—Oh, him! Yes, I kicked him out.—Creating a disturbance, o' course.—What? What did he say? Turquoises? Yes, that 's right enough; yes, I lost 'em.—Who? Oh,—wait a minute, please!"

"What do you think, miss," he said, half-turning toward the girl, "this Susie's gone and skipped the town with all my turquoises!"

He turned back to the telephone.

"It 's all right, Mr. Roberts," he asserted, gravely, "I find she 's taken only a quart of 'em. Good-by!"

"I bought 'em of a Ginglee for three or four rupees," he explained to Miss Heriot, "to give away for a joke—say a dollar and a half. I 'd give all o' that to see Susie's face when she tries to sell 'em."

"And now," he added, picking up his old *terai*, "if you can stand the looks o' this hat, we 'll go out and see to our cousin. Who 's the biggest doctor in the city? Let 's have him in to consult. I did n't put all my wages into turquoises."



# "PLAY BALL!"

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

The Story of Our National Game. *Second Article*

Illustrated by GERRIT A. BENEKER

AN up-to-date dictionary definition of baseball reads, in part: "The pitcher pitches the ball over the home plate to the catcher. One of the other side . . . tries to strike the ball as it passes him. If he knocks it into the air, and one of the other side catches it, the striker is out. . . . Should the ball pass . . . inside these [Foul.] lines, the batter runs to first base, and then or later to second, third, and home base. If he reaches home base he scores a run. . . . And that side which succeeds in making the greater number of runs wins the game."

Assuredly the sport-loving American does not have recourse to the dictionary for an exposition of the national game. Such a rudimentary definition is clearly intended for the enlightenment of foreigners and "Indians not taxed." But it suggests the fact that the knowledge of baseball possessed by the average fan does not go beyond the official rules, which, by the way, while covering every conceivable play, fail to explain the game with the meritorious simplicity of the kindergarten definition already quoted.

To thousands who witness contests in which the highest skill is displayed, the fine points of play are often lost. The purely mechanical processes are understood and admired. A difficult running catch of a drive to the outfield—a perfect throw to third base, or to the home plate, to cut off a runner—a remarkable stop in deep short, with a rifle-shot throw to first—three men on bases, none out, and then the side retired by the pitcher without a run—these defensive plays are thoroughly appreciated. So also certain offensive plays: the single which



Kling, of the Chicago Nationals, at the bat

puts a man on first, or even the good judgment which makes the batsman a base runner on four bad balls—the neatly placed bunt, which advances the runner a base, or, with two men out, the lightning steal of second; perhaps the double steal, which places men on third and second—and then, oh, maker of hilarious joy! the timely hit which brings home the runner, tying the game, or which scores two men, giving the home club the lead. The highest athletic skill is required in the national game; agility and perfect handling of the ball, and keenness of eye at the bat deserve all praise. Nevertheless, clean fielding and super-

rior batting constitute not more than half the battle in major league baseball. It is true, moreover, that the strategy of the game, comparable with the strategy of war, does not command deserved attention and respect from the American public.

The relative importance of head work and machine-like skill was well illustrated in last season's championship race in the American League. Let us analyze the playing of the Cleveland and Chicago teams. Cleveland led the league in club fielding, while Chicago ranked second. At first base, Donahue, of Chicago, who played in every game, earned first place in the league. Stovall, who covered the bag for Cleveland in 55 games, ranked fourth, and Rossman, of Cleveland, with 105 games played, was sixth. Captain Lajoie, of Cleveland, practically led the second basemen. On the other hand, Isbell, of Chicago, was down in tenth place. Turner, of Cleveland, was the leading shortstop; Davis, of Chicago, standing third. Bradley, of Cleveland, was about the best third baseman, with Tannehill, of Chicago, ranking third, and Rohe, his substitute, fifth. In the outfield, Captain Jones, of Chicago, stood first, and Dougherty, of the same team, fourth. Jackson, Flick, and Bay all of Cleveland, ranked sixth, eighth, and tenth, respectively; while, Hahn, Chicago's right fielder, was excelled by twenty-seven players. Clarke outranked Sullivan, of Chicago, behind the bat,

## Some Prominent Baseball Generals



CHANCE, Chicago Nationals



GRIFFITH, New York Americans



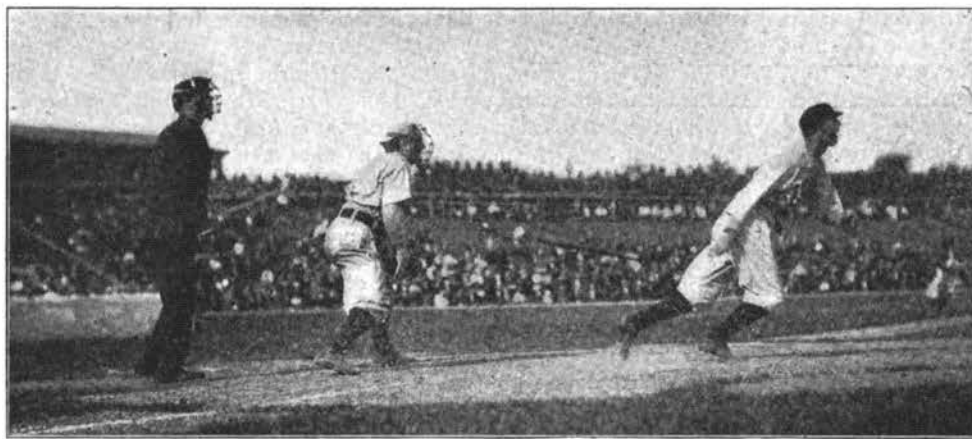
CLARK, Pittsburg



CONNIE MACK, Philadelphia Athletics



F. A. JONES, Chicago Americans



Cy Seymour, of the New York Nationals, snapped just after he had knocked a "two-bagger"



Brown, of the Chicago Nationals, working at shortstop



Chance, playing at first base

but the latter caught in twice as many games as the Cleveland star, and is a headier backstop.

From the ranking given, the superiority of the Cleveland club in the science of fielding is indisputable. But it is batting that wins games, the average fan will tell you. In this important department, a comparison of the two teams is even more surprising. The blue ribbon class for batsmen is limited to those whose averages\* are .300 or better. Cleveland had five players—Clarke, Lajoie, Congalton, Flick, and Rossman, who hit over .300.

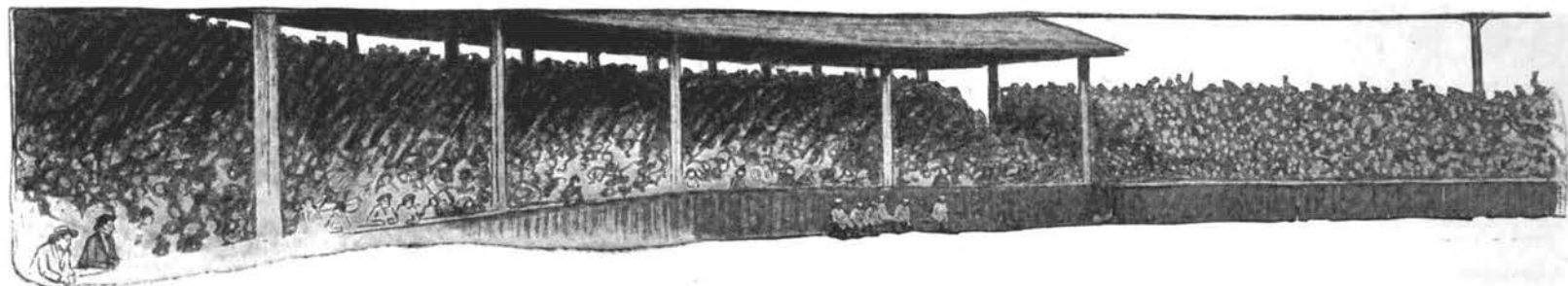
Chicago had not one. Except for a pitcher, who played in but twenty games, Isbell was Chicago's best batsman. His average was only .279, and his rank was twenty-sixth.

Cleveland led the league in club batting. Chicago was outbatted by every other team! Therefore, the White Sox were called the "hitless wonders"; for, notwithstanding their weak batting, they won the pennant in the American League and subsequently defeated the Chicago National League Club for the World's Championship, as the post-season series between the respective champions of the two major leagues is called. New York was second in the American League race, although outbatted by Cleveland and outfielded by Cleveland, Chicago, and Detroit. With all this remarkable mechanical prowess, Cleveland could do no better than beat out the crippled Philadelphia team for third place!

On paper, then, and measured by the individual records of players in the field and at bat, the Cleveland club was the superior of every team in the American League. Yet Chicago, the weakest hitting aggregation in the league, finished in first place, and won the championship of the world. How? Because of "inside" baseball. Translated into plain English, "inside ball" is the triumph of brains and quick thinking over mechanical skill and brute force. It is like the victory of the clever, intelligent boxer over the ox-brained slugger.

\*To obtain a player's batting average, divide the number of safe hits he makes by the number of times he is at bat. "But a time at bat," the rules say, "shall not be charged against a batsman who is awarded first base by the umpire for being hit by a pitched ball, or on called balls, or when he makes a sacrifice hit, or for interference by the catcher."





With fewer safe hits than any one of the seven rival clubs in the American League, Chicago ranked just below Cleveland and New York in the number of runs scored. How were the runs made? In the first place, Chicago has the strongest pitching staff in the American League—the best in the country, as the world's series proved—and in Sullivan, the White Sox have the greatest catcher in the American League, considering his head work, in conjunction with his catching and throwing. Effective battery work, of course, keeps the runs of the opposing team down; therefore, in many games, Chicago had to score few runs—perhaps only one, two, or three—in order to win. These runs were made by taking every advantage of an opposing pitcher's wildness, of a fielder's fumble, and of slow thinking on the part of the rival team; also, by making every hit count.

### The Art of Forcing in Runs

A poor throw, let us say, puts one of the White Sox on first base. The next batter neatly sacrifices him to second, where he is ready to take ad-



vantage of a hit by racing in with a needed run; or, if two men are down, the base runner will steal second, and then the hit will bring him home. Read an account of a Chicago American victory, and it may be like this:

"The winning run was scored, with one man gone, by Davis, who worked the pitcher for a base on balls, stole second, was advanced to third by a wild throw to catch him napping, and scored on Donahue's long fly to center field." Not a hit contributed to the making of the run.

Let the game be a pitcher's battle, and the report may read: "The only run in the game was scored by Jones, who stole home."

The watchword in pitching is, to "mix 'em up"—to use a change of pace; in other words, to alternate swift, straight balls with slow curve balls in such a way as to bewilder the batter. There is something of an analogy in the system of play employed by the White Sox to keep the opposing team "guessing." When a bunt is expected, and the infield is alert to run in for a slow hit, the Chicago batter may throw his weight into the ball, with the hope of poking it through the infield. The method of attack is constantly changed, and nothing but quick thinking is tolerated. Captain Jones suspended Dougherty, because the left fielder, thinking there were two out instead of one, threw to second base, when he should have cut off the man running to third.

The attack of the New York Americans is also continually shifted, and a pitcher will be pulled

out when going well, and a stronger batter substituted, provided Griffith thinks he sees a chance to win the game. If the Highlanders are behind most of the game, the score will often show eleven men, sometimes twelve, taking part. It is Griffith's plan to call out the reserves at critical times. Not so with Cleveland. The nine men play through the game, unless a man is put in to bat for the pitcher in the last inning. Asked about the style of attack of his team of stars, Lajoie sneered at the novel plays in which quick thinking figures largely, and said:

"I believe in hitting 'em out."

This antiquated theory is all well enough when the Cleveland sluggers have their eye on the ball; even then, the team does not begin to make as much of its hits as it should. But when the opposing pitcher is effective, Lajoie does not know how to get a run, desperately needed, across the plate. Cleveland is an old-fashioned ball team.

For one to speak of Cleveland, which has yet to make good, as an old-fashioned ball team is to incur the wrath of many a middle-aged lover of the national game. Ask such a one how the great players of the past compare with those of the present, and he will tell you that the diamond stars of his day have never been equaled. As a matter of fact, such a comparison is difficult to make, even for those who followed the game in the eighties and who are familiar with the work of the players of the present.

As to fielding, it is not fair to make comparisons, for the reason that the players' hands are protected to-day in a manner not dreamed of twenty years ago. Bennett, of Detroit, caught at one time with bare hands and without mask or protector, yet his catching, with that of Ewing, of New York, was of a quality not surpassed by the great stars of this day—Kling, of the Chicago Nationals, and Sullivan, of the White Sox. Infielders' gloves were unknown, and it was impossible to pull down swift drives that are now handled; therefore we should not compare Williamson, shortstop of the old champion Chicagos, with Turner, of the Cleveland Americans; Nash, who played third for the Boston champions, with Devlin, of the New York Giants; or Comiskey, who developed first base play when leader of the old St. Louis Browns, with the brilliant Chase, of the New York Americans.

### Highly Developed Pitching Science

Unquestionably the pitching has improved; in fact, the pitcher has continued to gain in effectiveness from the earliest days of baseball. The problem of the dictators of the game has ever been to increase the batting; for the spectator delights in hitting, much preferring a game in



which there is a fair amount of batting to a pitcher's battle. To solve the problem, the pitcher's box was moved back from forty-five to fifty feet and finally to sixty feet. At one period, the pitcher was allowed seven "wasted balls," as the players express it, before the batsman was given his base, whereas now a base on balls is awarded for four bad

balls. With the twentieth century has come the "spit ball" to bewilder batters, and it has been seriously argued that a ban should be placed on this puzzling ball.

It is not easy, in a word, to describe this pitched ball, which gets its unpleasant name from the fact that the pitcher moistens the sphere with saliva before delivery. This process, fortunately, is done behind the glove, which conceals the ball and the pitcher's face, but—don't be deceived—the player does not "draw the curtain" for propriety's sake. He does it to fool the batsman, for often the ball is concealed in this way when the "spit ball" is not delivered; instead, it may be a swift high ball, for which the batter is not prepared.

Science has yet to explain the mystery of the "spit ball." Moistened as the sphere is, the thumb offers no friction, and its course is strange indeed. Even the catcher does not know where it will land, as it breaks suddenly before reaching the plate, sometimes with an in-shoot, sometimes with an out-curve, and always with a drop. It is what the professional terms a "fade away," and thus a good batsman will be seen striking at a ball which hits the ground a foot in front of the plate. Properly controlled, it puzzles the batsman, but few pitchers can control it. Moreover, few pitchers will try to use it, because they believe that the snap involved in delivering this strange ball weakens their arms.

Certainly the heavy batters of the past would have had great difficulty in hitting the "spit ball," but the usual pitching of present-day pitchers they could undoubtedly hit. Great batsmen were the "big four" of the old Detroit—Brouthers, Richardson, Rowe, and White; also Anson and Dalrymple, of Chicago, and Hines, of Providence. But they were not the superiors of Lajoie, of Cleveland, Wagner, of Pittsburg, and Seymour, of the New York Giants. For scientific hitting, Keeler, of the New York Americans, has never been equalled.

### Our All-Star Teams of To-day

There were great players in the past. There are more great players to-day. Where one team would have a few stars—perhaps four or five—the fast major league club of the present has scarcely a weak spot in its line-up. Outside of the battery, a player must be a good batsman, or else a phenomenally good fielder, to hold a place.

Despite what is said about the tricks of "King" Kelly, of the Chicagos, the







strategy of the national game has advanced wonderfully. The Baltimore team of the National League was the pioneer in this development, and Ned Hanlon, at one time a great player himself, was the directing genius. The batting problem was responsible for the application of head work to baseball. Opposing pitchers were far too effective; Baltimore was not a heavy batting team, and some plan had to be devised to get men around the



bases. No one hears now of the pitchers of the champions of 1894, 1895, and 1896. The club had a great catcher in Robinson, who is no longer in the game. But the fielding of the team—who will forget it? Such dash has never since been shown, and it was worth the price of admission to see the team practice. Then the little fellows were quick thinkers and heady batters. In the outfield were Kelley, who has just retired from Cincinnati, and the great Keeler, now of the New York Highlanders; at short, there was Jennings, who is now managing the Detroit Americans, and at third base was McGraw, who has made the New York Giants the wonder of the East and the fear of the West in the National League.



The Baltimore team developed the "bunt," which is a mere tap of a ball, rolling preferably toward third or in the direction of first base, but at a slow pace which makes quick and accurate handling imperative. The bunt is much used now to advance runners a base; in fact, so common has it become and so well is it executed, that a batsman is called out when he attempts to bunt on the third strike. The Baltimore batsman used it—and it is thus used to-day—not only to sacrifice a base runner from first to second or from second to third but also for the purpose of putting himself on base. This he did by starting almost before hitting the ball, and thus beating out the throw.

### The Development of Team Work

The play can be made on a big pitcher who is slow in his movements. It once won a crucial game for the Baltimores over Amos Rusie, then the most feared pitcher in the league.

Once on first base, through a bunt or a base on balls—the Baltimore team were keen-eyed almost to a man—the problem was to advance the base runner. With no one out, the bunt was used for this purpose, but another play was also invented. This has come to be known as the "hit and run." Perhaps the play ought to be called, the *run and hit*; for, at a commonplace signal given by the batsman (hitching up his



trousers, for example), the base runner starts for second—or for third, as the case may be—before the ball has left the pitcher's hand. It is the batter's duty to hit the ball, no matter what its course, driving it on the ground if possible. So great a start has the base runner obtained, that he is almost certain to gain his base, unless the ball is batted sharply in the vicinity of the base for which he is headed. In a game this season Keeler, who seldom strikes out, swung at a wide ball and missed it, to the delight of the partisans of the opposing team. Keeler, who struck out but twice in 1906, had been retired on strikes! As a matter of fact, he had received orders from Griffith to play the "hit and run," and, although the ball was almost out of his reach, he endeavored to connect with it. That he already had two strikes did not deter him. He was not thinking of his batting record; wherefore, he is a most valuable man to a club.

The Baltimore team also worked to perfection the double steal. With men on first and second, at a signal between them, both base runners attempted to gain second and third base respectively. This play, much used to-day, is intended to bewilder the catcher, who may be puzzled as to where to throw. Unless he gets the ball to third base quickly and accurately, both men will be safe. If the pitcher has permitted the base runners to obtain a good lead, a quick-thinking catcher will throw to second base and make sure of one man at least.

### Strategists of a High Order

The beautiful plays of the old Baltimore team, which was afterwards transferred bodily to Brooklyn, there to win the pennant in 1899 and 1900, have come to be accepted principles in modern baseball strategy. Such plays aided Pittsburgh, under the leadership of Clarke, to win the National League Championship in 1901, 1902, and 1903, and Boston, captained by Collins, to secure the American League pennant in 1903 and 1904, together with the World's Championship in the former year. McGraw's schooling under Hanlon enabled him to put the New York Giants at the top in 1904 and 1905, and to gain the championship of the world in the latter year. With Connie Mack as field marshal, brains rather than brawn accounted for the success of the Philadelphia Americans in 1902 and 1905, and made the Athletics a factor in the race of 1903 and that of 1904. Chance, who leads the Chicago Nationals, and Jones, of the Chicago White Sox, of course, are strategists of a high order, and it was their brainy leadership and gameness which brought both major league championships to Chicago in 1906.

One must not forget the New York Americans, who, with "Old Fox" Griffith as field manager, made such a game fight for the pennant in 1904 and in 1906, losing out only through the weakness of the pitching staff. But one could not forget a team with such a combination as Chase, Williams, Elberfield, and Laporte in the infield, and



Keeler, Hoffman, and Conroy in the outfield; good fielders all of them—great fielders, most of them—and excellent batters and base runners to a man. It was Griffith who introduced into the American League that most intoxicating of plays, the "squeeze." It is used when hits are few and far between and there is desperate need to put a man across the plate. "Sam" Crane, an old ball player and a present-day sporting writer, gave the play its name—because the runner is *squeezed in*. Here it is:

### Where Brains Win

Elberfield is on third base, let us say, with one man out, and the Highlanders are one run behind. Chase is at the bat. He has two balls and no strikes, and concludes that the pitcher will put the next ball over the plate. Chase momentarily lets go of the bat with his left hand. Elberfield, alert and on his toes, catches the signal. The pitcher begins to wind himself up before shooting in the ball, and Elberfield is away, dashing madly for the plate. All depends on Chase now. He *must* connect with the ball. Any fair hit will do the trick; for, with his lead and quick start, Elberfield is certain to score; but should Chase miss the ball, Elberfield is more than likely to perish at the plate.

For those who love outdoor sports there are many thrilling situations. The football enthusiast will tell you that human emotions never respond more keenly than when a player emerges suddenly from the scrimmage and darts for the goal line, the ball clutched tightly under his arm. Yes, that is thrilling, but then it does not compare with the dramatic moment when the Highlanders strive to work the "squeeze." On comes the flying Elberfield. Perhaps the pitcher is a trifle "rattled" as he hastens his delivery. The catcher bends forward as if to seize the ball ere the batsman can hit it. Shifting his position, and poised for the great effort, is Chase, the *deus ex machina*. Everything depends on him. The ball is not over the plate, but, reaching out, the batsman gives it a tap toward the pitcher. It is enough. Elberfield slides into the plate before the ball can be fielded to the catcher. The game is tied, and the spectators have been treated to a triumph of brains over mechanical skill.

Chance, captain of the Chicago Cubs, pulled off an absurd play last season. He scored from second base on a bunt. Fortified with a long lead, he darted around third, and, never faltering, tore home before the ball could be returned to the plate by the first baseman. The success of the play depends on a lightning mental decision, which is made after Chance rounds third and has not slackened speed. At the psychological moment, he must make sure that the fielder is to throw to first and not try to catch him off third base, and he must determine his chances of scoring.

The great leaders of the game, already

(Concluded on pages 504 and 505)

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RED and yellow;  
red and yellow  
Slips the sun into  
the sea;  
Red and yellow; red  
and yellow  
Comes a longing  
over me;  
Comes a longing for  
the thronging  
And the city's bells ding-donging;  
Comes a longing, longing, longing,  
When the sun hides in the sea—  
Red and yellow; red and yellow  
Slips the sun into the sea.

You can hear th' whisperin' voices of th' Men  
Who Went Before;  
They are gathered in th' ditches an' they num-  
ber many a score;  
You can hear 'em laughin', jeerin',  
You can hear 'em talkin', sneerin',  
And their maddening, mocking music cuts us  
clear unto the core.

You can hear 'em grabbin' shovels, an' they're  
turnin' on th' steam;  
They're undoin' all we done to-day—you hear  
th' whistles scream—  
You can hear the rocks a-rattlin'  
Like th' music o' a Gatlin'—  
They're throwin' back what we took out an'  
chokin' up th' stream!

You can hear 'em touchin' glasses as they take  
a little drink;

# Ghosts of the Ditch

*A Song of the Panama Canal*

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

They're a-pleadin' us for Raw Recruits into th'  
Devil's Sink;  
You can hear 'em touchin' glasses  
As they're pledgin' us for asses;  
An' the rattle o' their consciences gives back a  
golden clink!

They're leagued with General Fever, an' he's  
leader o' th' crew;  
Old Miser Death is second, you can hear him  
talkin', too;  
You can hear 'em all a-plannin'  
How we're to have our pannin'—  
An' every one a different plan, but any plan will do!

They're a-dryin' up th' oil cups an' they're  
pluggin' up the wheels,  
(You will notice it to-morrow when you hear  
the engine's squeals);  
You will hear th' voices moanin'  
When th' engine starts to groanin',  
For they're getting their gaunt voices tangled  
in th' engine wheels.

They haven't got a single cheer for Us—the  
Men Behind—  
You only hear 'em tellin' how we're deaf, an'  
dumb, an' blind;

jeerin' voices o' the Men Who Went Before;  
Th' movements o' th' Men Behind excites 'em  
to a roar;  
And the wind in ghostly voice  
Pitches high as they rejoice  
When some one drops a shovel an' goes knock-  
in' at their door!

They hover at our elbows as we shove The  
Job along—  
A-swingin' to our coat tails as they try to guide  
us wrong—  
Who dares to think o' stoppin'—  
Who stops to think o' droppin'—  
Th' Strong will stay, th' Weak will go back  
home where they belong!

Red and yellow; red and yellow  
Comes the cheerful morning light;  
Red and yellow; red and yellow  
Goes the sullen, hostile night;  
And the coolies are awaking—  
Work! Before the sun is baking—  
Hal! Who talks of courage shaking  
With the cheerful morning light?  
Red and yellow; red and yellow  
Comes the soothing morning light!

In our footsteps they  
a-flockin',  
But you only hear  
'em mockin',  
They have n't got a  
word o' praise  
nor even a  
thought that's  
kind!

You can hear th'

ALL the blame may be  
put on the factory.  
There would have been  
no trouble if the land on  
which the house stood  
had not been needed  
for the factory. Being  
needed, it naturally fol-  
lowed that the house  
had to move along. The  
affair of the house was  
a mere incident of the  
establishment of a new  
industry in the neigh-  
borhood.

The factory company  
wanted the land for a  
part of its site, and the  
owner sold. Then he  
was confronted with the  
problem of the house.  
That was not included  
in the sale, and it seemed  
to him that it was too  
good to be abandoned to  
the wreckers. Some ex-  
cellent judges of values  
would have dissented  
from this view, but the  
owner objected to  
"throwing it in with  
the land," especially  
when he owned a vacant lot a short distance away.  
So he decided to move it.

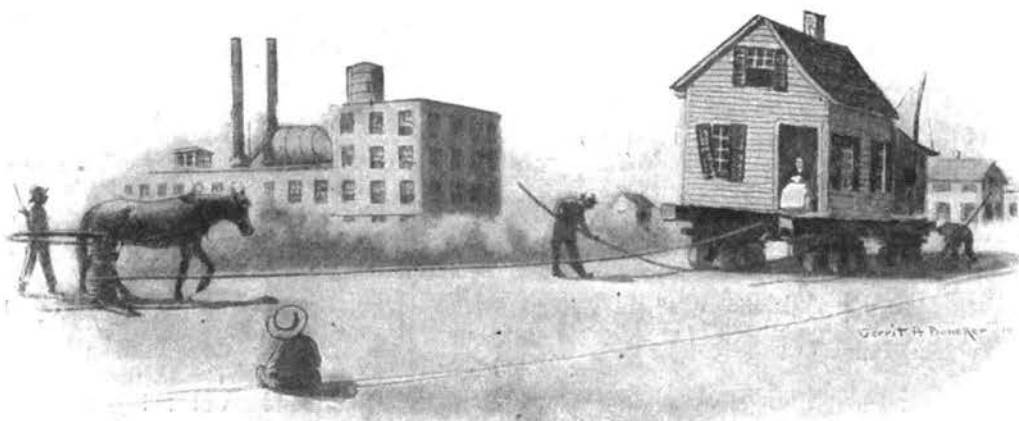
The house had a tenant in the person of Bill Hainey,  
and Bill had a wife. Neither fact would seem to be  
especially important to the unprejudiced observer, for  
Bill had no lease that gave him any rights whatsoever:  
he simply had been there for some time and expected  
to remain. He paid rental—at least, his wife paid it  
with the money that he earned. Bill himself had  
habits that made him the reverse of thrifty, and his  
wife sometimes experienced difficulty in getting enough  
of the money he earned to defray the necessary house-  
hold expenses. But she did it. So they could not be  
ousted for the nonpayment of rent.

However, it happened that the sale of the land was  
made in the last days of the month, so the problem  
was somewhat simplified. Bill had no rights that any  
one was bound to respect beyond the month for which  
he—that is, his wife—had last paid; or, if he had, he  
would not be wise enough to know it. Nevertheless,  
as a further precaution, care was taken to serve the  
notice on Mrs. Hainey in Bill's absence. On the morn-  
ing of the thirty-first, as soon as he was safely out of  
the house, she was told that she would have to vacate  
before midnight. This was not as serious a matter as  
the ordinary mortal would suppose, for the Hainey  
possessions were few and of little value. But Mrs.  
Hainey rebelled, just the same.

"Not fer us!" said Mrs. Hainey, belligerently. "We  
don't move."

"But you 'll have to," insisted the agent of the owner.  
"Is it a big man that says so?" asked Mrs. Hainey.  
"If it is n't, he don't want to tackle Bill, fer Bill 's nasty  
when he 's mad." She felt that the circumstances  
justified a little exaggeration.

"The house has got to be moved," explained the



## The Perambulating House

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by GERRIT A. BENEKER

agent. "The land has been sold for a factory."  
"What 's that to me?" inquired Mrs. Hainey.

Not being able to answer this pertinent question  
offhand, the agent ignored it.

"I've given you notice," he said. "The contractor  
and his men will be here in the morning."

"So 'll Bill," retorted Mrs. Hainey, "an' you 'd better  
ring up the amb'lance first."

Unfortunately, however, Bill had one of his occasional  
lapses that night. Certain small politicians sometimes  
had need of his humble services, and it was their custom  
to reward him with small sums of money and anything  
that he wanted to drink. Bill always figured that he  
was one of the few men who knew how to make politics  
remunerative, and it was his custom to prove this to his  
wife by telling her of the extra money he made during  
his absences. He seldom brought any of it home, how-  
ever; he seldom deemed it necessary to come home  
while he had it; so perhaps Mrs. Hainey was justified  
in arguing that there would be no discernible profit if  
he took the trouble to compare the expenses with the  
receipts. But that has no bearing on the story.

Bill fell in with his political masters and did not come  
home. His wife awaited him anxiously. It was not  
always easy to tell where Bill was, and she hesitated to  
leave the house; she had made no attempt to move  
their few belongings during the day, and she had a feel-  
ing that the owner's men would be glad of an oppor-  
tunity to get possession under cover of darkness. Still,  
she took the risk of slipping over to the side entrance  
of the corner saloon.

"Is Bill here?" she asked, when the bartender came  
to see what she wanted.

"No," he replied.

"Well, you tell him to chase home quick when you  
see him," she instructed. "The house is goin' away."

"Well, that 's what she says," insisted the bartender.  
"I never knew a house to get nervous like that before,  
but Bill 's enough to make one restless, an' she left  
word for him to come home quick an' stop it."

Tim went out, wondering. Presently he returned,  
dissatisfied.

"House is all right," he reported, "but I 'm sorry  
fer Bill. His wife 's got two brooms, a mop, an' a pail  
of water standin' in the doorway. Guess she 's jest  
tryin' to git him in range."

This explanation was accepted as the best available,  
although it was not entirely satisfactory.

Mrs. Hainey, meanwhile, was on the watch for either  
Bill or the owner's men. If Bill had arrived, it is prob-  
able that he would have been inspired to heroic action,  
if only to appease the woman with the two brooms, the  
mop and the pail of water. Bill did not arrive, how-  
ever, but early in the morning the owner's agent, the  
contractor, and a force of men appeared.

Having lost much sleep and been the prey to much  
anxiety, Mrs. Hainey was not then in good humor, and  
she read the riot act from her doorway arsenal. The  
agent tried to reason with her, but it was difficult, for  
she kept him at a distance by making occasional swishes  
in his direction with the wet mop. She knew the danger  
of letting any of those men get near enough to make  
a sudden rush.

The agent was plentifully sprinkled while he talked,  
and it may be admitted that the contractor's men seemed  
to enjoy the spectacle he presented, dodging about  
restlessly in an effort to avoid the water that came from  
the brandished mop. Nevertheless, the agent perse-  
vered. He explained that the house could not remain  
where it was, because the land had been sold; he offered  
to give her all possible assistance in removing her house-  
hold property; he even agreed to get a dray at his own

"The which!" ex-  
claimed the startled bar-  
tender.

"The house," she ex-  
plained. "If he don't  
git there sudden to stop  
it, it 'll be gone. You  
tell him. I got to hurry  
back an' watch it."

She was gone before  
he could ask any further  
questions, but her mes-  
sage disturbed him.  
What was the matter  
with the house? Bill  
was erratic and uncer-  
tain, but the house had  
always been most cir-  
cumpect in its behavior.  
Why should it become  
suddenly unreliable and  
migratory?

"Tim," he said to one  
of the men in the place,  
"you run out an' see  
what 's the matter with  
Bill Hainey's house. His  
wife says it 's goin'  
away an' she 's tryin'  
to hold it."

"Rats!" retorted  
Tim.

"Insisted the bartender.



expense and transfer the aforesaid property to any new home that she might have selected.

To all of this she replied principally with the swaying mop, although she did incidentally mention that the sale of the land was no concern of hers, that she was satisfied to remain where she was, and that Bill would make short work of them as soon as he got home. Meanwhile, in her poor, weak way, she would fight the battle herself.

Then the agent bethought him of a compromise, and, after a conference with the contractor, offered to take her along with the house. To this she finally agreed. It was the house she wanted; she cared nothing about the land. Furthermore, she had the sense to realize that she could not hold out against this gang of men forever, and, in spite of her brave talk about Bill, she had no great confidence in him.

The house was small, and there was no cellar beneath it, so it was not a difficult matter to jack it up and get it on rollers. It was also light enough to make rapid progress possible when it was finally moved into the street. Sitting in the doorway, surrounded by her weapons, Mrs. Hainey moved in solemn triumph from the neighborhood.

"Tell Bill," she called to the neighbors, "I've gone away with the house."

Now, that is a disconcerting message for a man to receive on his return home—that is, on his return to the place where his home ought to be—after a brief absence. It is especially disconcerting when the man's brain is somewhat hazy from loss of sleep and other things.

When Bill thought he should be entering his house he found himself stumbling into vacancy. Bill was not physically intoxicated, but he was mentally erratic and uncertain: his brain, never too clear, was misty and unreliable. The night being of inky blackness, with no street-light near, he let habit and instinct guide him and never missed the house until his foot missed the step that ought to have been there. This jarred him considerably—jarred him physically and mentally. There should have been four steps to mount to reach his door, and the first one was gone. Then it dawned upon him that the others must be gone, too, or he would have come in contact with them when he missed the first. This brought his wavering attention to the fact that the house was also gone.

He backed away and peered through the darkness up and down the street. Certain familiar lights convinced him that he had come to the right place, but he took the trouble to verify this by searching for a place where he knew a board was missing from the sidewalk. The board was missing; he had made no mistake.

"Where's me house?" he asked plaintively.

There being no answer, he went cautiously over the site, apparently hoping to find it concealed somewhere. He found nothing but the wreck of the flimsy foundations, upon which he seated himself disconsolately and tried to reason the thing out.

"Why ain't I got a lantern?" he inquired of himself.

This suggested a new line of activity, so Bill journeyed to the corner grocery to get a lantern.

"What for?" asked the grocer.

"I'm lookin' fer me house," explained Bill.

"It's gone," said the grocer, suddenly mindful of the message to be delivered. "The wife left word she'd gone away with it."

"Gone away with it!" repeated the dazed Bill, struggling with a mental picture of his wife dragging the house down the street. "How'd she take it?"

"On rollers."

"She did n't have no right to do it," declared Bill, suddenly waking up. "She don't reason that a feller's got to be away on business some nights, an' it don't give her no right to walk off with his house. I'll make her bring it back."

"Oh, it ain't her fault," explained the grocer. "She was lookin' fer you to hold it down." Bill tried to grabble with this, but it was hard work. "She come in here last night an' left warnin' fer you that it was goin'."

"Houses don't go off by themselves," protested Bill. "Sure not," admitted the grocer. "She went along with it. The kids see her go. 'Tell Bill,' she sings out, 'I've gone away with the house.' That's all I know."

"Where'd she take it to?" asked Bill, wearily. "She did n't take it nowhere," answered the grocer. "The way I get it, she was took along with it."

"That's kidnappin'," said Bill, "an'—an' abduction. That's what it is."

"Sure," conceded the grocer, cheerfully.

"Breakin' up a man's home is bad enough," grieved Bill, "but cartin' it away, wife an' all, is worse."

"That's right," the grocer conceded.

"It's worse'n they do in s'ciety," argued Bill, who occasionally read the yellow journals, "fer in s'ciety they leave a man his house. I got to rescue her!"

"Go ahead," urged the grocer.

Bill started for the door, but turned back.

"Where'll I go?" he asked. "There's no use lookin' fer a house at the p'lice station."

"Why, a house ain't so small that it's easy lost," explained the grocer. "Anybody can tell you if it went his way, an' you'll get the wife when you find the house."

The grocer's sympathy having induced him to offer some encouragement, Bill went on his way in more cheerful mood. He first went to each of the four corners of the square within which his house had been located and looked up and down the intersecting streets. The night was dark, but there were occasional street-lamps and he was sure that he would be able to see a house in the road. Nothing of the sort was in sight, however.

Thereupon Bill began a systematic search, inquiring for news of his house at every place that was open, but he got very little satisfaction. The sudden appearance of a man who wanted to know what had become of his house seemed to startle and puzzle the men he addressed. Some of them seemed to be alarmed, and some of them answered flippantly; all of them were unquestionably anxious to have him move along.

"Have yeh seen me house go by?" was the form of his query, and it certainly was strange enough to worry the ordinary mortal. No one likes to prolong a conversation with a crazy man, and the easiest way to get rid of him was to assure him that it had turned down a side street. Those who were not quick-witted enough for this merely told him that they had seen nothing of it. However, he received enough contradictory information to keep him active and confused, occasional potations adding to his confusion, and to make him sufficiently irritable to bring one humorist to grief.

"Have yeh seen a stray house goin' by?" he asked.

"Have you lost one?" inquired the humorist.

Bill assured him that he had.

"What kind of a house was it?" asked the humorist. Bill described it.

"That seems like the house I saw," said the humorist, thoughtfully, "but you can't always tell about these houses that run loose in the streets. Was yours a running-house or a trotting-house? What kind of a gait did it have?"

Bill immediately "mixed up" with the humorist, and both were somewhat damaged when they were pried apart and thrown out. Bill chased the humorist for a block; then he sat down on a curbstone to think it over.

It was there a policeman found him.

"What are ye doin' here?" asked the policeman.

"Lookin' fer me house," answered Bill.

"Don't ye know the way home?" demanded the policeman.

"Sure I do," said Bill, "but the house don't."

The policeman pondered this for a moment. It was enough to puzzle a wiser man.

"What are ye talkin' about?" he finally inquired.

"The house," answered Bill, disconsolately. "It's gone and run away with me wife."

"It's you to the Queer House!" announced the policeman. "There's cobwebs under yer roof."

"I know what I'm talkin' about," insisted Bill. "It's abduction—that's what it is."

"Abduction of a house?" asked the policeman.

"No; abduction of me wife," said Bill.

"Ye can't convict," asserted the policeman, decidedly. "A house is a thing ye can't hold responsible. No one ever heard of a house runnin' away with a woman, anyhow."

"Well, she went with the house," argued Bill.

"That's different," said the policeman. "Where are they?"

"How do I know?" retorted Bill. "Have yeh seen a house perambulating about?"

"That settles you," said the policeman. "To the station we go. It's not safe to leave ye loose."

Bill tried to argue, but the policeman was determined, and Bill had his bump of respect for the law reasonably well developed. A policeman's club had assisted materially in developing it at an earlier day.

"Well," said Bill, resignedly, "I may get track of me wife there."

"I thought ye were lookin' fer the house," said the policeman.

"They come together," explained Bill. "It's all in one package."

Bill was a discouraged man when he entered the station. To have a wife and a house disappear mysteriously was enough to worry any man, and to find nothing but misleading clues was enough to discourage him.

"What's doing?" asked the sergeant, when the policeman came in with Bill.

"This gazabo's lookin' fer a perambulating house," explained the policeman.

"An' me wife," added Bill, gloomily. "It's larceny—that's what it is. I got to have a warrant."

"Larceny of a wife?" asked the sergeant.

"No; larceny of me house an' abduction of me wife," answered Bill. "I got to have a warrant."

"What kind of a warrant?" asked the sergeant.

"Search warrant—to search fer the house," explained Bill.

"Who took it?" asked the sergeant.

"How do I know?" retorted Bill. "T was there yesterday, an' it was n't there when I stepped into it to-night."

"How could you step into it when it was n't there?" asked the sergeant.

"I could n't," replied Bill. "I fell on me neck tryin'."

"Do you mean to say that your house is n't where you left it?" demanded the sergeant.

"Nothin' but the post holes," said Bill. "Same with me wife."

"Well, you can't always expect to find a wife where you leave her," said the sergeant, thoughtfully, "but a house ought to stay put."

"They're both took," complained Bill.

"Why should anybody want to take your wife?" asked the sergeant.

"That's what beats me," said Bill. "She knew she was goin'. She left word the house was takin' her away."

"It's the Queer House fer him," suggested the policeman. "He ain't thatched right."

"Wait a minute," cautioned the sergeant. Then, to Bill, "Where was your house?"

Bill told him, and the sergeant consulted a record left by the day man.

"It's all right," he said, nodding to the sergeant; "they moved that house to-day."

He gave the new location, and asked Bill if he thought he could find it. Bill thought he could. As a matter of fact, he had passed it in his search, but he was then looking for a house in the street, and it had been shunted onto a new lot.

The house roosted high when Bill finally came to it, the props not having been removed. The steps had been put in place, but they did not reach the door and they had not been fastened. Wherefore Bill had a nasty fall that did not improve his temper. He brought his wife to the door by pounding on it with a piece of scantling.

"So yeh come home at last!" she remarked coldly.

"Come home!" roared Bill. "I come home long ago an' me home was n't there."

"Why was n't yeh there to hold it?" she asked.

"How'd I know it was goin'?" he demanded. "Has

a feller got to carry his house in his pocket so's to know where it is?" Then he was overwhelmed by the magnitude of his wrongs. "What right had yeh to run off with it?" he cried. "'T was takin' advantage of me when I was busy, makin' me run all over the ward like a crazy man, lookin' fer me own home. I'll not stand it! I'll make yeh bring it back! I got to have it where I'm used to findin' it. I'll break the head of the man that run away with the two of yeh!" He was getting a little mixed in his effort to place the responsibility, but the adventures of the night made it excusable. "Whether it's him or you, no one can make a monkey of me! Back she rolls in the mornin'."

"Bill!" She spoke sharply.

"What?" said Bill, suddenly mild.

"Come in an' shut up! I'll give yeh a hand."

Without a word Bill took the proffered hand, scrambled up to the door, and went meekly in.

"The agent was plentifully sprinkled"



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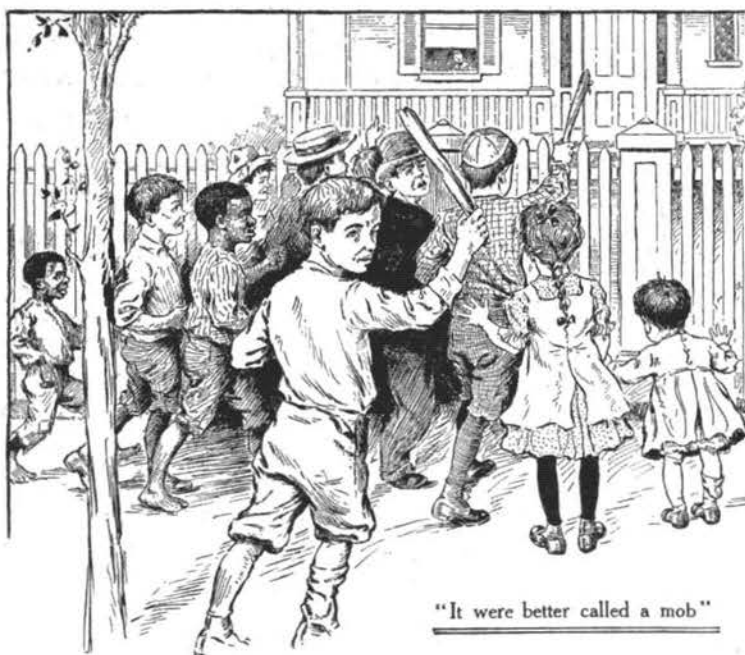


# Robert Gallahue Todd

PART II.—His Father Embarks in Humanitarian Troubles

By WILBUR NESBIT

Illustrated by W. C. COOKE



"It were better called a mob"

Mr. Todd was in the library. It was Sunday morning.

He had the Sunday paper and four or five magazines piled around him, and was just reading the amazing information that it requires eleven billion miles of wire to make the annual output of hairpins for the world, when he heard his wife say:

"Robert, come in the house."

Mr. Todd put down his paper and sat up straight. He realized intuitively that his son was going to need either correction or advice—and Sunday is a great day for fond fathers to administer either, or both.

"I don't want to have to tell you again about playing with that Binks boy, Robert," Mrs. Todd said, as the lad came into the house. She shut the door and continued:

"I have told you and told you and told you that Georgie Binks is not the kind of a boy for you to associate with. He is the dirtiest-faced boy in this town, and his clothes always need patching—No, Robert, you cannot go out until he has gone home. If he does not go at once, I shall go out and tell him—"

"My dear!" The voice of John William Todd interrupted her. Mr. Todd stood between the *portières*, a supplement of the Sunday paper trailing from his hand, and his face set sternly.

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Todd inquired.

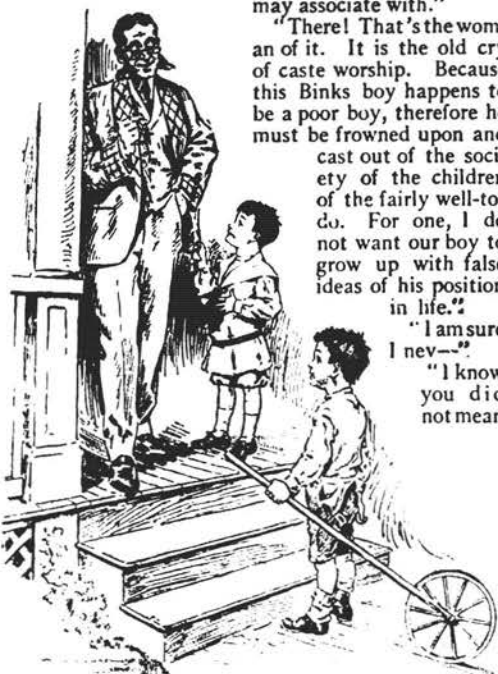
"Is it going to harm our Robert if he plays with Georgie Binks?"

"I don't know that it will, but there are plenty of other and nicer children he may associate with."

"There! That's the woman of it. It is the old cry of caste worship. Because this Binks boy happens to be a poor boy, therefore he must be frowned upon and cast out of the society of the children of the fairly well-to-do. For one, I do not want our boy to grow up with false ideas of his position in life."

"I am sure I nev—"

"I know you did not mean"



"'Fergit it,' advised Georgie"

was trundling a discarded velocipede wheel attached to an old broom handle. Georgie jumped behind a tree, when he heard Mr. Todd's voice, and peered at him shrewdly, to see what the next move might be.

"Come here, Georgie," called Mr. Todd, stepping to the porch.

"G'wan!" Georgie replied, knowingly.

"Come up here and talk to me. I want to tell you something."

"Fergit it," advised Georgie.

"Come on, Georgie," Robert Gallahue Todd urged from beside his father. "Honest, he ain't going to hurt you."

Thus encouraged, Georgie came as far as the steps, and stood looking up at Mr. Todd with mingled wonder and caution.

"Do you want to play with Robert, Georgie?" Mr. Todd asked kindly, trying to overlook the fact that there was a streak of fresh dirt across Georgie's cheek, that the grime of many days had attached itself firmly to his nose and chin, that the front of his clothing was shiny with grease, and that his hair apparently would have fallen in a faint if it had been introduced to a comb.

"Sure, I do," Georgie said, "if the kid wants to."

"Frank little chap, even if he is slightly uncultivated," was Mr. Todd's mental comment. Aloud he said: "Well, it's all right. You play with Robert all you like—and, say! If you want to bring any of your little friends around and enjoy Robert's toys, bring them. Robert is always glad to have other little boys or girls enjoy his pleasures. And we shall all be glad to see you. Will you do it?"

"Sure, Mike!"

"It would sound better if you were to say 'Yes, thank you,' would n't it?" Mr. Todd inquired gently.

"Quit yer kiddin'," Georgie suggested.

Thus admonished, Mr. Todd left Robert on the porch and went into the house. He found Mrs. Todd immersed in a part of the paper describing the love affairs of a princess, so he sat down and spent the next hour reading about how many sky-scrapers on top of each other it would take to hold all the inhabitants of New York City, and a vastly interesting account of the experiments of some unnamed but eminent scientist to prove that thoughts were possessed of color and form. His reading was interrupted along about dinner time by the entrance of Robert, whose best clothes were literally spattered with mud, and whose face was decorated with several scratches.

"What have you been doing?" Mr. Todd demanded.

intentionally to do Georgie Binks an injustice, but the world seldom realizes how many little hearts are clouded by the senseless bowing down to social lines of demarcation. Robert, I am sure your mama will think better of it and allow you to play with Georgie Binks, so long as you and he behave properly. I want you, Robert, to understand that just because a boy is poor is no reason why we should frown upon him or forbid his enjoying our little games and pastimes. By being kind to the boys who do not enjoy your advantages, you not only let sunshine into their lives, but you unconsciously uplift them and fit them for better walks in life. Where is Georgie?"

"He's hanging around out there on the walk," Mrs. Todd said stiffly.

"Let me see him."

Mr. Todd opened the door and called to Georgie, who



"Mr. Todd was left master"

"Georgie an' me—we—we had a fight just now." "What! Fighting? On the street? On Sunday? What in the name of goodness do you mean by that, Robert? And look at your clothes!"

Mrs. Todd, who had seemingly been greatly interested in the paper, now looked up calmly and observed:

"He has probably been subjecting the Binks boy to the refining influence of a child who enjoys better advantages. Possibly he has been uplifting him and fitting him to adorn a better and a higher plane of life, and—"

"You go upstairs and wash your face, Robert!" Mr. Todd commanded. "And it will be only right if you have to wear those soiled clothes all day as punishment."

But Mrs. Todd took Robert upstairs, dressed him anew and brought him to the table with a rosy face. Mr. Todd by this time was able to take a calmer view of things, and he joked a little with Robert, telling him that he must n't expect to fight without getting some bruises, but always to be sure not to pick on a smaller boy, and even when fighting a bigger boy to look for the chance to land on him good and hard when he was n't expecting it. From this Mr. Todd drifted into reminiscences of his own boyhood, which, to hear him tell of it, was thickly set with sanguinary affairs, in which bouts he always came off victor, leaving boys twice his size with bloody noses and blacked eyes to run home and whimper to their mothers.

"Do you think that is a helpful line of instruction for your son?" Mrs. Todd asked.

"Sure!"

"Oh, Papa! You talk like Georgie Binks!" Robert cried.

"I mean that a boy should be trained to depend upon himself, to give and take buffetings, and not to cry if he is beaten, nor to be puffed up if he wins," Mr. Todd explained. "I want Robert to be a manly boy, and then he cannot fail to be a manly man. For that reason I say that he ought to be permitted to play with the Binks boy and children of that class, as well as with the namby-pamby kind that are brought up like hothouse plants. Contact with all classes of humanity is what makes men."

Having discoursed thus wisely, Mr. Todd then betook himself to his magazine and his easy chair.

Next morning, when he was going to the office, he met the Binks boy on the street and gave him a cheery, "Hello, Georgie!"

"Hello, whiskers!" answered Georgie.

"It will be interesting to notice the change in that boy after he has had the advantage of better influences," Mr. Todd told himself.

When he came home that evening he was perturbed to see a crowd of children on the street in front of his house. "Crowd" hardly describes it; it were better called a mob.

Georgie Binks was there, with his two brothers and his three sisters, each and all of them shrill-voiced and spindle-shanked, dirty of face and tattered of garment. The Skilupp children from the alley near the railway were there. The children of Lafayette Green, the colored white-wash artist, were there. So were other children—all raucously yelling and from time to time emitting a cat call.

"Come out, you sissy!" urged one of them, as Mr. Todd approached.

It was then that Mr. Todd saw they held sticks and stones in their hands. In a moment of inspiration, he stopped short, turned and retraced his steps to the corner, whence he hurried to the alley and thus reached his back door. He was admitted by the cook, who first assured herself by peeping through a crack, made by opening the door a hair's breadth.

"Thim murderin' divvles out there!" she hissed. "Shtonin' honest pable an' brackin' windys! Cussin' an' blackgyardin' ferosius!"

"What is the matter, Norah?" Mr. Todd asked.

"Matther enough! Robert brung th' gang home wid 'im fr'm school, an' upstair's they shtampeded, th' lasht wan av thim! Such goin's on!"

"But what is all this riot in front?"

"Did n't two or three av thim git into a fight over which shud ride Robert's velossypede t'roo th' upstair's hall, an' did n't they wrassle wan another aroun', an' whin little Robert wanted thim to shtop, did n't they joomp on him, an' did n't he lick two av thim to wanst, wid me holdin' back th' rist—"

"Whipped two of them!"

"He did that. An' thim I put thim out. An' there they are now, darin' Robert to shtep outside an' git kilt!" Mr. Todd jammed his hat over his ears, dashed from the kitchen and swooped through the side yard and into the mob like an avenging demon of destruction. The Binks boy was grabbed and slammed violently against two of the Skilupp children. The Green boy's ears were boxed, and in three minutes Mr. Todd was left master of all he surveyed, with an unknown, bellowing lad bent over his knee.





Second Series of

"Fools and Their Money"

# The Wireless Telegraph Bubble

By Frank Fayant

Second Installment

The President of the De Forest Company and His Extraordinary Career—One Air Castle That Became a Magnificent Reality—The Daring Financial Schemes Planned Within Its Walls—How Wireless Stock Trading Was Finally Made a Monumental Farce

ABRAHAM WHITE, the chief promoter of the De Forest companies, is a stock market plunger. More than once he has run a shoestring into a fortune. Last August, when Mr. Harriman startled Wall Street by putting Southern Pacific on a five per cent. dividend basis, and raising the Union Pacific rate from six to ten per cent., White was plunging on the bull side of the market in a Broadway brokerage house. He began buying Union Pacific at \$140, and "pyramided" as the price advanced. The night before the announcement of the Harriman dividends, when Union Pacific was selling around \$161, White was long of a big line of the stock, the most of it bought on his paper profits. The next day Union Pacific soared to \$177, and not many days later it was selling at \$195. In the parlance of the Street, White made a "killing." He says that he made \$2,000,000, but \$200,000 would probably be nearer the real figure. He made enough money, at any rate, to put him on Easy Street for a while and to start him building more air castles. One of these air castles became a reality. White heard that the famous John A. McCall country mansion at Long Branch, N. J., could be bought at a bargain. He drew down a big share of his Union Pacific profits and bought the magnificent country seat. Here is White's own authorized version of that deal:

"Hardly had Wall Street recovered from the news of his great success in gathering in about \$2,000,000 in an afternoon, before Mr. White had unwittingly stepped into the limelight again. He purchased the magnificent mansion erected at Long Branch for the late John A. McCall, when he was president of the New York Life Insurance Company. This great palace, which presents a most attractive and harmonious assemblage of lines from whatever point it is viewed, is said to have cost, including its furnishings, about \$830,000. What Mr. White paid for it is not known. 'Something under \$500,000,' was the announcement made after the sale.

## The Purchase of the McCall House

"Again Mr. White's luck was with him. Other wealthy and sagacious men had become elevated to the millionaire ranks the same afternoon the ticker raised him among plutocrats. They, too, had had their eyes on the McCall house, waiting only for a lucky stroke in the market to enable them to make the purchase. But Mr. White, as

usual, was early on the ground. On Sunday, a week before, he and Mrs. White drove to Long Branch and inspected the great pile and its fifty-eight acres of elegant grounds, its own fire department, etc., and were pleasantly impressed with the place. So, when fortune was within his grasp, he closed the bargain for the place at once.

"Then the telephone bell in his office began to give him trouble. The other new millionaires who were ready to buy the Long Branch palace discovered they had been forestalled. But they were generous. How much would Mr. White take for his bargain? They offered \$10,000, \$20,000, even \$50,000 bonus within an hour after he had made the purchase. He advised his secretary: 'I won't sell. Tell them \$100,000 bonus will not do; if you think they are willing to give that, tell them \$200,000 more will not do. I will not sell.'

## Made the Ticker Pay the Bills

"In going through the house the previous Sunday, Mrs. White was particularly fascinated with the magnificent music room. She is considered a fine musician, and is the possessor of an exquisite voice. 'Cora,' remarked Mr. White to his wife jokingly, 'how would you like to have this room to sing in?' She replied that she would be charmed with it. 'Well,' added her husband, 'if my Union Pacific deal comes out all right, I will buy the place for you.' So he bought the immense house, furnishings complete. Yet, when Mrs. White went to it as its mistress, she discovered that some things were needed, especially silverware, china, and linen. About \$5,000 would be needed for the purchases.

"Mr. White concluded to feel the pulse of the tape again. He had \$5,000, certainly—many times \$5,000—but he has faith in being able to make the ticker pay his bills. So he went to his brokers. He looked at the tape a few minutes. Great Northern preferred came on the ticker at

305. Remarking, 'That looks cheap,' he turned to the managing clerk, who remarked he had three hundred shares at that figure. 'I'll take you; and buy me two hundred more at the same price, and get me five hundred Northern Pacific at \$210 or better.' He continued to buy until he had five hundred of Northern Pacific and five hundred shares of Great Northern preferred. The next day Mrs. White called at his office ready to go out shopping. Mr. White asked her to wait a few minutes until he went to his brokers. There he closed out his shares in a few minutes at a profit of \$12,500."

## A Rendezvous for Dreamers

With this little spending money Mrs. White was enabled to buy the "silverware, china, and linens" needed for the country mansion. Another little incident in Mr. White's stock market career is told by his authority in this fashion:

"He lunched with a member of the brokers' firm with which he had been dealing, and, as he could keep in close touch with the ticker at the same time, he laughingly exclaimed to his host, 'Billy, I'll give you an order to buy something every minute we are at the table.' He really was joking, but he actually did it. At the end of the meal, which had lasted fifty-eight minutes, he had bought an aggregate of 58,000 shares of various stocks—Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Amalgamated Copper and Pennsylvania among others. His speculations carried on during his luncheon had netted him a profit of about \$25,000. Is it any wonder he subsequently remarked he had had a pleasant luncheon?"

White installed himself amid the luxurious surroundings of the famous McCall mansion, and it at once became the rendezvous for "millions-in-it" dreamers. Men with lean pocketbooks and fat imaginations, picked up by White in the highways and byways of the metropolis, spent week-ends at "White Park" and dreamed of \$100,000,000 companies that were to spring up in the great marts of the world. Ambitious but unknown inventors, scientists, attorneys, speculators, miners, and near-capitalists gathered nightly in the great foyer hall of the McCall mansion, sipped their host's good wines and dreamed great dreams. It was at one of these Arabian Nights' entertainments that White conceived the idea of merging all the wireless telegraph companies in the world in one grand,



glorious, glittering aggregation. The De Forest and Marconi companies had been engaged for years in costly patent litigation, and each promoting crowd had been calling the other names, and claiming that it had the only simon pure wireless telegraph monopoly. The idea looked so big to White, that, without making any overtures to the "enemy" (the Marconi people), he announced in the newspapers one Sunday morning in November the formation of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, capital \$20,000,000, "organized for the purpose of uniting the American and foreign systems of wireless telegraphy, including the Marconi and American De Forest systems, as well as acquiring the latest and most approved methods and inventions employed in the art of wireless telegraphy, and continuing its development and expansion throughout the world on the broad and comprehensive scale which the enterprise merits."

### A Merger That Was One-Sided

The directors included Mr. White and his satellites, together with a member of a well known New York Stock Exchange firm and a prominent Pittsburg banker. These two men were in the board just twenty-four hours. The moment White displayed their names in his half-page advertising, a stream of incredulous inquiries poured in on them from their friends. They withdrew with as good grace as possible.

An angry protest immediately arose from the leading Marconi promoters on both sides of the Atlantic, and even Marconi himself cabled from Italy that it was all Greek to him. Former Governor John W. Griggs of New Jersey, president of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, emphatically denied that any merger of the Marconi and De Forest companies had been even thought of, and he characterized White's "merger" as "antagonistic and repugnant to the Marconi companies." But these denials from the "enemy" did n't bother White. He went right on "merging." He did capture one of the Marconi directors, who has since been forced out of the Marconi board, and he took possession of a notorious firm of brokers in Broadway, who for several years had been hawking Marconi shares around the country at fictitious prices. This was the firm of Reall and Company, formerly F. P. Ward and Company. The full-page advertising put out by this stock selling crowd to entice investors to pay fictitious prices for Marconi shares was even more fanciful than the De Forest advertising. It resembled rather closely the circus poster advertising that flooded the Sunday newspapers in the heyday of Lafayette E. Pike's career as a wireless promoter. The Marconi promoters said they did n't like it and did n't approve of it, and offered a reward to any one who would show them how to put a stop to it, but, so far as I have been able to learn, the Marconi people never made very strenuous efforts to put the brakes on F. P. Ward and Company, or their successors, Reall and Company.

### Investors Paid Their Own Dividends

Reall and Company, last winter, offered me American Marconi stock, that could be bought in the open market around \$35 a share, for \$115 a share. They also offered to sell me the same stock at \$140, with five years' guaranteed interest at five per cent. My correspondence shows that they sold a great deal of this "guaranteed" stock. Any schoolboy, with a knowledge of addition and subtraction, can readily see how Reall and Company could sell Marconi stock at \$140 a share, deposit \$25 of this amount with a surety company to be repaid to the investor in five yearly installments of five dollars, and then take \$35 of the remaining \$115 and buy a share of Marconi in the open market to be delivered to the investor. The remaining \$80, less advertising and office expenses, would represent a very handsome profit on the deal—to Reall and Company. No broker could be sent to jail for turning an honest penny in this way. A man has the

right to get as high a price for an article as he can, providing he can find the victim to pay him the price.

Reall and Company, while they were letting investors into this "good thing," published a promotion newspaper under the title of the "Marconi Wireless News." When White, in conjunction with Reall and Company, formed the United Wireless Telegraph Company, he made Reall and Company his selling agents, and they continued to publish the "Marconi Wireless News" as a publicity organ for White. The first issue under White's direction carried a large portrait of White, the story of his career by a friendly biographer, and a glowing history of wireless telegraphy over White's signature. Then there followed a detailed record of the De Forest companies, with some little incidental mention of the Marconi companies. Reall and Company, who had so generously sold American Marconi stock at three or four times its market price, offered to exchange United Wireless for Marconi. For one share of Marconi and \$35 in cash—the cash is never forgotten in these offerings—Reall and Company offered to give twenty shares of United Wireless. For twenty shares of Canadian Marconi and \$35 in cash, they also offered to give twenty shares of United Wireless. Reall and Company ceased to advertise the Marconi shares and devoted their publicity to United Wireless, picturing the new wireless stock as one that would increase two thousandfold in value. To make this wonderful picture clear to the most unintelligent, they got an artist to draw a picture of a heap of two thousand gold dollars, which, by some magic, was supposed to grow out of a single gold dollar.

### To Bring Order Out of Chaos

But, since the publication of this story of the wireless telegraph bubble was announced in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, the De Forest promoters and these generous bankers have parted company. The wonderful advertisement, picturing the heap of two thousand gold dollars, no longer appears in the Sunday papers. A Westerner, with western ideas of common honesty, some months ago acquired a very large interest in American De Forest, and he has been trying to bring order out of chaos. He refused to allow the bankers to go ahead with their circus poster advertising, and White himself concluded that the advertising was too farfetched for even a wireless telegraph promotion. And so Reall and Company were cut off.

In the meantime, some plan had to be formulated for the exchange of United Wireless for American De Forest stock. This was a problem. Many of the stockholders had paid anywhere from \$4 to \$10 for their De Forest common; many more had bought stock for a few cents a share. The promoters could n't see their way clear to taking all this stock on the same basis. The stock sold at high prices included heavy advertising expenses and agents' commissions; the stock sold at low prices did not include these large items.

Some months ago, while investigating the peculiar methods employed by the De Forest promoters in selling wireless stock to the public, I wrote to the general office of the company in St. Louis, to the New York office, and to several New York brokers, asking for quotations on American De Forest common. From the St. Louis office I received an alluring prospectus, in which the stock was quoted at \$7.50 a share, and nine reasons were given me why I should put my money into the stock at once. One reason was this:

"Because a few hundred dollars invested in this stock now and given to your children should make them independent for life, or should provide most handsomely for your own future."

Just what Mr. White would consider a "handsome provision" for my future I am unable to say, but even a very modest provision arising from an investment of "a few hundred dollars"

would mean a dividend return of several hundred per cent. a year. As the great railways and industrial companies of the country have difficulty in returning even six per cent. on their capital, an investment returning several hundred per cent. is worth looking into. Near the close of this prospectus I learned that there was "very little stock left—not enough to go around." The closing advice to me was:

### Prices to Suit All Purses

"Consider the matter carefully. You have the opportunity. Will you grasp it at the flood tide (now) and ride on to the shore of plenty, high and dry above the adversities which often beset old age, to the land of our dreams, where wealth is unbounded and every wish gratified, where comfort admits of enjoyment, and wealth admits of opportunities for yourself and those you love? Or will you hesitate and doubt, and let the chance go by, to remain in senile dependency upon the bounty of others? Think! It is for you to decide. Think well! Buy! Do it now!"

While I was thinking over this golden opportunity, I received a letter from the New York office of the company offering the same stock for \$6 a share. Meanwhile, I was in receipt of offers from various brokers to sell me the stock for 90 cents, 85 cents, and 80 cents a share. I again wrote to the New York office asking why there was a difference of \$1.50 between the company quotations in New York and St. Louis. A telegram came back stating that \$6 was the only official price for the stock. A day or two later I received a letter from the Greater New York Security Company, stating that the New York office had no authority to offer the stock at less than \$7.50. I then timidly asked for an answer to the riddle of the 80 cent stock offered by brokers. "We have never paid any attention to what the enemy or the cut-rate brokers may do with the few shares they may obtain from weak stockholders," the company answered. "We have received a great many complaining letters from persons who have invested their money with brokers and afterwards have been unable to obtain delivery of the certificates, and it is a source of deep regret to us that some people have suffered a loss in this way, and we wish to warn you in time."

Not long after, brokers offered me the stock at 75 cents. Knowing as much as I did at the time about the hippodrome methods of selling wireless stock, I still doubted that the stock offered me by brokers at 75 cents was the same that Mr. White was trying to sell me at \$7.50. If I could get several hundred per cent. on my money at \$7.50 a share, I could get several thousand per cent. by buying stock at 75 cents. Some weeks later, I gave an order to a broker of standing to buy me ten shares of American De Forest common. He got the stock for 30 cents a share, sent the certificate to the Greater New York Security Company and had it regularly transferred to my name.

### Profitable While It Lasted

A little while later, the same broker sent word to me that I could buy all I wanted for 15 cents a share. That is, in the open market I could buy fifty times as much stock as Mr. White would sell me for the same amount of money.

While the De Forest promoters were openly selling stock for a few cents a share in New York last winter, Mr. White and his agents all over the country were throwing dust in the eyes of investors and selling them the same stock anywhere from \$4 to \$7.50 a share. Stock agents in the West took orders for the stock at \$4, and then filled their orders by buying the stock in the New York market for a few cents. This was a very profitable business while it lasted, and it probably would be going on to-day but for the warning given in the January article of the "Fools and Their Money" series, in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. One firm of selling agents alone made \$250,000 in selling De Forest stock.



The sales at fictitious prices were very large in the West. An investor from one of the Western States came to New York last winter to pick up some cheap De Forest stock. He appeared one day in the office of a broker in lower Broadway and asked for a quotation on the stock. "What can I get a thousand shares for?" asked the Westerner. "Oh, about 30 cents a share," replied the broker. The Westerner gasped. "You must mean another stock," said he; "I'm speaking of American De Forest Wireless." The broker took some stock certificates out of a pigeonhole and exhibited them to the investor. The Westerner drew out of his inside pocket a certificate for one thousand shares of De Forest and compared it with the certificates the broker had. They were all off the same printing press. "I paid \$4 a share for this—\$4,000 for the lot!" exclaimed the Westerner. "Do you mean to tell me that I can buy the same amount of stock in the market here for \$300?"

### "Greater Than the Telephone"

The broker said he could, and he might get it cheaper. The Westerner's \$4,000 worth of stock a few days later had a market value of \$150, and he very wisely concluded that he would not send any more good money after bad. His experience is like that of thousands of other investors all over the country who have bought wireless stock at fictitious prices, only to enrich the wireless promoters and their unscrupulous stock selling agents. In advertising for agents the other day, the De Forest people said: "The stock is selling readily, and men of ability can easily earn from one hundred dollars to five hundred dollars a week. This is a rare opportunity to become identified with an enterprise that will reflect both credit and profit upon all who are connected with it. The company is now earning money every day and every hour, and is a greater monopoly than the Bell Telephone."

In order to cover up the sins of the past, the United Wireless promoters have evolved a fearful and wonderful plan of exchange of stock. In the whole history of finance I have been unable to discover anything like it. Our American code of financial morals has recently been under rigorous investigation, and some doubtful practices have been uncovered, but never before, to my knowledge, have the promoters of a \$15,000,000 company attempted arbitrarily to fix various values for the same stock. The financial management of the Union Pacific Railroad has recently been severely censured, but the searching investigation of the Government has failed to show in the minutest particular that one share of Union Pacific was not as valuable as any other share, no matter when nor where bought, nor at what price.

### The Merger Did Not Help

Those who believed in the future of the Union Pacific property ten years ago, when the financial outlook was dark, and who put their money into the stock at \$20 a share, are on an equal footing with present day investors, who have tardily recognized the value of the property and have paid anywhere from \$100 to \$190 a share for the stock. The courageous New Englanders who bought the shares of the Calumet and Hecla mine a few years ago for \$10 or less are on an equal footing with those who now pay \$800 a share for the same stock.

But this is not the case with the American De Forest. Investors in wireless stock who picked it up for a few cents a share are no better off in the United Wireless merger than those who paid several dollars for the same stock. The circular giving the details of the plan for exchanging United Wireless for American De Forest makes this offer:

"For every dollar paid by you for De Forest preferred or common stock, there will be issued \$1.10 worth of United Wireless Telegraph Company's preferred stock, plus 5 per cent. thereon for every year the stock has been held by you for over one year. To the holders of bonds who desire to exchange for preferred stock, we will exchange by allowing 20 per cent. on the par value of the bonds, and the holder will be allowed

holders on what basis they exchange it for more wireless stock. The stock that the promoters were selling last year, with the alluring promise that it would return hundreds and thousands of per cent. a year dividends, can now be exchanged for a new stock that the promoters themselves are not very certain will return any dividends at all. The bondholders are in a sorry plight. They had a first lean on the assets of the Ameri-



Interior of the main hallway of the costly residence of the late John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, now owned by Abraham White. The house cost \$830,000

to retain his bonus stock. To the holders of bonus, cut rate, or brokers' stock, we will exchange at the rate of one share of United for six of American De Forest. This applies to either preferred or common stock purchased prior to January 1, 1907. All stock exchanged must be held in escrow in bank or trust company for two years."

As the De Forest stock is intrinsically almost worthless to-day, it probably matters little to its

can De Forest Company. Now they have an opportunity to exchange their bonds at a discount of eighty per cent. for part of a \$10,000,000 stock issue. These bonds, the total issue of which was \$500,000, were brought out late in 1904, when the company was sadly in need of funds, and could not raise any more money by the sale of stock. The bonds were brought out in a peculiar manner. White, as president of the

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# "I Had a Friend"

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"WHAT is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too."

"I had a friend," was the reply.

"I had a friend!" Is there anything more beautiful in this world than the consciousness of possessing sweet, loyal, helpful friends, whose devotion is not affected in the least by a fortune or the lack of it; friends who love us even more in adversity than in prosperity?

At the breaking out of the Civil War, when the qualifications of the different candidates for the Presidency were being discussed, and Lincoln

*Had Nothing but*

*Friends—Yet*

*How Rich!*

was mentioned, some one said: "Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends." It is true that Lincoln was poor, that when he was elected to the legislature of his State he borrowed money to buy a suit of clothes, in order that he might make a respectable appearance, and that he walked a hundred miles to take his seat. It is a matter of history that he also borrowed money to move his family to Washington after he was elected President, but how rich was this marvelous man in his friendships! Friends are silent partners—every one of them interested in everything that interests the other, every one trying to help the other to succeed in life, to make a good impression, to stand for the best thing in him and not the worst, trying to help the other do what he is endeavoring to do, rejoicing in every good thing that comes to him. Can anything be more sublime, more beautiful than the loyalty, the devotion of friends!

Even with all his remarkable ability, President Roosevelt could never have accomplished anything equal to what he has but for the powerful, persistent, enthusiastic assistance of his friends. It is doubtful whether he would ever have been President but for the loyalty of friends, especially of those he made while a student at Harvard University. Hundreds of his classmates and college mates were working hard for him, both while he was candidate for Governor of New York and for President of the United States. The wonderfully enthusiastic friendship of his regiment of

*The Material*

*Benefits That*

*Follow Friendship*

"Rough Riders" came back to him in tens of thousands of votes in the South and West in the Presidential election.

Just think of what it means to have enthusiastic friends always looking out for our interests, working for us all the time, saying a good word for us at every opportunity, supporting us, speaking for us in our absence when we need a friend, shielding our sensitive, weak spots, stopping slanders, killing lies which would injure us, correcting false impressions, trying to set us right, overcoming the prejudices created by some mistake or slip, or a first bad impression we made in some silly moment, who are always doing something to give us a lift or help us along!

What sorry figures many of us would cut but for our friends! What marred and scarred reputations most of us would have but for the cruel blows that have been ward off by our friends, the healing balm that they have applied to the hurts of the world! Many of us would have been very much poorer financially, too, but for the hosts of friends who have sent us customers and clients and business, who have always turned our way everything they could.

Oh, what a boon our friends are to our weaknesses, our idiosyncrasies and shortcomings, our failures generally! How they throw a mantle of charity over our faults, and cover up our defects!

Was there ever such capital for starting in business for oneself as plenty of friends? How many people, who are now successful, would have given up the struggle in some great crisis of their lives, but for the encouragement of some friend which has tided them over the critical place! How barren and lean our lives would be if stripped of all that our friends have done for us!

If you are starting out in a profession, and waiting for clients or patients, what more profitable way of occupying your spare time than in cultivating friendships? If you are just starting out in business, the reputation of having a lot of stanch friends will give you backing, will bring to you customers. It has been said that "destiny is determined by friendship."

*Friendships as*

*Turning-Points*

*in Careers*

It would be interesting and helpful if we could analyze the lives of successful people, and those who have been highly honored by their fellow men, and find out the secret of their success.

I have tried to make this analysis in the case of one man, whose career I have for a long time carefully studied; and I believe that at least twenty per cent. of his success is due to his remarkable ability to

make friends. He has cultivated the friendship faculty most assiduously from boyhood, and he fastens people to him so solidly and enthusiastically, that they would do almost anything for him.

When he began his career the friendships he had formed in school and college were of immense value in helping him to positions which not only opened up unusual opportunities, but added, as well, very largely to his reputation.

In other words, his natural ability has been multiplied many times by the help of his hosts of friends. He seems to have a peculiar faculty of enlisting their interests, their hearty, enthusiastic support in everything he does, so that they are always trying to advance his interests.

Very few give the credit they ought to their friends. Most successful men think that they have won out because of their great ability, because they have fought and conquered; and they are always boasting of the wonderful things they have done. They attribute their success wholly to their own smartness, their own sagacity and shrewdness, to their push, their progressiveness. They do not realize that scores of friends, like so many unpaid traveling salesmen, have been helping them at every opportunity.

Emerson says: "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue there

*Won Success*

*Because His Friends*

*Expected It*

is in us. How he flings wide open the door of existence! What questions we ask of him! What an understanding we have! How few words are needed! It is the only real society. A real friend doubles my possibilities and adds his strength to mine and makes a well-nigh irresistible force possible to me."

The faith of friends is a perpetual stimulus. How it nerves and encourages us to do our best, when we feel that scores of friends really believe in us when others misunderstand and denounce us! Many a man has told me that there were periods in his life when he would have failed but for the thought that his friends had implicit faith in him, and believed that he would finally triumph.

What is more sacred in this world than our friendships! One of the most touching things I know of is the office of a real friend to one who is not a friend to himself—one who has lost his self-respect, his self-control and fallen to the level of the brute! Ah! this is friendship, indeed, which will stand by us when we will not stand by ourselves! I know a man who thus stood by a friend who had become such a slave to drink and all sorts of vice that even his family had turned him out of doors. When his father and mother and wife and children had forsaken him, this friend remained loyal. He would follow him nights in his debauches, and many a time saved him from freezing to death when he was so inebriated that he could not stand. Scores of times this friend would leave his home and hunt in the slums for him, to keep him from the hands of a policeman, and to shield him from the cold when every one else had forsaken him; and this great love and devotion finally redeemed the fallen man and sent him back to decency and to his home. Can any money measure the value of such devotion!

Oh! what a difference a friend has made in the lives of most of us! How many people a strong loyal friendship has kept from utter despair, from giving up the struggle for success! How many men and women have been

*The Devotion That*

*No Money*

*Can Ever Repay*

kept from suicide by the thought that some one loved them, believed in them; how many have preferred to suffer tortures to dishonoring or disappointing their friends! The thrill of encouragement which has come from the pressure of a friendly hand, or an encouraging friendly word, has proved the turning-point in many a life.

Many a man endures hardships and suffers privations and criticism in the hope of winning at last for the sake of his friends, of those who love and believe in him, and see in him what others do not, when, if he had only himself to consider, he would give up.

He is poor indeed, who has no friends! What wealth would be a substitute for friendships! How many millionaires would give a large part of their wealth to regain the friends they have lost by neglect while they were making their money!

Not half a dozen people outside of his immediate family attended the funeral of a very rich man who died recently in New York. But a few weeks after a large church was filled to the doors and the streets were rendered impassable by the crowds assembled to pay the last respects to a man who died without leaving a thousand dollars behind him.



The latter man loved his friends as a miser loves his gold. Everybody who knew him seemed to be his friend. He took infinitely more pride in thinking that he was rich in friendships than he could possibly have taken in a fortune. He would divide his last dollar with any one who needed it. He did not try to sell his services as dearly as possible. He gave himself

#### Gave Himself Freely to His Friends

to his friends—gave himself without reserve, royally, generously, magnanimously. There was no stinting of effort or service in this man's life, nothing that ever suggested selfishness or greed. Is it any wonder that thousands of people should regard his death as a great personal loss?

It is only he who *loses* his life, who *gives* it royally in kindly, helpful service to others that finds it. This is the sowing that gives the bountiful harvest. The man who gets all he can and gives nothing, cannot get real riches. He is like the farmer who thinks too much of his seed-corn to sow it, who hoards it, thinking he will be richer for the hoarding. He does not give it to the soil because he cannot see the harvest in the seed. It is not so much a question of how far we have gotten along in the world ourselves, as how many others we have helped to get on.

Perhaps really the richest man who ever lived upon this continent was Abraham Lincoln, because he gave himself to his people. He did not try to sell his ability to the highest bidder. Great fees had no attraction for him. Lincoln lives in history because he thought more of his friends—and all his countrymen were his friends—than he did of his pocketbook. He gave himself to his country as a farmer gives his seed to the earth, and what a harvest from that sowing! The end of it no man shall see.

One of the saddest phases of our strenuous American life is the terrible slaughter of friendships by our dollar chasers.

Is there anything more chilling in this world than to have a lot of money but practically no friends? What does that thing which we call success amount to if we have sacrificed our friendships, if we have sacrificed the most sacred things in life in getting it? We may have plenty of acquaintances, but acquaintances are not friends. There are plenty of rich people in this country to-day who scarcely know the luxury of real friendship.

There is something that is called friendship which follows us as long as we are prosperous and have anything to give of money or influence, but which forsakes us when we are down.

#### So-called Devotion That Depends on Money

I once knew a man who thought he was unusually rich in real friendships but, when he lost his money and with it much of his influence, those who were apparently devoted to him before forsook him, and the poor man was so distressed and disappointed over their disaffection that he nearly lost his mental balance.

But a few real friends clung to him in his adversity. When his home and his large business were gone, two of his old servants drew every penny they had out of the savings bank and insisted upon his taking it to help him to start again. An engineer who used to work for him also remained loyal in adversity and loaned his friend every cent he had, and he soon became rich again.

Never trust people who trade on friendship, who use it as their greatest asset, people who see capital in your friendship because they can use you to their own advantage. There never was a time when so many people used their friends for personal gain than now.

Only he has friends worth while who is willing to pay the price for making and keeping them. He may not have quite as large a fortune as if he gave all of his time to money making. But would n't you rather have more good, staunch friends who believe in you, and who would stand by you in the severest adversity, than have a little more money? What will enrich the life so much as hosts of loyal friends?

Cicero said that man had received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful than friendship. But friendship must be cultivated. It cannot

#### The Give and Take of Friendship

be bought; it is priceless. If you abandon your friends for a quarter of a century or more while you are buried in your pursuit of wealth, you cannot expect to come back and find them where you left them.

Did you ever get or keep anything worth while without an effort equal to its value?

Many people seem to think that friendship is a one-sided affair. They enjoy their friends, enjoy having them come to see them, but they rarely ever think of putting themselves out to reciprocate, or take the trouble to keep up their friendships, while the fact is, *reciprocation is of the very essence of friendship.*

It does not matter how much knowledge you have in your head, or what your accomplishments are, you will live a cold, friendless, isolated life, and will be unattractive, unless you have come in close constant contact with other lives, unless you have cultivated your sympathies and have taken a real interest in others, have suffered with them, rejoiced with them, helped them.

I am acquainted with a young man who is always complaining that he has no friends, and who says that in his loneliness he sometimes contemplates suicide;

but no one who knows him wonders at his isolation, for he possesses qualities which everybody detests. He is closefisted, mean, stingy in money matters, is always criticising others, is pessimistic—and everybody hates pessimism—lacks charity and magnanimity, is full of prejudice, is utterly selfish and greedy, is always questioning people's motives when they do a generous act, and yet he wonders why he does not have friends. It is simply because he does not possess the qualities which attract and cement friendships.

If you would have friends, you must cultivate the qualities which you admire in others. Strong friendships rest upon a social, generous, hearty nature. There is nothing like magnanimity and real charity, kindness, and a spirit of helpfulness, for attracting others. Your interest in people must be a real one, or you will not draw them to you.

No great friendship can rest upon pretense or deception. Opposite qualities cannot attract each other. After all, friendships rest largely upon admiration. There must be something worthy in you, something lovable before anybody will love you. If you are chock full of despicable qualities, you cannot expect any one to care for you.

Many people are not capable of forming great friendships because they do not have the qualities themselves which attract noble qualities in others.

If you are uncharitable, intolerant, if you lack generosity, cordiality, if you are narrow and bigoted, unsympathetic, small, and mean, you cannot expect that

#### Qualities of Character That Win Friends

generous, large-hearted, noble characters will flock around you. If you expect to make friends with large-souled, noble characters you must cultivate large-heartedness, generosity, charity, and tolerance. One reason why so many people have so few friends is that they have so little to give, and they expect so much. A happy temperament, a desire to scatter joy and gladness, to be helpful to everybody, are wonderful aids to friendship. People who are moody and inclined to be blue do not make many friends because these are qualities which repel rather than attract.

You will be amazed to see how quickly friends will flock about you just as soon as you begin to cultivate attractive and lovable qualities.

Justice and truth are absolutely essential to the highest friendship, and we respect a friend all the more because he is just and true, even when it hurts us and mortifies us most. We cannot help respecting justice and truth because we are built on their lines; they are a part of our very nature. The friendship which shrinks from telling the truth, which cannot bear to pain one when justice demands it, does not command as high a quality of admiration as the friendship which is absolutely just and truthful.

There is something inherent in human nature which makes us despise the hypocrite. We may overlook a weakness in a friend, which makes it hard for him to be absolutely truthful, but if we ever detect him trying to deceive us, we never have quite the same confidence in him again, and confidence is the very basis of the highest friendship.

The friendships that last rest more upon a solid respect, admiration, and great congeniality than upon a passionate love. Where the love is so great that it defeats justice and truth, friends are more likely to fall out. The strongest, the most lasting, devoted friendships are those which are based upon principle, upon respect, admiration, and esteem.

"I would go to hell, if there were such a place, with any friend of mine, and I would want no heaven of which I have ever read if any friend of mine were in the outer dark," was the startling assertion of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, in the course of a sermon on

#### Friends Who Will Stick Through Thick and Thin

"The Companionship of Friends."

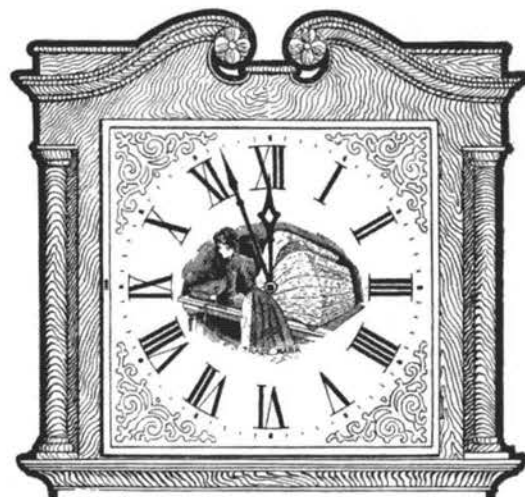
Real friendship will follow us into the shadows, in the dark as well as in the sunshine.

The capacity for friendship is a great test of character. We instinctively believe in people who are known to stick to their friends through thick and thin. It is an indication of the possession of splendid qualities. Bad people are incapable of great friendships. *You can generally trust a man who never goes back on a friend.* People who lack loyalty have no capacity for great friendship.

After all is n't a man's success best measured by the number and quality of his friendships? For, no matter how much money he may have accumulated, if he does n't have a lot of friends there is certainly some tremendous lack in him somewhere. There is certainly a great lack of sterling qualities. Children ought to be taught that the most sacred thing in this world is a true friend, and they ought to be trained to cultivate a capacity for friendships. This would broaden their characters, develop fine qualities, and sweeten their lives as nothing else could.

One of the most beautiful things that can ever be said of a human being is that he has a host of loyal, true friends. "No man is useless," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "while he has a friend."

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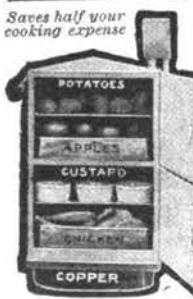
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# The Sanitary Home

Verandas

By CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY

## SECOND ARTICLE

THE evolution of the veranda has marked the passage from the indoor life, with its close confinement and its stifling atmosphere to the more sensible, freer, and more wholesome outdoor life. The steps of the evolution have been marked by changes in the size, shape, and furnishing of the veranda.

Not very long ago, we heard much, from our more fortunate friends who had traveled the Continent, of the delightful way in which our foreign brethren lived out of doors in the balmy breezes and warm sunshine natural to their climate; how the French people walked the streets, joked over the tables in *cafés*, and sought the pleasures of life out of doors rather than indoors. We were wont to envy them, but there seemed nothing in our own climate to warrant such freedom. Chilly, damp evenings made the possibility of such a thing remote.

Only a few years ago, most of our houses were built with a small roofing over the front steps. These were dignified as doorsteps or porches; they constituted simply an inclosed entrance or sort of vestibule. When our more prosperous or progressive neighbors extended this structure across or around the house, we looked enviously at its suggestions of comfort. This was the birth of the veranda, or "piazza," as it is erroneously called. Some have still clung to the old custom and call this wide gallery a "porch." Veranda is a word brought from India by the English, and better applies to our wide, roomy covered porches, as suggesting an airier, breezier living. It is the most used part of a country home.

The first thing to be considered in preparing the veranda for the season's use is its location. However shady the veranda may be, or however sunny, it is very much more desirable to have the open areas arranged so that they can be closed, not with heavy, airtight canvas coverings, because they exclude the air as well as light, and simply make the inclosure a hot, stuffy room; but inclosed so that they can be modified to suit the situation. There are times when we like privacy; there are other times when we prefer to see and be seen, when we need more light, and again, when we desire shade.

In the old-fashioned days we attempted this by growing vines to cover the old porch, and we all have recollections of trying to train the beautiful clematis, the gorgeous passion flower, or the sturdy woodbine over the porch inclosures to get the necessary seclusion. It took time, patience, and endurance, while the result was unsatisfactory.

### Shades that Give Comfort

We know better now. We use veranda shades to secure the desired results, shades that can be raised or lowered, that will give us privacy or publicity, light or shade. The best of these are made on the Venetian plan, of slats of wood, preferably about seven eighths of an inch deep, that can be raised and lowered at will, and dusted at any time. They can be stained in any wood finish, to match the color scheme of the house, or to make a color scheme of their own. It is no longer necessary to wait for plants to grow, for vines to twine themselves on trellises, because the shade can be secured in a much more sanitary and cleanly way through the use of the adjustable veranda shades.

In securing the shades be generous. When you are getting them get plenty; they do not eat, are not expensive to maintain, and they are always ready to give added comfort. The soft browns make very attractive veranda shades for the country, where there is an excess of green on the lawn and among the trees. On the other hand, in the city, where there is a deficiency of green lawn, and an absence of trees, the green porch shade is preferable.

Next comes the floor covering. Have a rug that is washable, will stand dampness, and can be easily cleaned. Let me advise a cotton rug; that is washable, that has but few colors in it, and that is small. Rain storms come up suddenly, accidents happen frequently, and small rugs, say 36 by 72 inches, are much more easily cleaned than large rugs of four times those dimensions. Anybody can clean a small rug with very little

trouble, but a large rug entails expense in sending it to a cleaner and is difficult to manage. Then, too, small rugs are more in vogue at present than large ones. Grass-cloth rugs are most desirable, and many prefer them because of their sweet, new mown hay odor. They come in beautiful two-tone effects and the most artistic porches can be arranged with them. Either the grass rug or the cotton rug is the ideal rug for the summer living room.

A hammock is imperative, and lest there be undue discord and friction over its possession, it is better to have at least two. Have one hammock seat like the illustration, where at least two can use it as a seat, or one can lie full length upon it and enjoy a quiet siesta out of doors. Then have a good chair hammock for reading purposes, and last, but by no means least, a little hammock,—some call them cupid hammocks—for the baby.



Chair for summer living room

There was a time when almost any kind of cast-off furniture was good enough for the veranda. Kitchen chairs and kitchen rugs, perhaps, were carried back and forth to give temporary seating and temporary covering to the veranda, and our unfortunate guests, as well as unfortunate members of the family, tarried as brief a time as possible; but we have learned to do better, to have suitable furnishings and sensible coverings.

The furniture for the summer living room or veranda should partake of the general characteristics of out of doors. It should not be polished; it should not be indoor winter furniture. Get outdoor, breezy, comfortable and comforting furniture, the kind that can be carried out on the grass, be rained on, have hot water poured on it, and in general withstand the vicissitudes of the open air. The chair shown is an example of the ideal furniture for the summer living room.

### Simple and Useful Decorations

A few potted plants in jars placed upon tabourets add to the decorative feature of a veranda. The lazy chair, comfortable rockers, and suggestive *lie-a-tile* all speak of comfortable, genial, happy hospitality.

A table with a spread of India prints, and pillow covers of the same, made like pillowcases, buttoned at one end so that all can be laundered, are wholly sanitary, easily and safely washed, and give a color and refreshing touch needful to complete the whole.

Magazines and books supply the mental need, and with such a delightful retreat one does not long and pine for the summer resort crowded to overflowing with people, when such comfort can be secured right at home.

Finally, do not place anything on the veranda merely for decoration. Instead of serving such a purpose, it merely "clutters up" and makes work. Everything on the veranda must be fit to use. Usage is the test of adaptability, and let the line be closely drawn. Put nothing on the veranda that will not stand use—cleaning and scrubbing, if necessary.

Avoid too many things. Use only things with a purpose, with direct reference to out-of-door use—things that can easily be gathered up and easily replaced, for the inviting place is the washable, mop-able, scrub-able veranda.

Remember that dust when wet becomes mud, and the only way to avoid mud is to keep up an incessant fight against dust. Go over the veranda with broom and mop early in the morning, shake the rugs, hammocks, and cushions, wash the cushion covers regularly—always have two sets to allow for frequent washing—and then your veranda will be a success.



A serviceable hammock seat



## Insanitary Walls—Their Causes and Cure

THE causes of insanitary walls are as many as the sands of the sea. They come through the dust from carpets being thrown into the air and lodging on the wall surface, which makes a perfect home or lodging for all kinds of disease germs. The accumulation of soot, water spots, grease spots, all cause insanitary walls.

One of the most potent causes of insanitary walls is the use of glue upon them, either as a size, as a foundation for papering, calcimining, or other decorating, or as a part in the so-called hot water calcimines which are applied to the walls. The glue not only furnishes a perfect food for germ life, but when it shrinks, after cooling, it crackles and allows lodging under its surface for nests of microscopic bugs.

Insanitary walls also come from the disintegration of the plaster, from the loosening of the wall paper, from the union of undesirable chemical particles in the air with equally undesirable particles in the coloring of the paper. Eternal vigilance is the price we must pay lest we have insanitary walls, and the effects of these walls are many. They produce disease, and discomfort, and they certainly produce discord in color effects if not discord in home conditions.

The important question is how to overcome them, how to make an insanitary wall sanitary. That is the work that appeals to the practical housekeeper. We are all willing to concede that many of the present wall conditions are not desirable. We are willing to admit that the walls are soiled, perhaps dirty; we may not be willing to admit that they are insanitary and disease producing.

If your wall is papered take the paper off; if it is calcimined wash the calcimine off. The best method of taking off wall paper is to moisten the paper thoroughly with clean warm water, applied with a flat wall brush or with a large sponge. Wall paper is very porous. The water will be readily absorbed and will soften the paste so that the paper may be peeled from the wall. Then wash the wall surface thoroughly with warm water so that all the paste will be removed. If a portion of the paste sticks to the wall, scrape it off with a putty knife and then wash the space. Paste discolors all tinting materials applied over it.

If the wall has been tinted with common calcimine, wash it off with warm water and a sponge. Whatever you are planning to do, always take off the old wall paper or calcimine before you put on the new coating. It is the only safe, sure, and sanitary way, and while ordinarily "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," when it comes to the care of the wall it is worth two pounds.

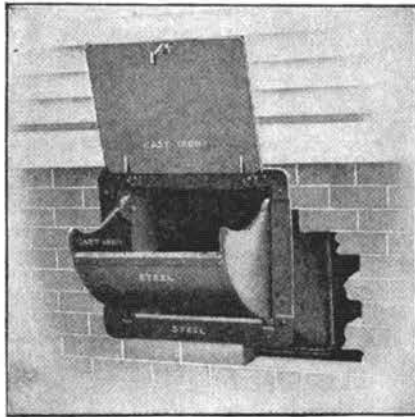
### After the Cleansing

After the wall is thoroughly cleansed and there are no spots on the plaster, if the plaster is smooth, size it thoroughly with a shellac size made by diluting varnish with benzine. This will stop the suction of the plaster and make a solid surface for future applications of tinting or any other method of decorating.

If the plaster is rough make a soap-and-water size and apply that. This is done by shaving one bar of ordinary laundry soap into a pail of warm water and brushing it over the wall with a flat wall brush. This will stop suction, cleanse the wall from dust, and put the wall in a good condition to receive the tinting material that is to be applied.

In shellac or other wall sizes it is well to use a small portion of the tinting material, of the shade that is to be used on the wall, in order to give what is technically called a "tooth" to the size, and to prepare a more opaque base for future decorative operations that may be desired.

In this day and age it is folly to put on a coating that has to be washed off repeatedly, and when the right coating is put on the wall and the wall is correctly prepared for it, all this washing, all this scraping will be done away with, and future improvements can be made much more easily, and with much less expense.



The cellar chute

## The Treatment of Cellar and Basement

TWIN evils common to all cellars and most basements are too much dampness and too little ventilation. Possibly, if there were more ventilation, there would not be so much dampness.

Fortunately we have arrived at a condition in mechanical affairs when a cellar wall can be made waterproof, and at small expense. Waterproof compounds of cement can be bought, which at a very moderate cost can be applied over the interior surface of the cellar wall and will make the wall thoroughly waterproof.

These waterproof compounds also prevent the white efflorescence which so often renders cement work unsightly, and also prevents or delays the hair cracks or larger cracks on the surface. When a compound of this sort is applied on the outside of a wall, it prevents that discoloration or clouded appearance which comes after a thorough wetting.

Ventilation in cellars is usually secured by small windows at the surface, and preferably by openings in the chimneys.

Where the cellar is used as a furnace room, there is much annoyance and discomfort from the accumulation of ashes. If these are sprinkled regularly and carried away frequently this trouble will be minimized.

Cellars require frequent washing out, and constant cleansing of the floor is imperative. The best floor is a cement floor, just as the best wall is a waterproof wall coated over with a permanent wall coating, one that is a natural cement and that will ally itself with the waterproof compound.

A tinting material of this sort will double the light in a cellar, for it will reflect every portion of light that is thrown upon it, while the dull gray of the ordinary waterproof cement absorbs the light. Go over the wall in the cellar at least twice a year with a good, natural cement tinting material in pure white; then there will be no dark spots, no spider webs, no cracks for bugs and germs to nest in; mouse holes will become apparent, so that they can be stopped up effectually.

### Some Cellar Necessities

Laundry benches must be placed where the light from the outside is thrown into the tub rather than into the eyes of the laundress. With stationary tubs it is difficult to arrange the height of the tub from the floor, laundresses, unfortunately, being of varying sizes. With portable tubs this matter is easily arranged, for each woman can adjust the height to her own size; where the tubs are stationary it is better to have a little bench for the laundress to stand on if she be short in stature.

There must be perfect ventilation in the laundry room, so that the odor of the washing and smell of the suds will not be carried over the house.

Vegetable bins are best built of light wood that can be washed and scrubbed frequently. Vegetables gather mud and the mud makes possible vegetable growth. These bins should be swept out every time fresh vegetables are put in, and scrubbed and allowed to dry thoroughly at least every month. There should be an air space below the floor of the vegetable bin to keep the vegetables cooler and prevent growth.

It is exceedingly important to have a good chute in every cellar with an outside entrance so that the outside of the house need not be marred by throwing vegetables, coal, or wood indiscriminately through an opening.

The shelves of the cellar should be of plain boards of easy height so they can be reached and kept thoroughly wiped. The windows must be cleaned as regularly as the windows of the upper part of the house; the light is more needed in the cellar than it is upstairs because of the smaller amount of space that is allowed for windows.

The fruit closet for the storing of canned fruit and vegetables should be placed in the most remote part of the cellar from the furnace. It is better to have doors on the fruit closet, and, if there are any cracks or crevices, have them covered with newspapers, to prevent

[Concluded on page 507]

## Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic



### For Dyspepsia

Loss of appetite is nature's first warning of indigestion, the forerunner of dyspepsia. This disease, like nervousness, is often due to irregular living, improper food and inattention to diet. The digestive organs are inert, the weakened membranes of the overtaxed stomach are unable to perform their functions, and the food you force yourself to eat distresses instead of nourishes. Nothing will do more to stimulate the appetite and aid digestion than

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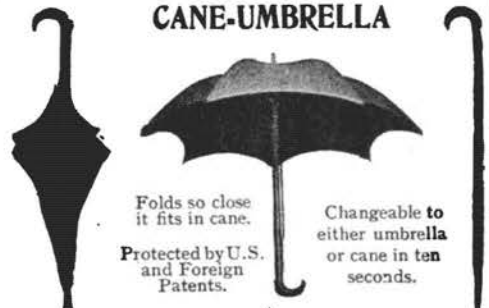
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# Training the Baby

## The Morning Bath and Nap

By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

Illustrated by William Oberhardt



"She began without much trepidation"

"I won't have even mother in the room the first time I give baby her bath. She can be in the next room so that if I utter a cry of anguish she can rush in and rescue her grandchild, but I am going at this attempt alone and unobserved."

"But you may not know what to do," protested the nurse.

"Oh, I know what to do all right," returned Betty. "My theoretical knowledge leaves nothing to be desired. I have watched you until I could tell you the whole process backward as well as forward. It's only experience I need,—and I am in a fair way to get that."

So upon one memorable morning Betty closed the nursery doors and addressed herself to the task of bathing the baby. First, the little thing must be undressed.

She began without much trepidation, working the skirts up under the baby until they lay in a wad about the neck, and then carefully slipping out the little arms and removing the skirts over the head. When she had all off except the diaper, she covered the child with the flannel apron she herself wore, and proceeded to wash the face with soft, clear water and a fine cloth, and then attacked the head and neck and ears, washing a little at a time with a soaped wash cloth, then rinsing off and drying the wet sections. When these were dry she soaped the baby well all over the body, still keeping her under the flannel apron, and rolling her over on her face to wash the back.

The little garments the baby was to put on were warming on the clothes rack before the fire. The rubber bath tub was there with the bath thermometer floating in it. It registered 90 degrees, and Betty

added hot water from the pitcher at her side until the mercury rose to 98. Then she set her teeth, slipped her left hand under the baby's back, so that the wrist made a support for the neck and head and the lower part of the body was held in the palm, took hold of the ankles with the right hand, lifted the little one from under the sheltering flannel apron and laid her in the warm water. It was a thrilling moment! But the baby neither broke nor slipped. After an instant Betty dared to let go of the child's ankles and to use the right hand to dash the warm water over the little one's body. Elizabeth stretched herself and cooed. The water pleased her and she attempted one or two feeble kicks. Betty kept her eye on the clock, and when three minutes had elapsed lifted the baby out, again grasping the ankles in the right hand. This was even more difficult to do than was the putting in, because of the wet slipperiness of the little body. But the deed was done. Elizabeth was safely back on the lap of her mother, who muffled her in the big, soft towel she had fastened on over the apron, and rolled the apron outside of the towel.

After that it was comparatively plain sailing. The

soft body was dried and powdered, Betty taking care to uncover it as little as possible.

The worst part of the work was over, although the thought of the dressing was still alarming. Betty put on the band, which went around the body once and a half,—the double part covering the abdomen,—and then fastened it. The nurse, with a skill born of long practice, used to sew the band on the baby, but this Betty did not dare attempt. "I don't want to have you look like a pincushion pricked full of holes, my precious," she confided to the baby. So she used small safety pins, setting them in horizontally, that they might not make the child uncomfortable if she doubled over on them, and put on the diaper, pinning this to the band in front and behind. Then the little shirt was slipped on over the feet and worked up to the neck, so that the arms would not be twisted when they were put into the sleeves. Over this the petticoat and slip were put on in the same fashion, by drawing them up from the feet. It was much easier work than the old-fashioned method, and entailed less lifting and turning for the baby. The socks went on after the shirt, and, as the morning was cool, Betty slipped on a soft little wrapper last of all.

That is, it was the last of the dressing, but there was still washing to be done. A cup of warm water with a very little borax in it was close by, and into this Betty dipped a bit of absorbent cotton. The eyes were washed with this, and a separate piece was used for each eye. Then another piece was wrapped about the mother's finger and she gently washed out the inside of the mouth, going into all the corners and behind the gums, but with great care, that she should not hurt the tender skin. Then a tiny bit of absorbent cotton was twisted about the point of a wooden toothpick, and with this the inside of the baby's nose was cautiously cleansed.

The baby was probably tired by this time, and it was certain that Betty was. She was glad to sit back in an easy chair, with the baby on her knees, while the little one took her bottle with an appetite that it did her mother's heart good to see. In spite of her hunger she was so drowsy before the bottle was finished that Betty had to shake her gently two or three times in order to arouse her to conclude her meal. Before Betty had laid her in her bed she was asleep.



"The baby neither broke nor slipped"

the little daughter's clothes, and a low white rocking chair for herself. Then there was the white enamel crib, with its brass finishings, and beyond this the room at present had little in it except the baby's basket, a rack for her clothes, which stood, folded, in a corner, and a low table on which were ranged articles used for the baby. Some bright pictures hung on the wall, and Betty was already contemplating a combination bookshelf and cabinet for the toys and picture books, which had begun to accumulate even at this early day. Later there would be pretty little chairs, and a doll's house and doll's furniture. Betty's imagination quite ran away with her as she thought of what the nursery would be one day. At the windows



were green inside shades, to darken the room when the baby slept, and, besides these, there were curtains of white dotted muslin, which could be done up as often as desired, since they were only the length of the sash and were made without ruffles to catch the dust.

The bed was furnished with a fine woven-wire spring, but there was no mattress upon it. This suggestion Betty had taken from a woman writer of wide experience in matters connected with infants. In place of the mattress was a heavy California blanket of natural wool. This was folded several times and laid on the spring. Over this was a rubber and on top of that a sheet, and over that a pad of cheesecloth, quilted with a couple of thicknesses of cotton batting. On this the baby was laid, a little, flat hair pillow under her head. Her coverings were a sheet and a pair of downy crib blankets.

Betty had taken it for granted that the baby should sleep next to her where she could lay her hand on the child at any hour of the night. If the small daughter had been nervous or wakeful this might have been necessary; but she very soon gave indications of being an admirable sleeper. During the early weeks of her life the nurse slept on a cot by the child, and brought her in to be nursed at the required periods. When the change was made to the bottle this plan was altered.

The nurse assured Betty that it was not in the least necessary for the baby's bed to be removed from the nursery. There was a door of communication between the rooms, and this stood open. The little bed was just around the corner of the door from the big bed, and Betty could hear a movement almost as quickly as if the child were actually at her side. It was not long before Elizabeth acquired a habit of sleeping peacefully until six o'clock in the morning, or even later. When she grew older, and sometimes threw back the blankets, Betty made a sleeping bag for her, into which she was put at night and the tapes tied about her waist so that, turn as she would, her legs would not be uncovered. A light jacket worn at night protected the upper part of her body.

So the young lady of the house slept in her own large, airy room, the window open enough to keep the atmosphere fresh, and draughts kept from her by a big screen that half encircled her bed. It was in this room, too, that she took her two naps a day, the glare shaded from her eyes. Betty recalled very distinctly the only other baby with whom she had had much to do, who had been born into a sensible, busy family and had from the first been accustomed to sleeping in a room where there was constant going in and out. She recollected what a convenience it had been that the whole family did not have to be hushed while the baby took his nap, and she had resolved that if ever she had youngsters of her own they should be trained by the same method.

Betty appreciated the fact that she was an exceptionally fortunate woman, so far as the baby was concerned—and, she would have said, in everything else. But about the baby especially she was blessed. Other women meant as well, and were not able to carry out their theories. Their babies were nervous, or had colic, or were fretful and peevish, and Betty wondered how it would be when the baby began teething. Had she been the mother of one of the troublesome infants, she knew well enough, she would have had to keep the crib beside her, or else arise a score of times in the night to look after the needs of the little one. But Elizabeth was an exceptionally healthy baby, and normal in every respect.



"Before Betty had laid her in her bed she was asleep"

## THE ONLY FEAR

By Roy Farrell Greene

HAVE you a something of moment planned,  
Of work, or barter, or sale?  
And do you now like a craven stand  
Deterred by the fear you'll fail?  
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And prompt you your wings to test:  
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# Office Boys I've Known By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrated by H. E. DEY

IN THE somber fabric of the business  
world who is it strikes the pleasing  
note of color, the stenographer?  
Nope. It's the office boy. He is  
the unconscious comedian of the  
mercantile scenario. The humorous  
journals are filled with his doings and  
he figures prominently in the obituary  
columns of the morning papers. Rarely  
does a successful merchant die but  
what, among other life secrets, it is  
disclosed that he commenced work  
as an office boy, and it is a fact that  
the ranks of the millionaires are re-  
cruited more often from the humble  
bench in the outer office than from  
the halls of learning—this last a  
euphemism for colleges.

The writer at various times has  
attempted to extract—that's the  
word—from the office boys he has  
encountered, a confession of their  
secret ambitions with such responses  
as "Aw, cut it out," or "Wot yer  
tryin' ter do? Kid me?" One young  
man in the executive offices of a railroad was more  
communicative.

"I useter tink I'd like ter be an engineer," he said.  
"Den I tought I'd like ter be a brakeman, but now  
I'm gittin' so gosh blame lazy dat I guess I'll be a  
station agent."

It seems to the writer that the majority of office  
boys feel keenly the responsibilities of their exalted  
destinies, and resent accordingly any attempt to put  
them on record in a fashion that might mar the bi-  
ography of a captain of industry.

Of all absolute misnomers, by the way, "Captain of  
Industry" is the worst. In the daily life of the person  
so called, industry, save in the smoking of large im-  
ported cigars, plays no part. Even his coupons are  
cut by the office boy who, after all, first and last, is the  
real captain of industry.

In dignity, when the office boy cares to assume it,  
he surpasses the carriage caller in front of a dry goods  
store; and the cook herself is no more difficult to fire.  
"I've quit," said the only hard-working member  
of a newspaper staff—the copy boy—to another of that  
ilk.

"Whaffor?" he was asked.

"Now—de old man insulted me," he replied.

"Wot did he do?"

"Now—he sez to me ten minutes ago—he sez—  
'D' cashier will give yer yer time'—he sez—'an' you git  
d' h—out er dis.' An' so I gits mad an' quits, see?"

To evolve a scheme for the management of the office  
boy would be no easy matter. It's a safe proposition,  
however, never to give more than two days' notice of  
discharge. In that short period he may contrive to do  
more damage to your office furniture and injury to  
your credit and good will than can be repaired in a  
year.

An attorney in moderate practice, of the writer's  
acquaintance, informed his boy that he would dispense  
with his services at the end of the week and went to  
lunch rather proud of his own temerity. He was a  
married man. During his absence the boy discovered  
that electric light bulbs screwed in and out of their  
sockets, with the corollary that when a bulb so re-  
moved fell to the floor, it exploded in a most fascinat-  
ing manner.

Moreover, the impact of such a bulb  
against the wall of the office building  
opposite, produced an explosion twice  
as intense as a mere dropping on the  
floor. A succession of them sounded  
like a pistol fight of frontier days.

The adjoining streets grew clogged  
and traffic was suspended while  
the crowd waited for the bodies  
of the victims to be carried out.  
Instead the office boy appeared,  
unruffled and debonair, al-  
though none too gently pro-  
pelled by the attorney in moderate  
practice, a trifle breathless and red  
in the face.

In point of imagination the office  
boy generally lacks nothing, and many  
a broken copying press testifies to  
the facility with which, in the absence  
of the boss, he assumes the role of  
motorman. One boy enlisted the  
services of the call bell as a property  
for his act, and so crowded was the

thoroughfare on which he guided his  
imaginary car, that ten minutes  
sufficed for the bell's complete  
destruction.

The writer encountered the same  
lad at a Broadway crossing, taking his  
employer's umbrella to the mender's.  
He held it "shoulder arms" and  
marked time on the curb while he  
waited for the stream of trucks to pass.

"Burrrum, burrrum,—burrrum bum  
burrrum," he murmured to himself  
and when the crosswalk was clear,  
he stepped out manfully to the strains  
of "Marching Through Georgia," an  
entire brigade of light infantry, bands  
and all, through the exercise of a  
beneficent imagination.

Many boys, however, are more  
literal than Hamlet's gravedigger.  
The writer once entered an office  
occupied only by a small youngster  
whose white hair rose mistily above  
his broad collar like a cloud on  
Fujiyama.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" he was asked.

"No, sir, he is not, sir," he replied in a scared treble.

"Do you expect him in soon?"

"No, sir, I do not, sir," was the answer.

We both remained silent.

"To tell you the truth, mister," he proffered in a  
sudden burst of confidence, "you've made a mistake.  
His office is next door."

It is told of the late Chauncey Shafer, who bears the  
same relation to New York's "anecdote" that Syd-  
ney Smith does to London's, that he employed in his  
law office a stunted youth of very tractable tempera-  
ment.

One day Mr. Shafer returned from lunch in a lively  
mood and, by token of the Madeira he had consumed,  
summoned Billy into his private office.

"Boy," he said, carelessly, "go over to the Special  
Term and see what in—they're up to there."

The late Judge Brady was presiding over the trial of  
an action involving many interesting questions of sub-  
stantive law. Hence, the court room was empty save  
for the litigants, their counsel, and the necessary wit-  
nesses. Judge Brady's kindness toward women and  
children was proverbial, and when Billy stood against  
the railing of the inclosure, his face barely reaching  
over the balustrade, the judge noticed him immediately.  
He interrupted the arguments of counsel and turned to  
Billy.

"Well, my lad," he said, in suave, judicial accents,  
"What can I do for you?"

"I'm from Mr. Shafer's office," Billy replied, "and  
he wants to know what in—you're up to over here."

The readiness with which the entire financial district  
intrusts cash or negotiable paper in sums of great  
magnitude to its office boys is an index to the unvary-  
ing honesty of the tribe. When a messenger's defalcation  
occurs, it is usually the work of a junior clerk, but,  
generally speaking, the simon-pure office boy is in-  
corruptible. The writer knows of but one isolated  
exception which occurred in the office of an attorney.

A small sum was missed from the petty cash and  
suspicion rested on the office boy.

His employer took the easiest  
method to dispose of him.

"Jimmie," he said, "ten dollars  
have been taken from the cash drawer  
and I want you to go down stairs and  
get a policeman."

He went out whistling and never  
came back.

In common with other youngsters,  
the office boy displays a marked  
propensity for treasuring rubbish  
of every description. A New Street  
broker received the following note  
from his late messenger whose family  
had moved to Boston:

Dear Mr. Brown

Please send me the Rosery in my  
top dore. Plesse keep the rest.

Resp

James Finn

A catalogue of what remained after  
the rosary was mailed would swell  
this brief article to impossible dimen-  
sions. "Jack Harkaway in the Phil-  
ippines," with a cover design of  
yellow and red, reflected the young-  
ster's literary taste, while his sporting



"The office boy appeared  
unruffled and debonair"



The real "Captains of Industry"



instincts were represented by a box of dice and a rusty horseshoe. The rest of the collection included antiques in great assortment, from old nails to dried horse chestnuts, and one can scarcely surmise to what hobby they ministered, unless it were archæology.

It is doubtful whether the office boy's desk or his stomach contains the more varied collection. Provision is made for his inner man on Ann Street and lower Broad Street by hundreds of street vendors. At



"Provision is made for his inner man"

eleven o'clock the barrows and push carts are piled high with cakes, pies, and sandwiches, while the odor of stewing sauerkraut and its concomitant, the frankfurter, permeates the area of the entire financial district. Cakes and pies are his favorite diet and it is in these delicacies that he squanders his spare cash.

Last Christmas a messenger suddenly became unconscious in the Stock Exchange Building. The ambulance surgeon declared his malady to be hysteria induced by gastritis. The patient's fellow messengers confined the diagnosis by testifying that he had received sixty cents in tips, the whole of which he had expended for *Charlotte russes* between the hours of nine a. m. and noon. *Charlotte russes* on Broad Street cost two cents apiece.

Taking him all in all, however, the New York office boy displays so many sterling virtues that one loses sight of his shortcomings entirely. He is a sturdy specimen of American adolescence and no one, least of all the writer, begrudges him that success which is his due, and which, in the face of such great odds, he so often attains.

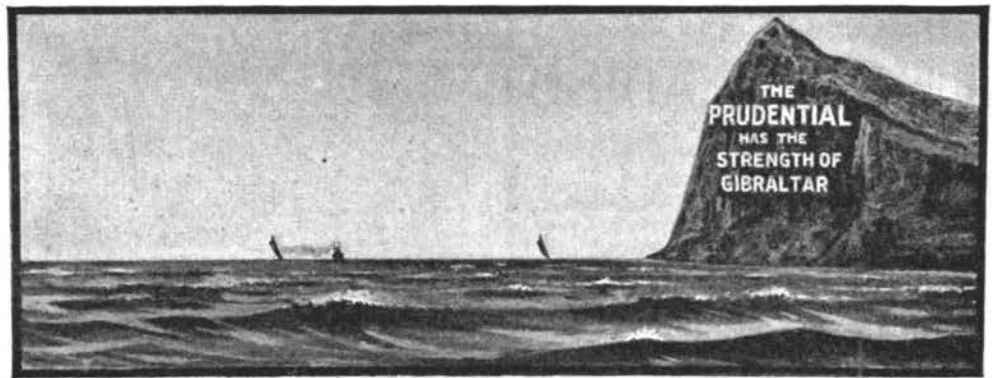
### "Never Too Late To Mend"

By NIXON WATERMAN

OF course, if you mean to catch a train,  
The better way is to start in time.  
Still, if you're late,  
Don't rail at fate,  
And sob and sigh and wail and wait  
For another day,  
But sprint away  
The very best you can until  
You find your vow  
To "do it now"  
Has somehow made you catch it still;  
For the sages say  
The world makes way  
For the earnest soul that says, "I will!"

If you mean to win in life's swift race,  
The better way is to start in youth;  
Still, if you find  
You've been left behind  
By the wiser starters, keep in mind  
Your needs and say,  
"I'll improve each day,  
And every hour and each spare minute;  
I've been careless, yet  
I shall try to get  
A prize!" And you stand a chance to win it:  
But the weak-willed goose  
With his, "What's the use?"  
Alas! we know he won't be in it.

No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent.  
—Channing.



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# The Editor's Chat



## "All Work and No Play"

CITY dwelling is abnormal. Man was made for a home; he has every evidence in his make-up that he was constructed to fit home life, and a home does not mean a bird house up in the air, even if called an apartment. A home means more than a house. It means land, grass, meadows, trees, flowers, animals—a chance for exercise in the open air on one's own premises.

No man can be normal until all of his nature is satisfied. There is every evidence that play was intended to have a large part in a man's life; and, if the fun-loving faculties are allowed to atrophy from neglect or disuse, there is a lack in the life, a lack of balance. Insane asylums and penitentiaries tell the whole story. There is a want of symmetry in modern life. There are great longings, yearnings in our natures, which are not normally satisfied, and the result is a loss of mental equilibrium, which results too often in insanity or in criminal tendencies.

When we find human machinery squeaking or jarring, when we see the evidences of discord and premature wrinkles, and long sad faces and stooping shoulders, and unelastic steps, we know there is something abnormal in the life.

But we will say that oneness is often hereditary. Why? Because the ancestors lived abnormally. Yet even this tendency would be corrected, or compensated for largely, if we lived normally ourselves.

A great many people think that time spent in amusement is a wicked waste. They take life very seriously. They believe that we were put here to work, to keep everlastingly at it.

I know people who have lived such a strenuous life of work and have had so little play, that they have lost the power of laughter and real enjoyment. One scarcely ever sees a smile on their faces. How unfortunate it is that a human being, who was made to be joyous and happy, and to radiate sunshine, will go about with a long gloomy face, with no play or fun in his life! It is certainly a very shortsighted policy, for there is no better investment for the business man than a lot of innocent fun, recreation, and play. These are great restoratives of power, refreshing the animal spirits. The brain requires a great deal of lubricating.

There is every evidence that we were intended for fun, that humor and play were to have a great part in our existence. The long, serious, unhappy, discontented faces we see everywhere are all wrong. They come from unnatural, abnormal living. To thousands of people, living in great cities, there is very little of the normal play or satisfaction of the fun-loving faculties.

Socially, we find the fun-loving element, the propensity to joke, to laugh, to see the ludicrous side of things, very prominent. This function is a great corrective when normally exercised. It takes the drudgery out of work. It ameliorates the hard conditions of getting a living. It compensates for the disagreeable things of life.

Indeed an hour of real fun or refreshing recreation will often put the brain in a better condition for work than many hours of moping around the home trying to get absolute rest. Change is what the mind wants. The unfortunate thing about the specialism of modern times is that the work brings into use the same brain cells, the same set of faculties, day in and day out, the year round.

Who has not sometimes gone home at night so completely exhausted by a strenuous, vexatious day's work that he has thought he could not see anybody, or even make himself agreeable to his family during the evening; but some jovial, genial friend would call, and he has forgotten all about his tired feeling or the passing of time, and before midnight came, he had no thought of retiring?

I have a humorous friend who sometimes calls on me in my office, and, no matter how busy I am, I always manage to see him for a few minutes, for I feel as though I have had an electric bath when he goes away. He is so full of humor, so bubbling over with fun; he radiates good cheer. This man's coming is like the sun bursting through the clouds on a rainy day.

Monotony is an enemy of health and happiness. Is

it any wonder that women who rarely ever have any change, who go through the same monotonous routine of housework and of taking care of children almost every day of the year, often break down and become nervous wrecks? Let a strong man exchange places with his delicate wife for three months, and what would become of him? If he survived, the chances are he would be a complete nervous wreck. He could not stand such a life of monotony, shut up in a house, doing the same thing, and rarely ever seeing or talking with new people.

The wonder is that all women who lead such monotonous lives are not total wrecks. Many of them are practically prisoners let out of jail perhaps two or three times a year to go to an entertainment or for a little outing. Most of these shut-in women do not really live. They merely exist.

Variety, change—new faces, new places, new environment—these are necessary for normal minds; where the same thoughts, the same suggestions are held in the mind month in and month out, we become rutty, and stop growing. People who live monotonous lives cease to be interesting after a while, for they have no fresh food, no variety.

Most people do not have fun enough, nor play enough in their lives. Laughter and joy to the individual are what sunshine is to the flowers and trees—perpetual rejuvenators, health promoters.

## Canvassing as an Educator

I HAVE seen a green, diffident, awkward college student, right from the farm, so completely changed by his experiences in book canvassing during the vacation following his freshman year that you would scarcely have recognized him. Confidence and self-assurance had taken the place of timidity and self-consciousness. His canvassing tour had proved a tour of self-discovery. He had developed initiative, and the very discovery that he could sell something had increased his faith in himself.

Before he started out canvassing he was a very poor conversationalist, because of his great timidity and lack of experience; but when he returned to college in the autumn he talked very interestingly. His work had forced him to talk a great deal of the time to state his opinions clearly and pointedly, and to try to be interesting and convincing.

His experiences had taught him a great deal about human nature. He had found that every person must be approached in a different way, from a different avenue; that what would convince one person might not have any influence upon another. So he had been forced to study people, to learn to read them, that he might be able to approach different types of men and women in different ways, each according to his peculiar temperament.

It is really remarkable how quickly a canvassing experience develops a spirit of self-reliance and manly independence. There is no leaning here, no depending upon the advice of others. The canvasser must stand or fall alone.

There is nothing that will bring out the initiative, the resourcefulness and inventiveness in a man quicker than canvassing. Like traveling, it grinds off the hard angles and the rough corners of those who have not had the advantages of society.

Canvassing gives a great opportunity for studying human nature, and there is no other education like this. It is a great thing to learn to read people, to develop sharp discrimination of character, to be able to measure men, to weigh their motives.

The successful canvasser must be a great student of the approaches, the avenues to the mind, for no two people are reached in exactly the same way. One must be reached through cold, logical argument; another is reached by the influence of suggestion, by appealing to his emotions, his sentiment. Some are reached by an appeal to their pride, their personal vanity.

The canvasser must learn the susceptibilities of people, must find their approachable point, whatever it may be. He must learn the power of the first



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impression. He will soon discover that if he makes a bad impression at first, it will probably take him more time than he can get in the interview just to overcome this unfavorable impression, and to get back where he started. He will learn that with some people it is next to impossible to erase the first bad impression. It clings tenaciously.

Any kind of salesmanship employment is especially desirable for those who have been reared in the country, or who have not had the advantages of mingling with all sorts and conditions of people.

If a certain amount of canvassing were obligatory in all our colleges and higher institutions of learning, I believe it would be a good thing for the students, because it would develop resourcefulness and inventiveness; it would show them a side of their nature which a college course does not touch.

It is well known that many students who pay their way in college by canvassing develop a remarkable practical power which students whose expenses are paid by their parents do not develop.

### Nature the Great Restorer

I BELIEVE that there is a higher meaning in a vacation in the country than the getting of exercise, or the regaining of health, even, and that is, to get in close touch with power at its fountain head, to put beauty into the life, to drink in the harmonies of nature which restore the lost equilibrium, the shattered ideals. Nature is the great restorer, the great corrective. Intercourse with her makes us normal in mind as well as healthy in body. In this driving, rushing, commercial age, we do not appreciate the great value of developing the æsthetic side of our nature. Beauty is as important to the higher nature as bread is to the lower.

If there is a sad thing in the world, it is the spectacle of the men and women, who, in their mad scramble for wealth, have crushed out of their lives sentiment and the love of all that is beautiful and sublime. The very process by which they seek to win the means of enjoyment kills the faculties by which they can enjoy, so that when the average man gets his wealth he is shocked to find that all appreciation of the beautiful in nature, in art, in literature, has been strangled, paralyzed. He finds himself with plenty of money, but without the power of enjoyment, for the enjoying side of his nature is dead. He finds to his sorrow that the straining, striving life is also a starving one.

But why should he be surprised at the death of the finer sensibilities, the appreciation of beauty and love? Would he expect that his business ability, his executive ability would remain strong and vigorous and ready for action if they had not been exercised for a quarter or a half of a century? He knows that in his business or professional life he must keep his faculties exercised or they will lose their power. But somehow the young man seems to think when he starts in this strenuous life, in his quest for wealth, that the tenderer sides of his nature, the sentimental, friendship, and æsthetic sides, which appreciate and love beauty, will remain fresh and vigorous during all the years without giving them a thought until he gets ready to exercise them at fifty or sixty, after he has made his fortune.

This is contrary to Nature's law, which is "Use or lose." She gives us all we ask for, be it muscle, brain, or a sense of the beautiful and the sublime, but we must use it, or she will take it away from us.

### Welcome, Though Without Beauty or Wealth or Genius

THERE are some characters who carry their wealth with them, who are rich without money. They do not need palatial homes or a large bank account. They do not need to buy admission to society,—everybody loves them. They are welcome everywhere because they have that which money can not buy—a genial, helpful, sunny, cheerful disposition.

Of course, everybody wants them, because it is a joy to be with them. Everybody loves the sunshine and hates the shadows and the gloom.

There is no bank account that can balance a sweet, gracious personality; no material wealth can match a sunny heart, an ability to radiate helpfulness and sweetness.

But such graces and charms never live with selfishness or self-seeking. It is the people who have something to give, not who are trying to get something, that are wanted everywhere.

### Don't Wabble

THERE is one sort of man that there is no place for in the universe, and that is the wabblers, the man on the fence, who never knows where he stands who is always slipping about, dreaming, apologizing never daring to take a firm stand on anything. Everybody despises him. He is a weakling. Better a thousand times have the reputation of being eccentric, peculiar and cranky even, than never to stand for anything.

He who smiles achieves.



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All of our readers interested in fancy work of any sort are invited to turn to Miss Wells for information. She is an authority on artistic work of every description. She has studied the art of fine needlework in Europe as well as in this country, and, being a dweller in New York, keeps in close touch with every place where artistic novelties are made or exhibited. Perhaps, if she has a specialty, it is in producing the charming little gifts which are inexpensive, yet so easy to make when one has originality and knows how. If you want help about such work, write to Miss Wells, care SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

WITH the coming of summer there is a demand for fresh draperies, bureau furnishings, cushion coverings and similar effects, and this season cretonne is having its hour. This material comes in all prices and qualities and colorings, from the domestic goods, at fifteen cents a yard, to the beautiful French "shadow" cretonne, at \$3.50 a yard, double width.

There is no limit to its uses for portières, cushion covers for couch and window seats, bureau scarfs, table covers, jewel cases, table bookstands, and photograph frames. These last are finished around the edges with the bronze galloon, which comes at twelve cents a yard.

We show here a bureau scarf of French cretonne, seventy-nine cents a yard, with a weave like *piqué*, having a design of pink roses on a white ground. The scalloped edge is buttonholed with a rather heavy linen floss, and under the scallops is a ruffle of heavy torchon lace, which can be bought, sometimes, at ten cents a yard.

For a cushion to match, cut two pieces of cretonne, six inches longer and wider than the cushion, and scallop and buttonhole in the same way, the scallops in the under piece being cut so that they will alternate with the upper, and the under piece put on the cushion wrong side out, so that the right side will show between the upper scallops. Lay the cushion on the under piece, and the upper piece over, and pin together close to the cushion all round. Then at intervals of one inch, make eyelet holes close to the cushion, and exactly opposite in upper and under pieces. Buttonhole these, and lace through them No. 3 satin ribbon, matching some color in the cretonne, and finish with a bow at each end. If desired, a full ruffle of lace may be inserted between the scallops. The bureau scarf and cushion can be cut from one and one quarter yards of cretonne, and there will still be a piece left for a photograph frame or a jewel box. This same idea can be worked out in a fancy weave white *piqué*, in which case make eyelets in the scarf also an inch above the scallops, and two inches apart, and draw the ribbon through, finishing with a dainty bow at each corner. This may be easily laundered.

The other bureau cover shown is made of three fine hemstitched and embroidered linen handkerchiefs joined together with the Valenciennes lace insertion, which also borders the outer edge. A frill of two and a half inch "Val." edging all round finishes this dainty cover.

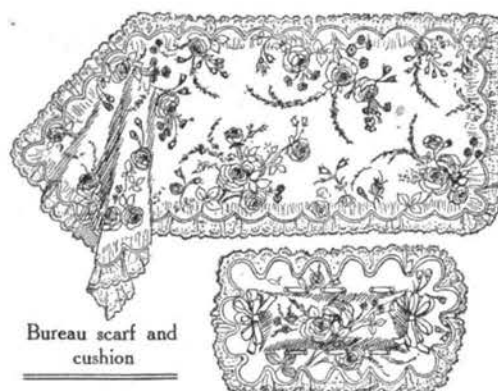
The cushion to match this is covered with a similar handkerchief, two edges of which are joined with the lace insertion for the top. Around the cushion is a full ruffle of hemstitched handkerchief linen, about three inches wide, and over this a ruffle

of Valenciennes lace edging, the same width. Rosettes of satin baby ribbon at the corners, and at intervals on the sides, match the cushion in color, the same color being used under the scarf. This makes an exceedingly dainty and "dressy" bureau furnishing, and a jewel case and a *mouchoir* box may be made to match.

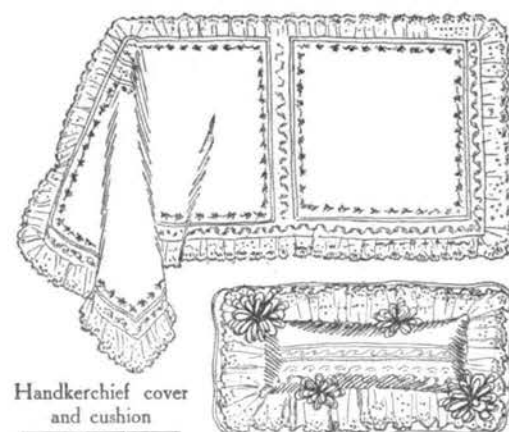
A cunning device for a small pincushion is a dolly with wings. Remove the legs from a small doll having a muslin body, and *bisque* head and arms. Make a low-necked waist of India silk, gathered with a tiny heading at the top and into a very long waist at the bottom. A frill of lace under the heading round the neck falls over the waist and the large puff elbow sleeves. The wings are about five inches square, and can be made of rows of insertion, with edging at the top. One side is wired with a soft, fine wire, and the other side plaited in close to the wire. Fasten the plaited ends at the waist in the back, and tack loosely to the shoulders. Then cut a circle of stiff cardboard, five inches in diameter. Fasten the body of the doll to the center of the cardboard. Around the doll, on the cardboard, lay a soft roll of cotton wadding, wide enough to extend from the doll out about two inches beyond the board all round. Cut a circle of India silk fifteen inches in diameter; also, a circle the same size of cotton wadding. Lay the circle of cotton upon the India silk, and, first having turned in the edge, and shirred the silk with a quarter inch heading, draw it up closely about the doll, covering the edges of the long waist, keeping the waist line as far down as possible. The cherub is now ready to offer large-headed black and white pins, and small

safety pins, which she carries in her balloon-like skirts. Another present-hour fancy is a small *bisque* jointed doll (about six inches in size), dressed in very full and fluffy lace and ribbon trimmed organdie skirts, and a surplice waist held in place by a ribbon. A cap adorns the head, and dolly holds a lace and ribbon trimmed pincushion, about two by two and a half inches in size, in which are stuck large-headed pins in bright colors. This dolly has very long flaxen hair, and she is fastened in a sitting posture.

To return to our cretonne novelties: the scrapbasket shown in the illustration requires four pieces of heavy cardboard for the sides, cut in the shape indicated, and thirteen inches high, nine and a half inches wide at the top, and seven inches wide at the bottom. Cover outside with the cretonne and inside with plain satine or heavy green paper. The neatest and easiest way is to cut the cretonne one half inch wider than the board, and paste the edges neatly over with a white liquid glue, or photographers' paste. Cut the heavy paper for the inside the exact size and paste that in also. Punch three



Bureau scarf and cushion



Handkerchief cover and cushion



small holes in each side of each piece, directly opposite each other, and tie the sides together with No. 3 satin ribbon bows. The bottom is cut a little larger than the bottom of the basket, covered with the heavy paper on both sides, and pushed firmly down into place from the top.

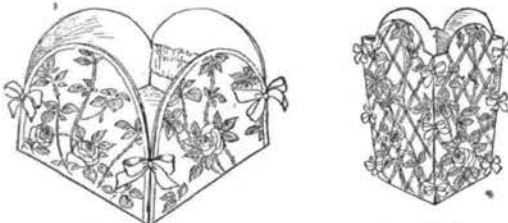
The workbasket shown is intended to rest upon the floor, and to contain all one's work and utensils. It can be easily carried to the piazza, or another room, keeping the work together, and conveniently at hand. It is also made of cretonne. Cut a piece of heavy cardboard twenty inches square, and cover both sides with green satine. The four sides are almost semicircular in shape, the curve, however, beginning ten inches from the bottom; and each side is eighteen inches high in the middle. Cover these on the outside with a pretty



Dolly pincushions

flowered cretonne, and inside, with the green satine, "overcasting" the edges neatly together. Punch small holes in the sides at the beginning of the curve, and tie together with ribbon bows. On the inside of two of the sides, about four inches from the bottom, sew pockets of the satine across the entire width, gathered at the bottom, and about an inch from the top, to leave a heading. These pockets are about six inches deep when finished, and are convenient for holding the small things. Finish the outside edges with galloon.

A practical and convenient ironing-board cover is made as follows: hem the ends of a piece of heavy, single width, unbleached muslin that is the length of your board. Fold the selvages over eight inches, and then back four inches, thus making a double fold, four



Workbasket

Scrapbasket

inches wide. In this, about one inch from the edge, and four inches apart, work eyelet holes, the two at the end being two inches apart. This is laced onto the board with round, white corset laces.

The pretty summer *matinée* shown in the illustration is made of six, large, flowered cotton handkerchiefs, having a pink rose design. Lay four of the handkerchiefs together, so as to form a square; turn back the corners in the center, upon the right side of the handkerchiefs, the width of the hem, and fasten upon the under side. Then "overcast" the edges of the handkerchiefs together, leaving one side open for the front. On each side of this opening "overcast" another handkerchief, having first turned its upper corner back to



A "matinée" of flowered handkerchiefs

match the others, thus forming a circle for the neck. These last two handkerchiefs are arranged to fall in a jabot on either side of the front, and are held in place by a long stitch, catching the folds loosely together about halfway down. Under the turned-over corner, on each side of the front, fasten two long ends, and a long loop of No. 3 satin taffeta ribbon, matching the border of the handkerchiefs in color, and using one yard for each side. Put a tiny hook and loop at the top to fasten together. Throw the *matinée* over the shoulders, or a waist form, and arrange the fullness in the back in a double box-plait, very wide and deep at the bottom, and tapering to nothing in the folds at the top, and much narrower in the plait. These handkerchiefs cost but nine cents each, and the ribbon is eight cents a yard, but the *matinée* is prettier than many another which costs much more.

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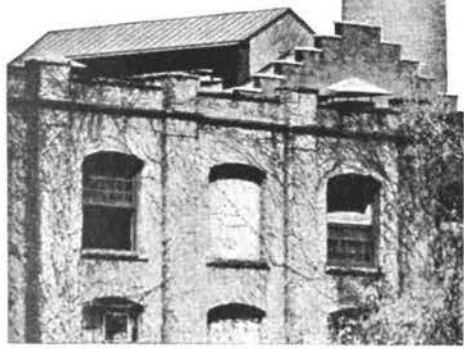
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# Unfledged Housewives

Illustrated by  
HY LEONARD

By ELSPETH MACDONALD



Shy on Smelts

"GREAT SCOTT, what do you call these?" asked Dan Foss. He was gazing curiously at an elaborately garnished platter, which held two tiny fish.

"You wanted smelts. I did n't know how big they were. I never heard of smelts in the West. You know I got two mackerel last week, and they made a nice little meal, so I thought two smelts would be enough. Our fish man's been so sarcastic since that day I phoned for a halibut and he explained a halibut was too large for two people—it occasionally weighed 100 pounds. To-day he began to be funny about the two smelts. I got freezingly dignified and hung up the receiver. The boy had gone before I looked at them—I knew right away, Dan, I'd made a miserable blunder, only I boiled eggs you see, to make out a meal."

"All right, little woman," laughed Dan. "They're a nice appetizer. Only, next time order twenty anyway; fifteen's about my limit on smelts."

### A Razor-back Hog

HELEN's smelts brought back to memory an experience I had years ago when I began housekeeping. My husband came home from a Southern business trip talking Virginia ham till I grew weary. He wanted Virginia ham for breakfast, dinner, and supper. In our Northern city, Virginia ham was not to be got for love or money.

"I know," said my husband. "I'll send to a Norfolk house for one."

I came home one afternoon from a matinée. My better half led me triumphantly into the dining room. On the table, reposing on a sheet of burlap, lay two of the queerest objects I ever beheld.

"I sent for two hams," he explained. "Two of a good thing are always better than one. Besides, it will save expressage, for we would be sure to send for a second. They will last all winter. Their keeping qualities are said to be great."

His trophies looked like mummies of hams. They were queerly shaped, with unclad shanks half a yard long. What meat they boasted seemed to congregate on one side of strange, flat bones.

"What do you suppose they were packed in?" I asked.

"Corn meal, I guess," said the man of the house, digging off with his knife a strange coating that hid anything you might have classified as meat.

"It looks to me like—ashes," I suggested, a little dubiously.

"Nonsense, it's corn meal. They have so much corn meal down South they use it for everything."

Then we discussed the cooking of a ham.

"They serve it baked and hot," explained my husband, "then cold, and there is nothing finer on earth."

I consulted every cook book I could find, and followed directions as far as our income would allow. The ham was soaked for forty-eight hours, and still—it looked like a mummy. A real Southern recipe directed that it be boiled in champagne, but as the washboiler was the only vessel in the house that would hold it, shank and all, we compromised on cider. Even that cost a dollar. It cooked for five hours, for it weighed fifteen

pounds, and directions ordered twenty minutes to the pound. The cook book assured us the skin could now be easily removed, but there was no knife in our house sharp enough to remove it. Doubtfully, I consigned it, unskinned, to the oven for three hours, basting it with sherry and piercing it—where one could get through the hide—with cloves. It emerged from the oven hard and black, a most formidable looking dish. Our carving knife had been sharpened till it had a razor-like edge but the Virginia ham resisted obstinately against being cut. We did tear off leathery splinters and whetted our teeth on them, but it was strenuous exercise. I gave it up. So did the hired girl. She and I dined off the remains of some canned tongue.

My husband continued his siege on the Virginia ham for five days. Then he suggested a steak. He said he would begin on the ham later. He could not for the life of him understand why we did not like it. I suggested humbly that Virginia ham must be a taste you had to be educated up to.

One day I showed the ham to our butcher and asked his advice about cooking it.

"You've got me," he acknowledged. "I never in my life saw a shoulder like that but once."

"The city butchers had a great barbecue once at Winfield's Grove," he continued. "The feature of the afternoon was a razor-back hog. They greased its tail, and anybody who caught it was to have a twenty-dollar gold piece. Forty of the best runners in the crowd lined up. When they let the hog loose we started after him. It was not a greased tail we tried to catch; it was greased lightning. Before we could cry 'Whoa,' the razor-back hog was out of the grove, had cleared the fence, was swimming the river, and running lickety-split up the hills. Where he pulled up nobody ever knew. I guess he did n't stop till he got back down South, but he had legs just like that," and he pointed to our highly-prized Virginia ham. "I'd say cooking it was a waste of time and fuel. A razor-back's such an athlete, there's more sinew on him than meat."

### The Wrathful Hunter

ONE DAY, when I jumped off the car, I saw my neighbor, Lydia, the most unsophisticated of young housewives, digging in her back yard. She seemed to be officiating at a funeral. Something done up in newspaper lay beside her.

"Oh, dear," she cried, when she saw me, "I don't believe I can ever dig a big enough hole for it."

"What is 'it'?"

"Something horrible," she cried with a shudder. "It's a nasty piece of venison."

"Venison!" I repeated. "My dear, venison's worth forty cents a pound."

She pulled at a refractory sod stubbornly. "I don't care if it's worth two dollars a pound. I never want to see venison again. Fred's up in the north woods, you know, with a lot of his hunting friends. Yesterday this came," she prodded the newspaper bundle with her spade. "The expressman brought it. It was marked 'Rush. Perishable.' The man said though they'd rushed it, he guessed it had perished—by the smell. I opened it—oh I thought I would faint. Besides, it was so horrible—and—gory. I carried it outdoors and nailed down the lid. Then came a special delivery from Fred. He is bringing two friends here



"It was greased lightning"

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this evening. He wants the venison cooked. I fixed soup and dessert, cakes and vegetables; then I opened the box and went at preparing the venison. It was worse than yesterday, but I washed it and larded it, as the cookbook ordered, and put it to roast. In half an hour the house was filled with the vilest odor. I took the thing out of the oven and sent a hurry-up order to the butcher for a leg of lamb. I don't care what Fred says. He'll be disappointed I guess, only—"

"Let me see it," I suggested. Then I opened the bundle. "My dear," I explained, "this is fine venison. It is n't spoiled: it's only high, just as hunters like it."

"High! They shan't eat it at my table."

She shoved the bundle into the hole, and presently there was a small mound on the green lawn.

When she came over to see me next morning, her eyes were suspiciously red. "Men are brutes," she explained with a sob. "I have a great mind to leave Fred and go home to mother. Why, you have n't any idea how he behaved when I brought in the lovely, wholesome, brown leg of lamb instead of that—carrion!"

### The Vase of a Thousand Heads

"RUFUS, dear, do you suppose," sobbed the little wife, while she watched a burly expressman carry off their best bureau, "we'll ever have a home again?"

"The Lord knows," replied her husband, solemnly, "only—I've made up my mind about one thing—if we do—it won't be furnished on the installment plan."

"We have nothing left to begin on again—except—my desk chair, the music cabinet, silver and glass and dishes and pictures and—Aunt Belinda's vase of the thousand heads."

"Yes, darn Aunt Belinda's vase of a thousand heads!" cried the young man hotly.

Rufus stole a vicious glance at the vase of a thousand heads, while he knelt to pack a tray of dishes. He was thinking of the preparations for the wedding of a year ago, when he and Dolly had gone hunting a tiny apartment in a quiet neighborhood and choosing modest furniture



"The thousand faces queried, 'How?'"

for it. They had almost decided on their household goods, when a multitude of wedding gifts began to arrive. They were a very young couple—and a very popular couple, with hosts of friends in church and club circles and in the business houses where they worked, as well as among a throng of relatives. Rufus had one relative, who was aggressively rich. He was hoping his Aunt Belinda would send him a check—it would mean so many cozy additions to the modest little home. Instead—one day came the Chinese vase—the vase of a thousand heads. Aunt Belinda had purchased it of her favorite curio dealer. It cost seven hundred dollars, she assured them solemnly.

"Dolly," said the bridegroom, slowly, "it's fit for nothing but a museum or a Vanderbilt mansion. How on earth can we get it into that telescope of a flat?"

The little bride laughed hysterically. "Just think—how it will look with burlap portières, muslin curtains, a nine dollar Kashmir rug, and our cheap furniture!"

The thousand faces queried "How?" at them day and night, till in desperation they rented a larger flat in a better neighborhood—and the bridegroom's modest savings went to an installment dealer for more sumptuous furnishings. They had figured it out very carefully. "I'm such a frugal cook," said Dolly, solemnly, "we can live on almost nothing. Then—it will be years before I need any more clothes." It had seemed easy enough, but there came months when the moderate salary would not meet the bills. Then came the crisis—a wrathful landlord and a relentless installment man.

"We simply can't give houseroom in one small chamber to this hoodoo of a vase," said Rufus, deliberately, when the apartment stood denuded. "I'll send it back to Aunt Belinda and ask her to store it for us. Dust it out, won't you, Dolly." When she dusted, she found a message pasted inside the Chinese vase. "Build up a modest home under the gaze of these thousand faces," she read; "then I will take a real interest in your future. If you try to live up to its splendor, I wash my hands of you and your affairs.—Aunt Belinda."

"Shall we return it, Rufus dear?" asked Dolly.

"I guess we'd better not," Rufus's tones were vengeful. "Let's save it to hold Aunt Belinda's ashes."



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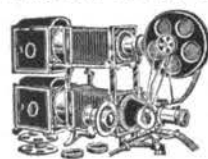
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# PIN MONEY PAPERS

EVERY HOUSEWIFE should write to the Agricultural Department in Washington for the Farmer's Bulletin, No. 256. "The Preparation of Vegetables for the Table." It costs you nothing. From it you learn the very best way—and there are a hundred ways—for cooking everyday vegetables. Soups, salads, and sauces are included among the array of recipes given by an expert. It also tells, in the simplest language, something of the properties of vegetables, their classification, and the general principles underlying the cookery of all vegetables.—MARION OWEN.

THE BEST LAMP CHIMNEY CLEANER I have ever seen was made by a hired girl I had. She tacked, to one end of a stick, a sponge just large enough, when wet, to fill the chimney. This, after being dipped in hot suds, was swabbed around inside the glass, which was then rinsed in hot water and polished with a bit of clean linen.—ESTELLE R.

AN AFTERNOON TEA I recently attended was given by a number of actresses. At a prettily decorated table, where cups of tea were being poured, I had my choice of all sorts of accompaniments, from the old style cream pitcher to what was new to me—cunning little kernels of rock candy and a Maraschino cherry, which lent an odd but pleasant flavor to the hot beverage.—ANNE ENGLISH.

A UNIQUE CAKE SOCIAL was given last month by our church. Into each cake was stuck a toothpick, on which had been skewered the recipe from which it was made.—ANNIE L. GRAHAM.

AN UNUSUALLY PRETTY SPREAD was on the spare-chamber bed of a house in which I recently visited. My hostess had made it from an odd pair of Arabian net curtains, picked up at a bargain sale for \$2. She joined them down the center with a row of insertion that matched the sides and tucked it over a slip of soft, tan-colored sateen almost the hue of the net, for the odd but restful coloring of this chamber was in browns, yellows, and tan.—MRS. RALPH ELLIS.

WIRE SCREENS ARE USEFUL IN THE NURSERY. "Don't you take out your wire screens in the winter?" I asked of a mother who took me to her nursery one day. "No, they are left in this room all the year round," she said. "In the summer, when windows are open, there is no danger of the children falling out, and when they have to be shut, as the cold weather begins, the screens protect the glass from being broken, for balls and all sorts of playthings are apt to be tossed against it."—J. R. T.

A DELICATE THICKENING for soups is obtained by the use of pearl tapioca. Till I had a girl work for me who had cooked in a hotel, I never knew how the clear soups served in a hotel are thickened in the transparent, delicate way that does not hint of cornstarch or even arrowroot. Boil the tapioca till clear, then strain the liquid from it into the soup.—JESSIE COOGAN.

GUM TISSUE WILL QUICKLY MEND three-cornered rents in little pants, and thin places in the elbows of little frocks may be strengthened with it. Every mother should know the value of this tissue, which means the neatest sort of a mend without any darning and with little or no work. In other ways, however, it is invaluable to the home dressmaker; for instance, when I face a jacket, I put a strip of the tissue between the cloth and the facing, then press it with a hot iron. It gives a tailored finish to a double-breasted front, without a stitch to hold it in place.—A. W. M.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

I regret to inform the many readers who have contributed so willingly to Pin Money Papers, that the list of acceptable material is so large it is impossible to ask you to send any more just at present. Since starting this department, I have received some 19,000 letters. If the majority of them did not contain really valuable ideas, the call for more might have been continued, but I have so many that can be published I really must call a halt for a while. However, if any SUCCESS MAGAZINE reader has a good hint or suggestion which she feels cannot be set aside, I beg her to send it, but in no case will manuscripts hereafter be returned. If the item is acceptable, it will be paid for at the rate of one cent a word.

ISABEL GORDON CURTIS



BEFORE WE BEGIN HOUSE CLEANING I make three or four broom bags from strong, new cotton flannel. I cut a pattern from the straw part of the broom, and make the bag accordingly, stitching it up the sides so that the narrow end slips down and fits on tightly about the handle, two draw strings pulling it taut. There is another pair of draw strings at the wide end, and the bag fits over quite snugly. This bagged broom I use on our floors, which are all either waxed or varnished. I like this better than a string mop for it removes dust from a floor thoroughly and quickly, leaving it with a bright polish. After using, the broom bags are taken off and washed.—MRS. H. S. C.

A SHOE LACE KNOT THAT WON'T UNTIE is possible. One day, during a walk down-town I stopped once in every second block to tie my little daughter's shoe laces. Double knots seemed to fly loose as quickly as single ones. "Let me show you how to make a knot that won't untie," said a friend, who had overtaken us. Then she demonstrated on the unruly shoe lace. She simply tied a bow, like an ordinary bow knot, but whipped one loop in underneath the bow and the first knot. It was pulled tightly together, and that bow staid tied till bedtime—when the shoes came off.—MABEL S. S.

THE LABOR OF SEWING AND WASHING for my little girls is reduced just half by the following plan: I buy sufficient dark cambray or linen of one shade for two pairs of bloomers, one skirt, and one dress, and enough striped, plaid, or dotted material, of which the predominating color is the same shade as the plain material, for another dress. All are made at once, so the various parts of one suit will not become different shades from washing. One skirt suffices for two suits, as it does not become soiled so quickly as the other garments.

YOU WILL BE SURPRISED at the possibilities of an old lingerie waist, until you set your wits to work. Sometimes all that is needed to transform it are new cuffs and a new collar, or it may be cut out where the neck has been worn by collar pins, and given a fresh touch by cutting down to a round neck or a pretty, little, Dutch square neck. A sleeve, worn at the elbow, can be shortened into a puff or elbow length. Even when thin under the arms, if freshened at the neck and cuffs, the waist can be worn under a jumper and look like new. Waists which are a trifle shabby, I convert into slips and corset covers. Where embroidered fronts are torn or worn, they can be neatly darned, then the defects never show under a plain waist of organdie, lawn, or china silk.—J. B. P.

I KEEP A CAN OF PLASTER OF PARIS in a pantry drawer. If an umbrella handle becomes loose and slips off, I put a tablespoonful of the plaster in a saucer, add enough water to make a fairly thick paste, fill the detached part with the paste, slip it back in position, and in a few moments it is quite firm.—MRS. W. M. CAMERON.

I MAKE PUZZLES for little friends of mine by mounting a colored picture on pasteboard, then cutting it into irregular pieces. Putting the pieces together again keeps children quiet for an hour at a time.—M. E. H.

APROPOS OF PICNICS, unless the quantity is small do not pack everything in one basket, divide it into several boxes—sandwiches, olives, etc., in one, eggs and fruit, in another, small cakes, sweets, etc., in another, and so on. In this way, the edibles will be in less danger of coming forth crushed and the



burden of carrying will be distributed among many. The boxes when empty may be discarded and the bugbear of "lugging home a basket" thus done away with.—HELEN.

WHEN YOU ARE GIVING a children's party take three sticks of colored stick candy, tie them together with narrow ribbon so that they will stand, and place at intervals all around the table. The youngsters will admire this decoration—then eat it.—J. ESTELLE STEWART.

WHEN MY SECOND BABY came the first was only thirteen months old and the toilet basket was so fascinating for her that I had a troublous time giving the new baby her bath. So I put away the basket and made a bag similar to my embroidery bag. The material was folded in half, two rows of stitching made the frill and drawstring at the doubled edge. I put a number of pockets on the lining. These held soap box, comb and brush, toothpicks, etc. After the pockets were on I sewed it up at the side and stitched the lower edge securely to a circular piece of pasteboard, which had, of course, been covered with the same material outside and inside to hide the seam. It has many advantages over the old basket, and may be made quite as pretty. It can be drawn up tight to keep out the dust, and can be carried from one room to another even with the baby and other things on one's arms. It can be hung up where it may be ornamental and yet not occupy space needed for other things.—A MINISTER'S WIFE.

IF YOU HAVE N'T ENOUGH ROOM in your chamber for a child's bed, a Morris chair makes a splendid substitute, and can be put to its own use throughout the day. Lay the back down flat with something under the end for a support. With blankets and pillows baby will be comfortable and will not roll off.—MRS. G. T. HENDERSON.

RIBBED COTTON UNDERWEAR make good wash cloths. Cut the size wanted and crochet around the edge with white cotton, using the shell-stitch pattern; one row around the edge is sufficient.—MRS. J. H. WHALES.

WHEN CLEANING ANYTHING WITH GASOLINE, heat it first by setting the vessel containing it into boiling water. Heated gasoline does the work much more thoroughly than cold, besides it does not chill the hands. It is needless to say, don't have the boiling water sitting on the stove when you use the gasoline.—MRS. C.

IF THERE IS AN INVALID in the family who must be fanned, have your "handy man" make wooden handles for several large palm leaf fans. These handles should be longer than the stem handles, nicely polished and nearly as large as a broom handle. The center of the stick is hollowed, then the stem of the fan is inserted and fastened firmly with glue. These handles may be made at home by using the hollow end of a window shade roller. The wooden handle, on account of its size, does not cramp the hand as does the small stem.—E. M.

BLACK KID GLOVES generally wear out at the finger tips and assume a rusty tint which is anything but pleasant, although other parts of the glove may be perfectly good. Take black ink, mix with olive oil, and apply to the finger tips. Leave to dry, and the gloves will then be very much improved in appearance.—E. AUGUSTA LEHNERT.

I HAD A FADED WOOL INGRAIN CARPET that had once been pink and green, but had grown white and green after being used a while. When I had my room papered in red, I found it would not do at all, so I purchased four packages of cardinal dye, dissolving it according to directions, keeping it hot. I took a basin of the dye and a scrub brush, and proceeded to scrub my carpet. When it dried I had a handsome red and green carpet, the green being dark did not take the cardinal dye.—MRS. J. H. WHALES.

IN EUROPE one rarely sees the short-handled dustpan we commonly use here. Each pan has a long wooden handle fitted into the tin pan, and the maid brushes up the dust without stooping. Another convenience is a fine wire basket for washing lettuce. Every peasant woman possesses one, and a common sight is a woman at a well with her basket of lettuce, which she shakes vigorously under the running water.—S. K. H.

IF YOU WOULD HAVE CANDLES burn without dripping or sputtering, salt the wicks before lighting them. This must be done carefully. Take a pinch of fine salt between the thumb and forefinger and rub it into the wick. If any grains fall on the candle wipe them off. If you have not tried this you will be amazed at the difference it makes in the even, clean burning of a candle.—S. K. H.

AN EXCELLENT WAY to admit fresh air to a bedroom in winter, when a window is near the bed, is to open it the desired height, then stretch a piece of cheese cloth over the opening and tack it fast. A still more convenient way is to put the cheese cloth on a small frame that will fit into this opening; it can then be removed at any time.—MRS. J. H. WHALES.

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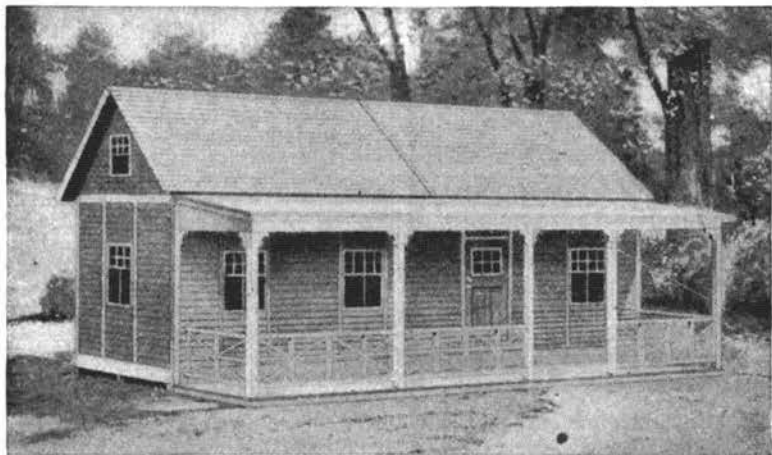
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Seasoned Bonds, which are a legal investment in New York (having the most stringent laws) and other States for Savings Banks, meet all requirements and are preferred by most Trustees.

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For nearly twenty years this Company has been paying 6% to thousands of conservative investors the country over—at the same time earning and accumulating Assets of \$9,446,095, including Capital and Surplus of \$1,519,518.

You owe it to your own financial interests to secure full information concerning A-R-E Six Per Cent Gold Bonds and the security on which they are based—the ownership of selected New York real estate. These Bonds are issued in two forms:

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# Hints to Investors

**T**HE New York Stock Exchange is, without question, the most important market in this country for the purchase and sale of stocks and bonds. It might also properly be termed the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Within its walls billions of dollars' worth of securities are traded in during the course of a year, including the bonds of many governments.

The membership of the New York Stock Exchange is now limited to eleven hundred, each seat worth between \$75,000 and \$80,000, representing a capitalization, so to speak, for the entire membership of about \$85,000,000.

In the event of a vacancy occurring by reason of death or resignation, the consent of the Governing Committee must be obtained before a membership can be transferred. Therefore, even after a membership has been negotiated, the applicant is not certain of his election to the Exchange until the Governing Committee gives its approval. The explanation of this is that every precaution is exercised to exclude undesirable members.

Before the company or corporation can secure the listing of its securities upon the New York Stock Exchange, it must recite in its application a complete description of the property, the nature of its business, a statement of earnings, the names of its directors and officials, and numerous other details. It is then discretionary with the Governing Committee as to whether or not the securities may be dealt in upon the Exchange. Even after the securities are listed, the Governing Committee has the power to remove them at its discretion. The object is, at all times and under all circumstances, to afford the fullest protection to institutions and individuals buying or selling listed securities through a member of the Stock Exchange. The commission rate charged by members is one-eighth of one per cent. for each transaction, based upon the par value of the securities.

Practically all of the reputable investment banking houses of such cities as New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia are members of the New York Stock Exchange. At the same time, there are perfectly reliable and reputable firms without membership. There are also stock exchanges in such cities as Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago (Chicago Board of Trade), St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, Louisville, Montreal, etc., although, in the majority of cases, these exchanges are more or less local in their character.

When an investor buys listed bonds, frequently bought and sold upon the New York Stock Exchange, he can always feel assured of an immediate market should he ever desire to convert his investment into cash. Further than this, listed bonds of investment merit are always good collateral, and a banking institution or investment house will not hesitate to loan holders of such bonds up to within ten per cent. or twenty per cent. of the prices at which they may be selling upon the New York Stock Exchange. This would be done by almost every bank located in any section of this country.

### Borrowing Money On Bonds

We know of a case where an investor bought through his in-

vestment bankers a \$1,000 four per cent. bond at 90; meaning that the bond cost \$900, plus the commission charge of \$1.25. Some few months afterwards he called at the office of the investment house and stated that he would have to sell his bond, as he was in immediate need of some five or six hundred dollars. He went on to explain that he would want the money only for a short time, and expressed regret that he should have to dispose of his investment.

"But, you don't have to sell the bond," replied the banker. "The New York Stock Exchange quotation is 92, which means that your bond can be sold for \$920. We will be very glad to let you have your six hundred dollars, if you will leave your bond with us as collateral for the loan. We will charge you the current rates of interest for the amount which we lend you, and you can cancel the loan at your convenience. Further than this, as the coupons attached to your bond become payable, we will have them cashed and credited to your account."

This was a business proposition, pure and simple, upon the part of the investment house, and not in any sense an exceptional case.

### Investment Profits Without Speculation

There are any number of four per cent. bonds selling upon the New York Stock Exchange to-day at prices ranging between 80 and 95. If an investor buys one of these four per cent. bonds at, say, 90, or \$901.25, including the commission, he gets his interest through the cashing of the coupons attached to the bond. The interest is based upon \$1,000, the face value, and not upon the cost of the bond. If the coupons are payable semiannually, as is usually the case, the investor gets \$20 every six months, or \$40 a year. When the bond matures, or, in other words, when the principal becomes payable, the investor gets \$1,000 in cash for a bond which cost him only \$901.25, representing a profit of \$98.75 upon his investment. This is not a speculation in any sense, but an absolute investment proposition.

Now, stocks differ from bonds in that they merely represent ownership, whereas bonds are a direct obligation. Ordinarily, stocks are based upon perpetuity, that is, unlike bonds, there is no fixed date for their retirement. The par value is usually \$100 per share, and quotations upon the New York Stock Exchange are so based. Thus, if a stock is selling at 90, or \$90 per share, it is ten per cent. below its par value; if at 110, or \$110 per share, it is ten per cent. above its par value.

In many cases there are two classes of stocks, preferred and common; in some few cases three classes, first and second preferred, and common. When there is one class only, it is known as common stock. When bonds are issued by a company or corporation, the interest upon them must be paid; this is obligatory. Otherwise, a receivership would result, excepting as related to income bonds. When bonds are outstanding against a property, stockholders can receive dividends only after the interest upon the bonds is paid, and the question of the declaration of a dividend is even then a matter of discretion with the directors.

### Notice to Investors

We are always ready to advise our readers as intelligently as we can upon the question of wise investment of their earnings, and we invite inquiries of this character. Upon all general questions of investment which do not involve investigation by us of specific properties or securities, we shall make no charge, and will give to these inquiries as much care and conscientious thought as possible. For information and advice upon specific properties, however, where we may have to ascertain through more or less expensive channels the facts upon which to base our counsel, we are forced to make a uniform charge of \$1.00 for each separate security, which must be remitted, in every case, with the inquiry. If we cannot secure this information and render an opinion which in our judgment is of real value, we will return with our letter the \$1.00 remitted. Inquirers should state the name and business address of firms offering securities for sale, the name and location of property, and—when possible—the State in which the property is incorporated, with all other available particulars. Letterheads or circulars of the concern in question should be inclosed when possible, and will be returned, on request, if accompanied by return postage. Delay in answering inquiries will occur when securities inquired about are not well known in local financial circles. We will, in such cases, make investigation through the mails and report to the inquirer as soon as possible. Address all communications: Investors' Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City.



## 5% to 6%

Some of the most influential magazines in this country are informing their readers, editorially, upon the subject of investments. Reputable investment bankers are in harmony and sympathy with this movement, regarding it as a most valuable and timely educational service.

One of the important results of this movement will doubtless be an intelligent understanding by the average individual concerning those factors which are essential to sound and substantial investments.

This is just what the best investment bankers have long desired, believing that there is no surer way to build up a conservative investment business than by welcoming the most careful scrutiny of security offerings by the investing public.

It is difficult to understand how the effect of this movement can be other than wholesome and reassuring to every person having surplus funds for investment.

Sound investments are based upon safety, fair income yield and a reasonably broad market, and we shall be glad to furnish copies of our Bond Circular No. 72, describing a carefully selected list of investments of this character.

### Spencer Trask & Co.

William and Pine Sts., New York.

Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

## Careful Investors 5%

Your funds safely invested, with risks eliminated, upon best class of New York and Suburban Real Estate and earning 5% yearly. Our business, established 15 years, conducted under supervision of New York Banking Department. Your money always subject to your control—available when desired and earnings reckoned for each day. Our business appeals to thoughtful investors who desire their Savings placed where they will be free from speculation. Assets \$1,750,000.



Write for particulars.

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NO matter where you live in the United States, we will build or buy you a home, and you can pay for it in monthly payments which will average about the same as you now pay for rent.

Our plan is original and thoroughly established and will appeal to every rent payer. Since it has been in operation it has proved a splendid success.

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## Rights of Stockholders

If there are two classes of stocks, that is, preferred and common, the preferred stockholders receive dividends before the common stockholders. Usually, however, preferred stocks are limited as to dividends to a specified rate, ranging from four per cent. to seven per cent., as the case may be. After the preferred stock has received its full dividend in any one year, the common stock is entitled to the balance of the earnings, if the directors deem it wise to authorize any distribution. In some cases, after the preferred stockholders have received, say, seven per cent., and the common stockholders the same rate, both classes of stock share equally in any further distribution of dividends. All of these factors have an important bearing upon the prices at which stocks sell.

In the majority of instances, preferred stocks are preferred as to assets; that is, in the event of liquidation, or a winding up of the business of the issuing company, the holders of the common stock would not have any claim upon any part of the assets until the holders of the preferred stock were provided for. On the other hand, if any bonds were issued against the property, the bondholders would, of course, have a prior claim upon the assets over all stockholders, whether preferred or common.

★ ★

## Transactions Outside the Stock Exchange

There are any number of important bond issues which are not listed upon the New York Stock Exchange, and usually the dealings in bonds upon the Stock Exchange for any one day do not begin to compare in volume with outside transactions. Included in unlisted bonds are those of many railroads, States, and municipalities, public utility corporations, coal companies, etc., ranging all the way from, say, \$500,000 to \$10,000,000 issues, and aggregating many hundreds of millions of dollars. Many investors prefer bonds of this character; for one reason, because they are not influenced to the same extent by untoward market conditions as are bonds listed upon the Stock Exchange. Usually, such bonds are bought chiefly by investors who want the largest possible income compatible with safety, and to whom a New York Stock Exchange market is not of prime importance. The better class of such bonds are well known among the large investment house of the more important cities, and are frequently traded in, having, therefore, as broad a market as is necessary for the average individual. On the other hand, many bond issues are underwritten by investment bankers and sold almost exclusively to clients with whom they have transacted business for years, and who are guided in their investments almost solely by their investment bankers. On account of the fact that there is a limited market for such bonds, investors should buy them only through firms of the highest standing and integrity. When such precautions are taken, it is possible to make excellent investments, yielding a much larger income, and of greater intrinsic security value, than bonds of active market.

The chief distinction as between listed and unlisted bonds is this: When an investment house receives a voluntary order from a client for the purchase of a bond listed upon the New York Stock Exchange, the only obligation of the firm is the prompt and careful execution of the order. On the other hand, when a reputable investment house sells to clients a bond issue which it has underwritten, it is with the knowledge that its clients conclude, as a matter of course, that the financial strength of the issuing company and the intrinsic value of the investment have stood the rigid investigation made by the firm and its experts. A reputable firm of investment bankers feels this obligation at all times, and if its business were transacted along lines foreign to these, it would degenerate into what is commonly known among the best class of firms as a "one sale house," making such unreasonably large profits on the initial transaction that buyers would have, perhaps, about one chance in a thousand of selling the bonds at better prices than from ten per cent. to twenty per cent. of the cost. While in many cases innocently done, this is the danger that practically every investor is confronted with when buying bonds or stocks sold directly to the public by the issuing companies.

For instance, some little time since a man called at the office of a firm of well-known investment bankers and explained that he desired to sell five \$1,000 bonds. "I have urgent demands for money," he said, "and I would like to have you sell these bonds for me."

It developed that the bonds were a part of a \$100,000 first mortgage five per cent. issue, secured upon a comparatively small electric lighting property located in a Middle-Western town. After the investment house had been unsuccessful in finding a market for the bonds through the customary channels, the man was advised to get in touch with the firm of bankers from whom he originally purchased them.

"But," the man replied, "they were purchased by me directly from the company, and no investment house figured in the transaction."

"If that is the case," the investment house informed him, "you have made an investment in what is termed 'an unmarketable security,' and about the only thing for you to do is to try and dispose of the bonds among some of your moneyed friends living in the town in which the company operates."

# The Safety of Well Selected Railroad Bonds

Official figures from the Interstate Commerce Commission Report afford convincing proof that the prevailing want of confidence in Railroad obligations is without foundation. Special analysis of standard railroads reveals the fact that *two-thirds of the present market value of the properties could be erased before the bonds least well secured would be impaired.*

In view of the recent unprecedented decline in railroad stocks this showing is truly remarkable. Special circular upon this point, combined with attractive offerings, upon application.

Write for Circular No. 104.

## Guaranty Trust Company

OF NEW YORK

28 Nassau Street, New York.

CHARTERED 1884

Capital.....\$2,000,000  
Surplus.....5,600,000

## \$500 BONDS

We have for sale  
several issues of

## Long Time Municipal Bonds

which are direct obligations of cities and school districts in growing sections of the country. We offer these bonds at prices to yield

4.25% to 4.50%

Send for Special Circular

## E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

21 Milk Street,  
BOSTON, MASS.



## A Man Who Works Hard For His Money

is entitled to receive the highest rate of interest that his savings can legitimately earn—

That is why we pay 5 per cent. interest instead of 3 or 4. The money earns 5 per cent. in absolutely sound investments—and the depositor is entitled to it.

This company has been in business 13 years. Its management is conservative and its investments are backed by improved real estate of more than double the value.

Write to-day for the booklet.

The Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.  
1042 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

6%

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT

A safe, convenient and profitable form of investment for persons who desire to be free from the anxiety and care connected with mortgages and other securities. 6% interest payable semi-annually. Please send for booklet "B".

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL \$100,000.00 BILLINGS MONT.



## FEELING WARM?

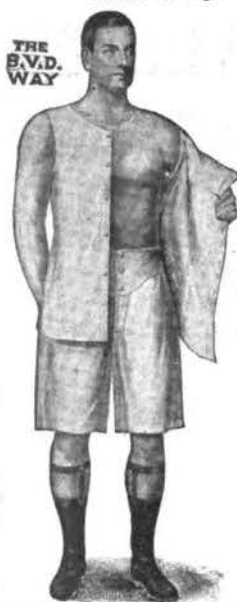
No doubt of it if you are wearing tight-fitting underwear.

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### Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers

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because they allow perfect freedom of motion and permit refreshing air to reach the pores.

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If you let your dealer sell you poorly made, scantily cut, ill-fitting imitations.

Insist upon seeing on every garment you purchase, the B. V. D. red woven label which consists of three white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background. It insures you a correctly cut, perfect fitting, well-made undergarment. Do not be deceived. Accept no "just as good."

LOOK FOR THE B. V. D. RED WOVEN LABEL. IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF VALUE.

If your dealer will not get B. V. D. Underwear for you, write us.

Illustrated seven-color booklet free upon request.

ERLANGER BROTHERS,  
Dept. "I," Worth and Church Sts.,  
New York City.



# The Well-Dressed Man

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

IT MAY seem a bit anomalous to discuss evening dress during summer, but the occasions on which it is required are by no means few. Urban practices have spread to even far outlying communities, and fast trains have razed many of the barriers between town and country. Travel, hotel life, and the growing freemasonry among men living widely apart and totally different in taste, training, and

temperament have a marked influence in unifying customs and usages. More Americans go abroad every year; more foreigners visit us; more men of every race and country are brought together in the practice of the social graces, with the result that fashion, in its broad sense, is becoming cosmopolitan, rather than insular. The well-dressed American is no longer looked at askance when he crosses the sea, nor is the well-dressed Frenchman or Englishman stared at here, as he used to be. Indeed, save in the details, all of us dress very much alike, and the rules of good form that obtain in New York, London, and Paris apply equally in St. Petersburg, Calcutta, and Tokio. The "bromide" remark—Mr. Gelett Burgess, I crave your generous judgment!—that "the world is a small place after all" is literally true as regards men's fashions in this age of "lightning" expresses, ocean "flyers" and wireless intercommunication, and it is notably true as regards evening dress.

Most men content themselves with one evening suit, and it serves them the year round. Those who can afford two suits will find it desirable to have that for summer made of a much softer, lighter material than the winter suit. It is cooler and more comfortable, "drapes" better and adjusts itself more readily to the figure. Heavy evening clothes on a sultry evening reduce the wearer to moist limpness and tax his temper to the snapping point. The coat should be broad of shoulder and snug of back and waist to lend an aspect of graceful distinction. The trousers, however, should be roomy, so that a man may lounge and dance at his ease. It is a mistake to have the evening coat fit loosely, for, as it cannot be worn buttoned, it stands out from the figure in ridges, and the wearer loses the military trimness that the well cut evening suit is supposed to impart. Here is another point worth noting. Most men have themselves measured for an evening suit while wearing day clothes and high shoes. When you wear low-heeled dancing pumps the trousers do not fit perfectly. For this reason, it is well either to have the trousers made a trifle shorter or to wear pumps with heels as high as those on the ordinary shoe worn on the street. Remember this next time.

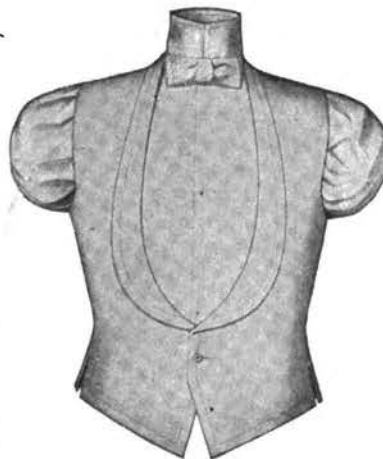
Much is said about the black braid down the outer seams of evening trousers, and there are those who regard it as a mere affectation. It is n't. The reason for the braid is twofold. First, it distinguishes the trousers which accompany formal dress from those which belong to the Tuxedo, and second, it carries out the military scheme upon which evening clothes are founded. The whole idea is to produce an erect bearing and assured poise, and braided trousers help in achieving the desired effect. The braid may consist of one broad stripe or two narrow ones, the broad being preferred. The long, peaked lapel on the evening coat is made so as to roll—it is never pressed flat. A good way to prevent the coat and shirt from crumpling or bulging is to wear suspenders between one's overshirt and undershirt. There are many excellent suspenders of the so-called "invisible" kind, which may be bought at

any haberdasher's, and that they serve their purpose well, I can affirm from personal knowledge. Still, a well-fitting shirt ought not to bulge, and if it does, it spoils the smooth fit of both coat and waistcoat. As the fashionable waistcoat is cut with deep bottom points, it is advisable to have "darts" at the sides. These are heavy lines of stitching, which extend diagonally upward toward the lower pockets, and help in making the bottom of the waistcoat lie close to the figure. Without "darts" the garment is prone to jut out when one bends, sits, or leans forward. The collar of the evening coat should not be cut too high as it hides too much of the white collar, nor too low, as it may yawn at the neck and show the collar button. The coat cuffs may be plain, welted, or folded back. On the evening trousers it is better to dispense with the back buckle. It is superfluous, and when the waistcoat also has a back buckle, the "lumping" around the waist is both unsightly and uncomfortable.



Gray Tuxedo tie

Everybody who lays claim to following the fashion wears a white waistcoat with evening dress. It has a crisp freshness about it that is soothing to the eye, and, besides, it relieves the monotony of too much black. So many novel waistcoats appear from month to month that it would be futile to attempt to describe all or even a few. A noteworthy design is pictured in the accompanying sketch. The front of the garment fastens with a single button, and it is pocketless. There are, of course, hidden inside buttons to keep the bosom from wrinkling. In order to give this waistcoat a form-fitting effect, it is hollowed in at the sides and made to arch decidedly over the hips. It has been a fad of young men latterly to wear this single-button waistcoat with a single-stud shirt, the button and stud being of the same color and stone—a pearl, or moonstone. Still, this and things like it cannot truthfully be called fashions, but are rather the personal preference of the wearer. The ordinary evening waistcoat is single-breasted, and has V-shaped lapels and three pearl buttons.



Single-button evening waistcoat

An admirable evening shirt for summer has a linen body, bosom, and cuffs, and silk sleeves. This makes the garment easier to slip on and cooler for dancing, when one is obliged to use the arms much. However, the ordinary white linen shirt with a plain or piqué bosom serves very well, and the cuffs are always attached. Embroidered bosoms, folded-back cuffs, and the like are fads, not fashions, and not to be recommended. Glossy linen is always in bad taste, and, therefore, the shirt should be ironed with a lusterless finish. It will be found that fabrics with a slightly coarse surface launder better than those which are smooth, and are less apt to get shiny. The number of studholes in the shirt front is a matter of individual choice. From one to three are used. An agreeable effect is produced by having three studholes show and having the three studs match the three waistcoat buttons. Plaited bosom shirts are not correct with ceremonious dress, but only with the Tuxedo. The wing collar may well be worn in summer. Many men find the straight standing shapes are too high for comfort, though they certainly look much more distinguished. If a wing collar be used, the white tie is adjusted in a large, wide bow. If a straight "stander" be worn, the tie is knotted with a narrow center and broad ends. This seemingly trivial question of collar and tie is of great importance in lending a becoming effect to the whole costume. Wing collars with huge, drooping tabs look ridiculous, and protruding "pokes" suggest a prop for nodding heads.



Gray Tuxedo waistcoat

The socks are of black silk or sheer lisle, plain or embroidered, with black or white silk clocks.



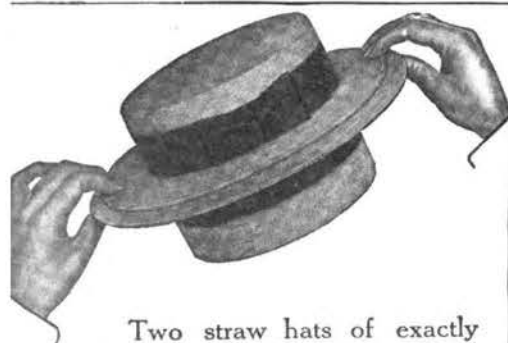
### HARTMOUTH 2 IN. PENNSY 2 1/4 IN. A Slightly Summer Collar

This new collar combines ease for negligee wear with style for more formal dress.

Corliss-Coon Collars are better

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. If not readily supplied, send to us, enclosing the price, 2 for 25c. Write for new style booklet to-day.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. D, Troy, N. Y.



Two straw hats of exactly the same head-size, but with a difference in height of crown and width of brim. Each one is a 1907

**KNOX  
HAT**

and hence in the latest fashion, but such little differences as these make it easy for you to secure just the hat that is most comfortable and becoming.





Patent-leather pumps with a flat ribbon over the instep, or the newer ribbon with a pinched-in center and wide ends, are correct. To be sure, high shoes with buttoned tops of kid or cloth are also proper. The handkerchief is of spotless linen with the wearer's monogram embroidered in white in the corner. The gloves are white buck for the street and white kid for indoors. One may carry a stick with evening dress, according to the London fashion. A very "smart" and expensive stick is made of black ebony with a simple gold cap. The high silk hat is the only head covering indorsed for ceremonious evening wear, summer or winter.

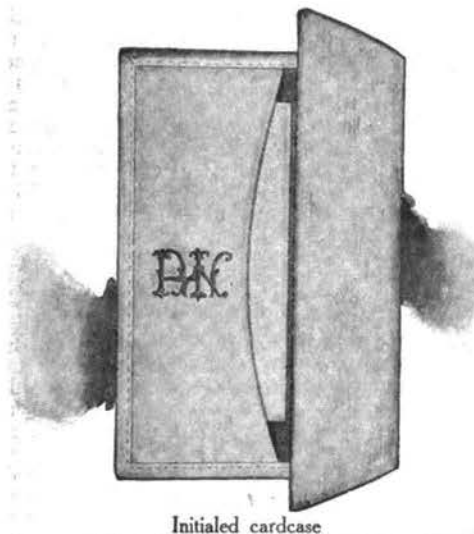
I have dwelt so much on the coolness and cleanliness of athletic underwear that there is little to add. Still, not every man has thought how admirably sleeveless shirts and "knicker" drawers are suitable to accompany evening dress in summer. The legs and arms are left free (an important thing if one dances), the wearer perspires much less, feels cooler, and his clothes fit him better.

## Questions About Dress

[Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired, writers' names will not be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than of personal interest.]

F. H. S.—The dress that you mention—double-breasted blue serge coat, white serge trousers, white or tan shoes, white flannel or Panama hat—is well chosen for summer, being cool and comfortable. Of course, we would not recommend it for town, but rather for country, shore, and field. White is the most soothing of all colors, and at such fashionable resorts as Aiken and Palm Beach it is the rule, instead of the exception. You might add to the appropriateness of your dress by wearing white socks of lisle or silk and a gray four-in-hand tie. Any of the straw hats of the so-called "planter's" shape are correct.

PHENIX.—We have sent you the names of several makers of mesh underwear. The higher-cost garments



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are linen and the lower-cost suits are cotton. Manufacturers of linen mesh claim that their underwear is firmer, while manufacturers of cotton mesh declare that theirs is softer. Both fabrics are founded on the same theory—ventilating the body by giving the air access to the skin. Your own experience must determine your choice. We cannot, as we have reiterated from time to time, express an opinion concerning the production of any manufacturer. This department is conducted as a guide to correct dress and for no other purpose. Whatever is a matter of personal preference, each reader must decide for himself. We will, if requested, give more extended advice by letter to such questions as can be answered only briefly and generally in these columns. Correspondents should inclose a stamped envelope and address their letters to "The Well-Dressed Man," care of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

CASWELL.—The rules governing mourning dress, to which you refer, are as follows: A black band on the jacket sleeve is in questionable taste. The practice originated among English servants, who were required to wear a black band on the sleeve after a death in the master's family. It is still confined to servants among persons of the best social position. The only evidence of mourning sanctioned by good breeding, besides a black suit, a black silk cravat, and black calfskin shoes, is the black ribbon on the hat. Russet shoes are never worn during mourning, nor is a colored derby. A straw hat, though, is entirely proper. Some men effect black shirt studs, black cuff links, and black-edged handkerchiefs, and the more ignorant among them even go to the length of wearing these with evening clothes. They are in very bad form for the evening and in doubtful form for the day. Some deference to the conventions in the matter of mourning is expected of a man, but one's sorrow may be shown without being paraded.



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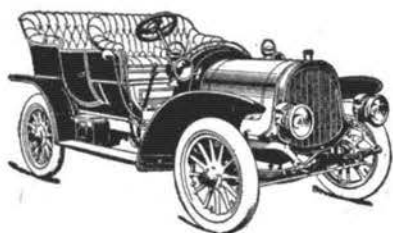
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# Sports and Recreation



Conducted by

HARRY PALMER



THE increased zeal and activity with which city and suburban policemen, to say nothing of the country constable, and his watch-holding confederates, welcomed the opening of the motor-car touring season, and the faithfulness with which they "seen their duty, and done it," has convinced motor car owners that the theory of safety in numbers does not apply to the automobilist, as against the record-seeking bicycle "cop" and mounted policeman, or the graft-hunting village magistrate or constable. The tremendous increase in the number of registered cars in all States seems only to have wetted the zeal of most of these badge-bearing gentlemen, and motor car owners have been hounded and annoyed this season as never before. During a recent discussion of these conditions in one of the influential motor clubs of New York, a prominent member said:

"The situation is fast becoming intolerable; so bad, indeed, that there is but little pleasure in owning and operating a motor car. Has it not come to a pretty pass when the owner of a licensed vehicle cannot venture forth for a ride over the country roads in his vicinity without first tucking two or three hundred dollar bills in his inside pocket, as offerings to the several police court magistrates before whom he is almost certain to be taken before he again reaches his home? In a majority of alleged infractions of speed limits, the question of guilt or innocence has nothing to do with the case. The bicycle "cop" who steps in front of your car, mounts your running board, and coolly orders you to drive to the nearest police station, or the country constable, who together with his "trappers" conveys you to a nearby stable or road house, in which the judge has temporarily established court, are not to be talked to for fear that additional charges of attempted bribery will be made. In either case the motorist is up against it. No argument that he can present does him any good, for nine times out of ten, the statement of the officer making the arrest will be accepted by the magistrate, and the defend-

ant must either deposit bail and appear for trial later on, or pay his fine without protest, lest he excite the ire of the honorable court, and be given the limit."

"How would it do," suggested a second member, "to abolish the speed limit farce, and simply hold motorists responsible for such accidents or unpleasant results as might develop through excessive speeding or reckless driving?"

"Every motorist would welcome the change, but the difficulty would be in getting such a measure through the legislature. Rhode Island adopted a 'no speed limit' law nearly a year ago, and it is the one Eastern State to-day in which a motor car can be operated without fear of grafting constables or glory-seeking bicycle police, while the number of arrests recorded have dwindled to almost nothing. The success of the Rhode Island law is due to the fact that it leaves the questions of speed and driving to the intelligence and common sense of the driver, and yet holds him strictly accountable for any untoward results that may occur, while at the same time it puts an end to all opportunity for police graft and police-court injustice from which motorists are suffering in every other State. In my opinion, the time is near at hand when motor-car owners will have to take an active interest in the politics of their respective States. It seems to be the only means through which relief from the present intolerable state of affairs can be obtained. There are motorists enough in New York to exert a decided influence upon the complexion of the next legislature, and I should like to see this club take the initiative in forming a federation of New York State clubs to this end. Such action must come."

### Rights of Bicycle Police

THE question arose recently between several motorists as to whether or not the law gave the right to a bicycle policeman, in making an arrest, to board a motor car, together with his wheel, and compel the owner of the car to carry both policeman and bicycle to the station.

That which is right for a bicycle policeman must also be right for a mounted policeman, and the latter would have just as much authority to jump his horse into a car and order a motorist to proceed, as has a bicycle officer to shoulder his wheel and mount the running board. A mounted officer simply directs the offender to proceed to the nearest police station, and accompanies the car on horseback. I have seen a car, in which were several ladies, followed by a hooting, jeering mob of boys and half-grown men that had been attracted by the sight of a uniformed officer with his wheel thrown over his shoulder, standing upon the running board. Had the officer quietly mounted his bicycle



Automobiling in Rough Places



and followed or preceded the car to the station, no such objectionable notoriety would have fallen to the share of the driver and his guests. When an officer arrests a citizen in the latter's house, he does not take possession of the residence, and he has no more authority to take possession of a car.

It is a serious question, as to whether an officer has any legal right to make an arrest at all for a mere violation of the speed law, or that he has authority under the statutes to do more than stop the offending driver, take his name and address, and the registry number of his car, and file this information, together with his charge, at the police station; after which, in those States wherein a violation of the speed limit is an offense more serious than a mere misdemeanor, a warrant might be issued for the arrest of the offending driver.

Apparently there is excellent foundation for this contention in the State of Massachusetts, the Boston Automobile Legal Association having recently sent the following notice to all chiefs of police in the State: "A violation of the automobile laws of this State is only a misdemeanor, for which our statutes do not authorize an arrest, and such arrests place the arresting officer in danger of a suit for damages. This is notice to you that any arrest of members of this association for alleged violations of the automobile laws of our State, without a warrant, will not be tolerated, whether such member is a resident of this or of some other State."

### A New Automobile Club

THE City and Country Motor Club of Greater New York, 109th Street and Broadway, is founded upon lines so attractive to the motorist that it will undoubtedly



The City and Country Motor Club

have imitators in other cities. The financial stability of the organization is assured through one hundred "founder members," all well known motor car owners of New York. In addition to its city house, the club has provided for its members a country clubhouse at Lake Mahopac, having leased for a term of years the old Mahopac Inn property, one of the finest sites on the lake shore. The run from Manhattan to Mahopac is 56 miles, along the Hudson into Westchester, and through the picturesque region beyond. For the benefit of those members preferring Long Island roads and the seashore, assembly rooms have been provided at the Long Beach Hotel for the season of 1907, and as the new Vanderbilt Speedway nears completion, the club will erect a second house upon a site commanding a view of the course for a mile or more in each direction. Arrangements are also under way for the establishment of a country clubhouse in New Jersey, probably at Lakewood, while it is further planned that through a system of exchange courtesies, City and Country Club members may, in the near future, enjoy the privileges of other country clubhouses than their own in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York. The club has provided for a probable membership of 2,000, with an increasing initiation fee as the membership grows, and this it is doing rapidly. A garage has been established close to the city clubhouse, with room for 120 cars.

### The Growth of the Automobile Industry

THE following statistics, compiled by the Licensed Association of Automobile Manufacturers, showing the remarkable development of the American Automobile industry, the extent to which Americans have invested in cars of foreign manufacture, and the encouraging growth of American automobile exports, are interesting.

The value of the American product for the four years ending December 31, 1906, was: 1903, \$16,000,000; 1904, \$24,500,000; 1905, \$42,000,000; 1906, \$59,000,000; total, \$141,000,000.

From 1902 to 1906 inclusive, the imports of foreign cars at the port of New York were: 1902, 265 cars, valued at \$3,581,990; 1903, 267 cars, at \$2,927,508; 1904, 605 cars, at \$2,240,000; 1905, 1054 cars, at \$3,972,297; 1906, 1433 cars, at \$5,500,000; total, \$18,221,795.

Add to this valuation 45 per cent. duty and 5 per cent. freight, and the total amount invested by Americans in foreign cars is found to be \$27,332,691. This, of course, does not include the investment in extra parts, equipment, private garages in which to house the cars, and the cost of maintenance.



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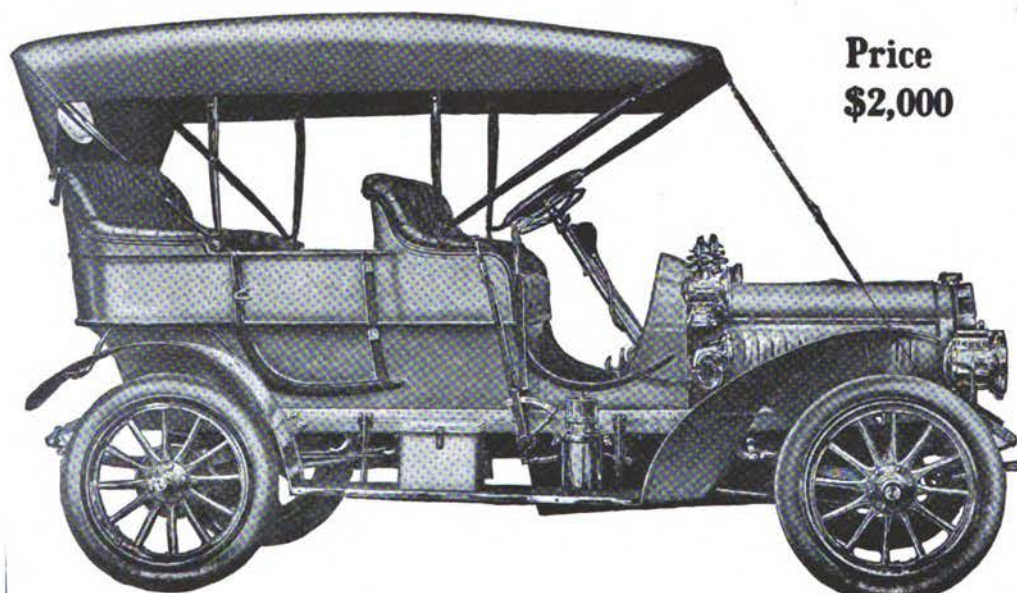
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The growth in the export of American automobiles is shown by the following figures: 1902, \$948,528; 1903, \$1,267,065; 1904, \$1,895,605; 1905, \$2,481,243; 1906, \$3,497,016; total, \$10,089,457.

### Girl Athletes Abroad

FEW American girl athletes have ever gone abroad with so big a task or so strenuous a schedule ahead of them as that which is now engaging Miss May Sutton in England. It is characteristic of the young Californian, however, that the harder the work cut out for her, the better she likes it, and many seasoned tennis players have marveled at her tireless energy and remarkable staying powers. At the St. Nicholas Rink, and other indoor courts upon which she played last May, prior to sailing for Liverpool, she demonstrated conclusively that her capacity for hard work was even keener than it was a year ago. Those who played with her and against her this spring unhesitatingly declared her better than ever, and in the pink of condition to go into the English championships at Wimbledon.

Following her defense of the Welsh championship at Newport this month, she will return to New York, reaching here early in August. With her will come a team of the best women tennis players in England, including the ex-champion, Mrs. George Hillyard, Miss Toupie Lowther, Miss Eastlake-Smith, Miss Elsie Lane, Miss Violet Wilson, and others prominent in British tennis circles.

These English players, in addition to Miss Sutton and pretty nearly every other American player of note, will appear at the United States National Championships, which begin at the Newport Casino, on August 20.

Probably no preceding year has seen women so prominent in athletics as the present, and by "athletics" is not meant croquet, archery, battledore, and other mild forms of physical exercise to which the capabilities of women are supposed to be limited. On the contrary, no game, barring perhaps football, is too strenuous for the young woman of the present generation, and in basketball, tennis, athletics, and even baseball they are giving athletes of the sterner sex a very close run. The college for girls that has not held its "field day" this year is an exception. That at Vassar was especially notable, for two of the most popular girls in the college won the senior and sophomore athletic championships, respectively, the list of events in both classes embracing pole and fence vaulting, putting the shot, jumping, sprinting and nearly all other forms of field contests that characterize a spring athletic meet at Travers Island.

One of the most notable athletic meets of the present year was that between Harvard and Yale at New Haven. In the nine years' competition for the dual cup, Yale had won four of the annual meets and Harvard three, but this year the crimson tied the blue by winning with a margin of seven points, after one of the most stubbornly fought contests on record between the two colleges. Next year will be held the deciding meet, and the athletes of both colleges are already discussing its possibilities with enthusiasm. The quality of athletics furnished at these meets may be inferred by the performance of Walter Dray (Yale), in smashing the world's record for the pole vault, by clearing 12 feet, 5 1/2 inches; by that of Captain Marshall (Yale), in breaking the record for the high jump by clearing the bar at 6 feet, 1/4 inch, and that of W. T. Coholan (Yale), in covering a quarter-mile in 50 seconds.

Notwithstanding the scathing criticism of college football embodied in the last annual report of President Eliot to the Harvard overseers, in which he characterized football as "an undesirable game for gentlemen to play, or for multitudes of spectators to watch," it seems that the game is to go along just the same. The Inter-collegiate Football Rules Committee, at a recent meeting in New York, decided that the game shall remain essentially the same as last year, and that, aside from several minor alterations in phraseology, no changes in the rules shall be made.

### That Law Again

FOR miles and miles the through passenger train has plodded along in the wake of the slow freight. The travelers grow irksome and even petulant.

"Conductor," says one of the boldest of them, "why do you not get that freight to take a siding while we go by it?"

"Under the new Hepburn law," explains the conductor, sadly, "we are not allowed to pass anything."

### Wasn't Asking Much

A FLORIST of Philadelphia was one day making the rounds of his properties near that city, when he was approached by a young man, who applied to him for work.

"I am sorry," said the florist, "but I have all the help I need. I have nothing for you to do."

"Sir," said the young man, with a polite bow, "if you only knew how very little work it would take to occupy me!"



# The Moonshiners

By H. S. COOPER

[Concluded from page 469]

to occupy her mind. Her thoughts again quickly turned to her lover, and the monotonous inward cry went on, "Oh, Will! Will! Will!"

Soon, Mr. Howard came out into the road with his horse and saddle packs and started off up the mountain, throwing her a laugh and a few cheerful words as he went. Almost immediately there sounded from the back of the house a step that made her heart leap, and, in a moment Will Shipley came through the open front door and stood before her. The coming was so sudden and unlooked for, so utterly unexpected, that Hagar could not find her voice for the tears that choked her, and, when Will, smiling down at her, said, "Why, Hagar, hain't you no word for a feller?" she could hold herself in no longer, but threw herself into his arms and burst into a passion of weeping.

Will had come prepared for anything but this. He had expected coldness or reproaches or even some tears, and had carefully prepared and rehearsed a counterblast for each. But the wild grief of the girl, the little heart-broken gasps and cries surprised and shocked him out of himself, and with a realizing sense of shame and self-reproach he kissed and caressed her and finally hushed her into quietness and at last into speech, broken, however, by many fresh breakdowns on Hagar's part.

Well, the "making-ups" of lovers are all about the same, when the man is selfish and at fault, and the girl loves him truly and deeply. He cries, "*Mea culpa! Mea culpa!*" with a manlike sense of atonement in repeating the phrase, until he persuades himself that he really is doing something noble in so humbling himself. She, poor, loving soul, takes the words away from his mouth, and says them herself and from her heart, blessing his final nobility in forgiving her—for his own sins.

So Will blamed himself with vigor, and felt that the confession not only cleared him, but also, in some way, inculpated Hagar, while she accused herself of all the wrong in the matter and of many of the cardinal sins, and felt as guilty, as penitent, and as thankful of his implied forgiveness as if she had really committed all the wrong. Martha's name was never mentioned.

After an hour or so, when conversation had at length become lucid and approaching the rational, Will said, "Say, Hagar, who's this man thet 's stayin' here with yo' paw?"

Hagar told him all that she and her father knew regarding Mr. Howard, and asked, "Why do yo' ask, Will?"

"Well, I can't say I like his looks. He was over to our house yestiddy evenin', an' he 's a right smart too peart an' knowin' to be a-peddlin' in the mountings. Besides, Lew Morgan seen him t' other day, an' he says he 's certain he 's seen him in Nashville, an' he had so'thin' to do with the rev'noo business, an' were n't called 'Howard,' nuther!"

Instantly there came to Hagar the remembrance of the conversation with Mr. Howard that afternoon, and she was about to speak of it to Will, when he continued:

"I sort o' suspicion thet nosin' roun' fer rev'noos is more in his line than peddlin', an' ef thet 's so, he mout lose his way around here, an' fall into one o' these rock gullies one o' these fine days!" An ugly look came into Will's usually serene and pleasant face, a look that Hagar noted, and which instantly checked her intended utterance as to Mr. Howard.

No more was said on that subject, however, until Will was going, when he abruptly remarked:

"I 'm goin' to see Lew and John fust thing in 'er mornin' about thet man Howard, an' ef they think as I do 'bout him, he 'll hev to show his papers, or mebbe we 'll hev to show our'n 'fore long! More I think on it, more I don't like his ways. If he 's a sure 'nough peddler, he oughter be able to prove it, and if he ain't—well!" and again the ugly look came over Will's face, and again Hagar caught it.

"Going to stay to supper, Will?"

"No, I cayn't stay to-night, Hagar. I 've promised maw ter call for her; she 's over to Cousin Ann's ter see her sick baby, an' it 's a right smart walk, an' it 'll be plumb dark 'fore we git home. You walk out to th' edge o' the clearin' with me."

## CHAPTER VI.

AFTER she parted with Will, Hagar stood musing over the interview, and now came into her mind the fact that Martha's name had not been mentioned. With all the joy of the reconciliation with Will, there was mingled a sense of disappointment at this omission; it seemed to have left the "making-up" incomplete. If the name of Martha could only have been brought in, and all doubt as to her influence cleared up—"if only!"

Then came Will's words as to Mr. Howard, and this gave her thoughts a new turn. The more she reconsidered Will's half-veiled threats, the more her uneasiness increased. She knew the feeling of her people against the internal revenue agents well enough to realize that Mr. Howard stood in a dangerous predicament, if he could not quickly and satisfactorily demonstrate his innocence of the suspicion.

Personally, she had little sympathy for him if he



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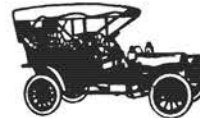
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could not. Her environment tinged her with the same feeling of hostility toward all "rev'noo spies," and it is doubtful if she would have raised a finger in his behalf, had the suspicion against him touched himself alone. She had, however, heard such matters discussed too often not to realize that, sooner or later, the strong arm of the Government dropped heavily on all who interfered with or injured its servants, and, even if the immediate assailants sometimes escaped arrest, it was their fate to live with the terror of impending discovery always hanging over them.

To think of Will in such a position—not to speak of the worse fate of detection and capture—was unbearable, and her mind was instantly made up. With the fate of all who sided with the revenue men before her eyes, knowing the social ostracism that would be hers if the fact ever became known, she nevertheless determined that Mr. Howard should have an immediate warning and a chance to escape.

"It's bad enough," said the girl to herself, "to have Will moonshining, but if I can help it he shan't have a chance to get into trouble over this Mr. Howard!" and with this thought in her mind she sped toward home.

Soon, in the twilight, came Mr. Howard, and, while his first words gave her a sense of relief, it was dissipated in an instant as he went on:

"Well, Miss Hagar, I'm going to say 'Fare you well' in the morning! There's going to be a big revival meeting start at Mount Carmel, day after to-morrow, and, being as I'm a good Methodist, I've got to attend. Besides—I *might* chance to sell the sisters some ribbons and tricks; there's no knowing! So, I'm going to start an hour or two before sun-up, and call at the houses on the way and be there in good time," and he laughed cheerily, unpacked his horse, and led him off to the "horse lot."

"Mount Carmel!" thought Hagar. "That's twenty miles farther into the mountains, and in a pretty rough settlement, full of moonshiners." The Morgan boys would be there sure, and they'd voice their suspicions, and if Mr. Howard was "in with the Rev'noors" and was recognized, or even if he could not satisfy the angry and suspicious crowd that the accusation would raise around him—why it would be a very miracle if he left the mountains or escaped unhurt. And the Morgans' action would bring Will into it, and then—

Instantly, and without further reflection, she walked hurriedly out to the horse lot, looked around to see that there was no one there but Howard, and, going straight to him, said abruptly:

"Mr. Howard, do you remember the road back to Sailor's Depot well enough to travel it at night?"

The man turned quickly and answered, "Yes, Miss Hagar. Why?"

"Because, if I was in your place, I'd put that twenty miles to Mount Carmel the other way round, and that'd give you a thirty mile start."

"Ahead of who?"

"Ahead of some folks that want to ask you some questions you might n't like or might n't be able to answer. That's who."

He left his horse and came up close to her where they could see each other's faces plainly, and Hagar was surprised to see what a stern and determined face it was that looked into hers. Evidently the man was alarmed at her words, and, as evidently, he was equally full of grit.

He looked closely into her eyes in the gathering gloom and then said, calmly and quietly:

"Miss Hagar, there's more behind this than your words show. If you'll tell me fully what you mean, I'll tell you something to your advantage. Now, what do you mean by what you said?"

"I mean that you are suspected of being in with the Rev'noors," she answered, "and, if you ain't prepared to clear yourself, you'd not only better not go near Mount Carmel, but you'd better get out o' this neighborhood's fast as you can. That's all I'm telling you, and now you can do as you like!" and she turned away toward the house. But, suddenly remembering his last words, she turned back and said, "And now what is it you're going to tell me to my advantage?"

He smiled at her words and manner, but there was no smile in his voice as he answered:

"I'll tell you, Miss Hagar. I may be 'in with the Rev'nuers' or I may not, but I know enough of the temper of your folks in these mountains to be sure that any such suspicion may lead to something more than hard words! They don't break any bones—but rocks and bullets do. So I'm thanking you for your warning, and I'm going to take your advice and make a start away from Mount Carmel instead of toward it. Do you see this rock?" and he suddenly pointed to a large flat stone lying near him.

"Yes. Why?" answered Hagar, wondering.

"Well, you look under that rock to-morrow, after I'm gone, and you'll find an envelope with a name and address inside it. Now, if any very dear friend of yours ever gets into trouble by being 'out with the Rev'nuers,' you write the facts to that name at that address, and it will aid your friend greatly!" and, for an instant, the old quizzical look came back on his face as he added:

"Tit for tat, Miss Hagar! Miss Martha Morgan was visiting at a house where I called to-day, and when she found I was staying here at your house, she pumped me hard. But the sucker was pretty dry, and she had to pour in a heap sight more water than she got out—so I'm just plumb full of information about you and



a friend of yours!" Then, more earnestly: "Remember that address. Keep it safe and secret; 't would n't be a good thing for folks to know you had it. In any trouble, write to that name—it won't do any harm, and it may be lots of help. And now run into the house, or your paw 'll be coming in and catching you out here talking to me, and if he did, he might n't think as well of me as he does now. Now, run in, while I fix up a tale to tell him about my going."

So Hagar went in to her work with some very queer thoughts in her mind, and, soon after, her father and Howard came in together, and the latter at once said:

"Miss Hagar, I've just been telling your paw that I must get back to Sailor's to-night, and if it ain't too much trouble to you, I'll get you to put me up a snack, as it's going to be well on to'ard sun-up by the time I get there, and a morsel to eat 'll taste mighty good about midnight."

"Yes, daughter," broke in Joyce, "put him up a good big snack. But jes' to think, Hagar, this man's goin' plumb to Sailor's to-night an' back ter-morrer night, all 'cause he thinks he ain't got tricks an' fal-lals enough to sell the folks up Carmel way. Well, it's good to make money whilist you can, but 'pears to me you got right smart o' merchandise in them packs yet."

"So I have, Mr. Peters, so I have; but not enough to last me clean across the mountains. Besides, I have a box of goods at the depot, and every step I take to'ards Carmel takes me further away from them. An' further than that, I've got a lot of goods in my packs that I never will sell in these parts, an' I'll have to send 'em back. So I reckon, on second thoughts, I'll take my packs along, just as they are an' sort an' repack at the railroad."

So it was settled, and, after supper, Mr. Howard departed with a handshake and a whispered "Remember the card!" to Hagar, and an outspoken promise to Joyce to see him again by Monday.

#### CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE sleep had Hagar that night. The reconciliation with Will gave her many thoughts, and these were supplemented by her interview with Howard, of whose connection with the revenue service she had now no doubt, and whose card was safely put away in the recesses of her trunk. It was late when she fell asleep, only to be awakened in a short time by groans from her father's room, which, as she well knew, meant a bad attack of his "rheumatiz" and some painful days ahead for him.

Will Shipley came over early to ask her to go with his mother and him to the "Big Meeting" at Mount Carmel, and was much put out when Hagar told him of her father's attack and the necessity of her staying with him.

"Land's sakes, Hagar!" he said, "yer know yer cayn't do him no good beyond waitin' on him. Told me yo'self 'at these spells o' rheumatics wore off o' theyselves, an' med'cine an' doct'rin wa' n't no good. So why cayn't yer Cousin Lem's folks come over an' 'tend ter him, an' you come erlong 'th us? I know yer paw 'd want yer to hev th' fun o' goin', an' he 'd be the last one ter want yer to stay 't home on account o' him. You ask him an' see if 't ain't as I say."

But Hagar was firm. She really did not want to leave her father while he was sick; they were all in all to one another, and the idea of being away on pleasure while he was sick and suffering, with someone else but herself waiting on him, was something of which she could not bear to think. Besides, the idea of a trip to Mount Carmel gave her little pleasure; in a manner it was repugnant to her, for she would be sure to meet Martha Morgan, and she felt certain that that young lady would lose no opportunity to make trouble between herself and Will.

So she resisted Will's pleadings for her to go, the more strongly as inclination went with duty—but her reasons did not satisfy her lover. Her going with him to Mount Carmel had been a sudden thought with him after their interview the previous day, and his mother had been, reluctantly, forced into it as chaperon that morning. He combatted Hagar's refusal most strenuously, until, finding her immovable in her resolution, he became suddenly angry and turned on his heel, saying, "Well, if yo're too obst'nate to go, I reckon I know some one as will be glad an' proud to go with me!" and walked out of the house.

Hagar, hurt by his speech and action, stood in silence for a minute, and then ran after him, calling his name. He had already gone some distance, but still not so far but that he could hear her. He gave no evidence, however, of so doing, but strode on faster than ever, and Hagar, after following for some distance and repeatedly calling to him, finally stopped in despair, and, with a big lump in her throat, went slowly back to the house and her ministrations to her father.

Several days passed, and Hagar heard nothing from Will. She did hear that he had gone to Mount Carmel without his mother and in company with Mrs. Morgan and Martha. One morning, a passing neighbor stopped in to see Joyce, and, after the usual greetings and inquiries had passed, he had added:

"Hear they had a pow'ful sight o' people at Mount Carmel Big Meeting, an' P'esidin' Elder Starrett was in high kelter, an' gave 'em a movin' time. The mo'ner's bench was full up from the word 'go,' an' there was lots o' conversions, but I did n't hear no names—leas'ways, none as I remember to know. An' they do say 'at some o' th' young folks carr'd on scan-

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lous, right in meetin', an' went on so bad an' raised up such a rumpus that th' Elder hed to call 'em out by name. An' some o' 'em got right smart an' lippy to him, an' some o' th' ol' members hed to take a han' an' talk pooty plain to 'm afore they 'd give in an' shet up an' behave!"

"What devilment was they up to this time?" said Joyce.

"Oh, jes' the same es in th' ol' times, Joyce! Drinkin' a little an' whoopin' er up, carry'n on with th' girls an' sich—nothin' really wrong—young folks will be young folks, I reckon, same's they always was. But these young folks got a little too brash. They do say as the Morgar: boys an' Jeff Ashe's boys an' the Hallidays an'—with a side glance at Hagar—"others as knows better an' orter do better, jes' drank an' carried on awful, an' right in meetin', too! You know the Elder? He ain't no man to mince matters as teches his r'ligion—little as he is—an' he puts me in min' of one o' these little sap-suckers, he 's so peart an' small an' quick. Little 's he is, he 'd tackle big Jim Dowling 'n a minute—yes, 'n I b'lieve he 'd wear 'im out 'fore he 'd 'a' done with him—if he meddled any in 'er services!"

"What 'd he do?"

"Well, they do say he jus' nat'ully walked up to 'em an' shook his finger in ther faces an' tongue-lashed 'em twel he wo' 'em into a frazzle; he plum laid 'em out about it, an' it 's made a pow'ful lot o' talk in th' neighborhood."

"Well," said Joyce, "them folks over in th' Cove is ruther rough-an'-tumble, an' you c'n expect they 'll raise cain onc't they get a goin', but religious meetin's ain't no place for sich doin's. 'Pears to me like they drink more 'n they useter. I d'know whether et 's more liquor or worse liquor as makes the trouble, but I disremember ever hearin' of folks as pertended to be folks ever disturbin' Big Meetin' 'n my time."

"Well," was the response, "they 've shore done it this time, an' all th' church folks is feelin' right smart an' worried over it, an' I reckon it ain't all over with yet. Y' know th' Elder is pow'ful temprince in his princ'ples, an' attar it was all over he went up an' preached er sermon on drammin' an' drinkin' as they do say was es pow'ful an' movin' a disco'se as ever there 's bin preached hereabouts. Lem Goodwin 'lowed as how it would 'a' done a Rev'nor's heart good to hear him light out on to the stills!"

"Yes, th' Elder 's all right in that way," commented Hagar. "He aims to do according to his lights and his principles, but he surely knows that every third man in his district has one hand in a mash tub an' the other itching to get in!"

"Yes," assented Joyce, "Hagar 's about right. With all respect to th' Elder an' his religion, it takes somethin' more 'n th' mourner's bench to drive a man out 'n the 'cornfiel'." One raid 'd close up more stills than forty 'movin' disco'ses!"

"Well, 't ain't none o' my funeral," as th' man said, "was the reply. "I 'm on'y tellin' the tale as I heerd et. An' now I reckon I mus' be a movin' on," and he departed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WITHIN the next few days and from various sources came confirmatory reports of the trouble at Mount Carmel, and, although the name of Will Shipley was not mentioned in Hagar's presence, it was well understood that one of "th' others as knows better an' should do better," was really he, and moreover that he had been head and front in the offending. Little by little, it all came to Joyce's ears and to Hagar's knowledge. Coming quietly into the house one evening, she heard her father talking to a neighbor on the porch, and, as if in reply to a remark from his companion, she heard him say:

"Gosh hang it all! I 've never been no ways particular about liquor. I could al'ays take my toddy or let it alone, but lately I 'm e'enamost tempted to let it alone fur keeps, 'ceptin', o' course, as med'cine. It does seem to lead to more devilment nowadays than it useter, both to them as drinks it an' them as makes it, special the last ones! Wf'y, Tod, ther ain't been no one as 's run a still in my time around this neighborhood as has prospered in th' end. Seems like it 's got the curse o' th' Lord 's well 's th' Gov'ment! I reckon—on'y it 'pears like it 's pow'ful onneighborly to say it—as it 'd be a sure good thing if that thar Morgan still 'ud melt up or th' cave fall in an' smash it when there wa' n't no one about to git hurt. An' on'y that there 's risk o' blood bein' spilt in a raid, I 'e' enamost could wish as that man Howard hed hed 's depities along with him an' cleaned out some o' these stills root an' limb! It ain't no business fer a young man, an', if so 'thin' don't happen soon, Will Shipley 'll surely go to the dogs th' way he 's goin'! Nice thing for his maw an'—here the voice lowered—"my Hagar, this is!"

"I d' know, Joyce," was the answer, "but it would take a raid ter close that still. Will an' them Morgans is so dead set on runnin' it that I reckon, if the cave did tumble in on 'em, they 'd hev it dug out an' a-runnin' again less 'n a week. But, fer th' land's sake, don't say 'raid' to me. I had one 'sperience, an' that 's enough—time Ed Chamblee an' his boy Graves an' them two rev'nor chaps was killed. There ain't been no raid hereabouts fer so long I most done forgot about 'em, an' I 'm prayin' ther won't be none in my time."

"Well," answered Joyce, "I don't want none, nuther, but there 's no tellin'. That man Howard was no fool

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—an' he fooled me to th' top o' my bent—an' if he was a Rev'nor, he must 'a' suspicioned somethin' whilst he was snoopin' 'round here."

"Think he was a Rev'nor? They tell me as Will laughs at th' idee. Says 'f he was a sure 'nough Rev'nor, he 'd never 'a' run off that-a-way less'n he 'd been warned—an' who 'round here 'd warn him?"

"Well, mebbe he was a peddler, an' when he got to Sailor's he found so'thin' to hender 's comin' back, but I d' know; he was mos' too smart a man fur a peddler—leastways, fur a peddler in these parts. I believe in bein' on the safe side; 'f I was in them boys' shoes, I'd shet up that cave an' go a huntin' an' a fishin' fur a right smart spell."

"Well, you won't get them to do it. Will Shipley's laughin' about that man Howard, fur all he was the one to suspicion him and raise a rumpus about it, an' the Morgans say as no Rev'nor alive 'd ever locate their still—so what you goin' ter do 'bout it?"

"Let 'em alone, I reckon," returned Joyce, and the conversation went to other topics.

Hagar withdrew noiselessly, but the conversation she had overheard set her thoughts in a new direction. "If Will would only get out of that still, if he got away from the Morgans, if he would just farm and run his gristmill, and have no call to see Marthy Morgan, he 'd forget her and steady up, and things would go on as they used to. And maybe, if I were to see him and talk to him, and tell him what paw says and thinks, and beg him to quit that still and let us get married, he 'd do it."

So ran Hagar's thoughts that night, and in the morning she woke up with her resolution formed. After breakfast she said:

"Paw, if you think you can do by yourself for a while, I reckon I 'll go over an' see Cousin Ann. Her John was over this morning, an' he says she 's in a bad way with that misery in her back, an' I thought I 'd run over an' take some o' that liniment that helps your back."

Joyce looked up quickly, and his shrewd eyes read his daughter's face while she spoke.

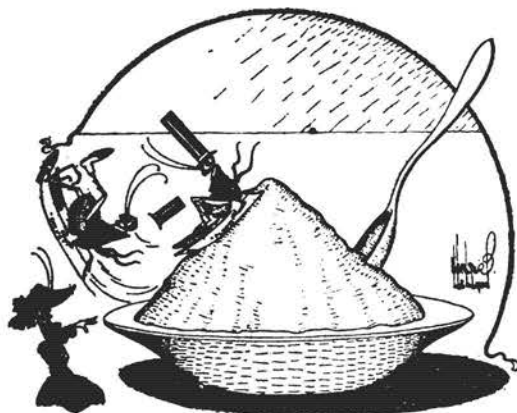
"So do, honey, so do. An' whilst you 're in the neighborhood, an' it 's on'y a step out 'n your way, I wish you 'd come by Cousin Mary Shipley's an' ask Will if he found out anythin' about them shoats of Bill Glover's over at Mount Carmel. 'Twon't put you any outer yer road, an' I 'd like ter know 'bout them hawks. They do say as they fatten a third bigger 'n our'n."

Perhaps Hagar understood that he had guessed at the ultimate point of her journey—Will's home—and had intentionally given her an excuse to see Will, but if so she gave no sign of it, and no word was said by either, except that, as she was leaving, he called to her again:

"Don' fergit to call at Cousin Mary's an' ask about them shoats, Hagar. I can get along fine 'twell you come back, so don't hurry none on my account."

[To be continued in August]

"Shooting the Shutes"



Mrs. Bug:—"Stop sliding down that snowdrift! You're liable to get killed."

### He Had to Come Out

SELF-EVIDENT propositions are sometimes funny—either through statement or collocation. A soft-headed fellow, crossed in love, undertook to drown himself, and actually waded into water over his head. But, very shortly, he came to land, puffing and snorting, still unhappy, but very much alive. Then some other fellows who were in hiding, with intent to rescue him if there was real danger, came out and fell upon him, asking him if his courage had failed. "Fraid! I ain't no more 'fraid than ever I was," the would-be suicide retorted. "But I never thought about it before—down thar under the water, I couldn't git my breath—so, of course, I had to come out."

Success is dependent upon the skilled application of scientific methods to whatever task is undertaken.

Training is everything; the peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.—Mark Twain.



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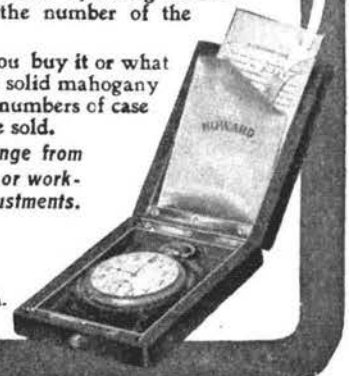
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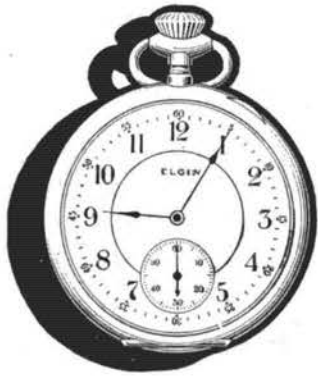
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## "PLAY BALL!"

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

[Concluded from page 477]

enumerated, with the heady men under them, are continually devising new plays. Bresnahan, the leading catcher of the New York Giants, has evolved a play this season. With three men on bases and two out, oftentimes there is a weak batter up. This man has instructions to wait for a base on balls. It is "three and two," or the batsman has three balls to his credit and two strikes against him. The play, then, is for the men on bases to start as the pitcher begins to "wind up," with the hope that the spectacle of a man darting home, another running to third base, and still another making for second will disconcert the pitcher, and the ball will not cut the plate. Thus, the batsman will get his base on balls, thereby advancing the base runners a base and forcing in a run.

"Base running," says "Ted" Sullivan, manager of the old St. Louis Browns, "is the art of run-getting. Base runners are born, not made. Fleetness of foot carries a man to first base. Brains carry him around to the home plate." Beyond a doubt this is true. It is not necessarily the fast man who is the successful base runner. The primary requisite is good judgment—knowing when to go down. Good judgment, coupled with the ability to work the pitcher for a long lead, puts the man on second base, where he is ready to score on a hit. But perhaps hits are scarcer than the bicuspid of the hen, and the man who has reached third on fielding errors must be got home through the ingenuity of the man who was awarded first base on four wide balls. How to do it is the question. With the player on third taking a good lead and set for a dash, it is the business of the man on first to draw a throw from the catcher. But catchers are wary. They may snap the ball to third to catch the runner napping; or, as the other base runner starts for second, a line throw may be made to cut him off; the second baseman runs in behind the pitcher, intercepts the throw, and returns it to the plate in time to kill the run. On the other hand, if the player on third does not start for home, the second baseman will let the throw go through to the shortstop, who will tag the man running from first. A variation of this play, often worked by the Giants, is a quick throw by catcher to pitcher, who relays the ball to the second baseman in case the runner tries for second. These are the defensive tactics.

Davis, the clever, intelligent captain of the Philadelphia Americans, although not a particularly fast man, is an excellent base runner. His judgment is almost perfect, and he can work a pitcher for a splendid lead. In one close game, with a man on third base, one out, and a poor batsman up, Davis determined to get in a run for his team. But as the Philadelphia pitcher, who could never hit, was "on deck," the opposing catcher did not care whether Davis reached second base or not. He made no attempt to throw in the direction of second, and Davis was presented with the base. But he refused the gift, did not touch the bag, and started back for first. Such arrogance was too much for the catcher, who threw the ball to the first baseman. Davis turned and shot for second, and to the guardian of that bag went the ball; back Davis started, and as the first baseman was left-handed and out of position to throw home, the base runner on third, schooled in the play by Davis, made a dash for the plate and was safe.

Everything is done by signals, as has been indicated—"signs," players call them—and great care is used in selecting these signs. The catcher and pitcher, to begin with, must have perfect signs. When the catcher squats down, before the delivery of the ball, with his hands between his legs, he is "signing" to the pitcher about the next ball. Perhaps the pitcher shakes his head; his judgment does not agree with that of the catcher. Often the pitcher himself "signs," as old Radbourne used to do when he shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other. As for the signals to the pitcher to throw to a base in an attempt to catch a runner napping, and the signals to runners to try for second or third or to run home—these must be understood by the pitcher or base runner and yet be unintelligible to the rival team. Sullivan tells an amusing yarn of Fogerty, right fielder of the old Philadelphia club. Fogerty was "signed" to steal second, and, obeying orders, tried to make the base, but was put out through the quick wit of the pitcher and catcher, who had divined the signal. As he passed the captain of his team, on his way back to the bench, Fogerty said: "You tipped me off too quiet. Why didn't you turn on the fire alarm and ring the courthouse bell, so the whole city would know I was about to steal?"

Signs are given from the bench as well as by the players in the field. A strategist like Mack, field manager of the Philadelphia Americans, keeps his grip on the game at all times. With a base runner on third and not two men out, it is he who determines whether or not the infielders shall play in, for the purpose of cutting off the runner at the plate. If the game is young, he may decide to let the man score and retire the batsman at first, trusting to fortune—and good playing—to even up the score. It is Mack who, with two men on bases and a heavy batter up, will "sign" to give the batsman his base on balls and risk a chance.



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It was the writer's good fortune to take a western trip with Connie Mack and his hustling ball team known as the Athletics, and to follow the game from the players' bench. Not only was it such a holiday outing as any American lover of sport would delight in, but the experience gave to a "thirty-third degree fan" a new idea of the national game and a greater appreciation of the value of brains in baseball. As every one who knows him will testify, Mack is every inch a gentleman. In the diplomatic handling of men he has no equal in the game to-day, and it is doubtful if ever a professional ball team had such a leader. Mack is a thorough student of human nature, and this uncommon quality is of great assistance to him in developing men. He will quickly form a judgment of the characteristics of a new player and determine just how the fellow must be treated. Then the men get their instructions. Speaking of the time when one of the present stars of the Athletics joined the club, Mack said:

"No matter how — performs," I said to my men, "don't say a word to him." He would come to the bench after making a bad play, expecting to be roasted; but not a word. Finally he got confidence, and we could tell him something. We could explain to him how to make a play. There's everything," continued Mack, "in knowing when to rub it in."

How valuable this philosophy would be to every man in an executive position! How much more successful would many a business man be if he only knew "when to rub it in!"

The tact displayed by this manager when he takes a pitcher out of the box is of a rare sort. Pitchers do not relish being removed from the game, for there is humiliation in it, and they often protest unless they are being unmercifully hammered by the opposing batsmen.

"Let me pitch one more inning," pleaded one of the Athletics' seasoned men, who was not up to form.

"Oh, no," replied the manager. "I want to save you for New York [the next series was with the Highlanders]. Griff's men never hit you. It's a good chance now to see if 'The Rube' has come back."

When Mack took charge of the Philadelphia Americans, in the club's first season, he got together an excellent team, but before play began, in 1901, two of his best pitchers—Willis and Mathewson, who afterward became the star of the New York Giants—deserted to the National League, together with the entire outfield. Notwithstanding this handicap, the team made a great spurt at the close of the season, and from the tail end of the procession, the Athletics finished in fourth place.

Everything looked bright for 1902. With the new recruits, the club appeared, on paper, to be the strongest aggregation in the American League. But, alas, an injunction was secured by the Philadelphia Nationals, which made it impossible for Frazer and Dugleby to play with the Athletics, and they returned to the Nationals. Worse still, such stars as Lajoie, Barnhard, and Flick were enjoined from playing in Pennsylvania, and these valuable men were transferred to Cleveland. Nothing daunted, Mack went to work to fill the gaps in his team. A great battery was secured in Waddell and Schreck; Murphy acceptably took Lajoie's place at second base, and Seybold's hitting and fielding caused the fans to forget Flick's absence. Thus fortified, and steadied by such players as Davis, Monte Cross, Lave Cross, Fultz, and that splendid battery, Plank and Powers, the Athletics won the pennant in 1902. The following year the club finished second, and in 1905 again won the championship of the American League.

This remarkable success was achieved, first, because Mack is a superior judge of a young ball player, and believes in collegians on account of their head work (Davis, Plank, Powers, Coakley, Coombs, and Fultz are college men); second, because he gets out of the player the best there is in him and develops team play to a marked degree, and, third, because he believes in clean baseball, never tolerating rowdy tactics.

"The umpires are right nine times out of ten," Mack declared. "Games are never won by kicking at the umpires. They're only human, and the kickers get the worst of the deal in the long run."

One of the owners of the Cleveland Club said:

"Ball players are as hard to handle as a troupe of opera stars. You can't dictate to them—they won't stand it—and it is hard to refuse them anything."

Perhaps this point of view accounts for the showing, up to this season, of the Cleveland all-star combination. Certainly Mack does not go on that principle in handling the Athletics. He is diplomatic and tactful, but he is master. There are no rigid training rules, but it is taken for granted that the men will keep in good condition. When he has a player who is inclined to "break over the traces," if he be a valuable asset to the club, Mack gives the rest of the team to understand that this particular man is a weak brother. In this way the player's occasional infractions of discipline do not, in the least, injure the morale of the team.

Connie Mack, man of brains and ready wit, quick thinker and great leader, is the best exponent of baseball to-day. He is not merely successful. He is an ornament to an honorable profession, to the national game, of which the Chicago "Tribune," commenting on the champion Chicago Americans, in 1906, said editorially:

"The championship outcome tells its own story of the honesty of the game. Baseball is one of the few sports which have not been contaminated by evil influences."

[To be concluded in August.]



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## An Eighteen-Hour Swim

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

*[Concluded from page 472]*

rose on a big white crest. But his tide was due, they told him, and with set face he changed his stroke and took things easy a while. We had good news for him at ten.

Four and a quarter miles only! And the Calais light now swept and swung over the dark, tossing waters, as though seeking the gladiator who deserved to win. Success seemed at hand. "It was worth that fight over the Goodwins," Burgess said, and smiled. He was clearly tired. But the strong current had set in toward the French shore, and the chart was often unrolled from the tug's side to cheer the swimmer, and to assure him victory lay in the sweep of his powerful arms.

The piper piped a shrill triumph. Dr. Watson leaned over the boat's side and congratulated his patient. Only one man in all the world had done this, he said; thirty-five years ago, that was—and a fluke at that. Just an accident of the tides. Webb had not battled with the terrific eddies of the Goodwin Sands, a feat in itself worthy of a world's champion,—and much more in the same key.

But the giant Yorkshireman was tiring very fast. An hour later, the bearings made him four and three-quarters of a mile off. "Tide's drifting him steadily toward the North Sea," McKen whispered to us. He seemed to feel acutely the situation, as we all did. It was terrible to see such grit, such patience and splendid strength, baffled and defeated. But the French coast was shelving away now. The man had been swimming with amazing power for sixteen hours.

Just after midnight Watson advised the two swimmers to join the champion in case of accident. The position of the coast lights now showed us six miles off Calais, on the outer Reytingen Bank, and drifting steadily toward the North Sea. At ten minutes to one Burgess complained of cramp for the first time, but it wore off. Weidman, recalled by Dr. Watson, swam to the tug on some silent mission. Mew remained by Burgess's side anxiously watching for signs of collapse.

But there were none. The superb human machine appeared to move as perfectly as when the man first took to the water under the chalk cliffs of St. Margaret's. "I ought to have done it within fifteen hours," he said sadly, as he thrashed through the heavy seas. "I guess that haze put us out a bit." Suddenly he stiffened. A look of great pain shot across his earnest face. "I'm in trouble," he said. "Come nearer," called the doctor, half rising with a big pitcher of hot water in his hand from the tug's boiler.

A few powerful breast-strokes, and the giant's body came awash. At the same time the hot water was poured over the cramped muscles. Burgess smiled his thanks and set off again. But McKen shook his head over the chart. "It's eight miles now," he whispered mournfully. "I reckon he won't beat that four-and-a-quarter, this trip anyway."

It was past one o'clock in the morning. The haze had lifted from the sea, and the swimmer's eyes told us he knew the truth. He shook his head and smiled bravely. Slowing up and greeting the anxious Mew, he swam beside him with a cheery, "Well, the tide's beaten me again, mate?"

Then came cramp which no hot water could assuage. Our pilot was bent over the lamp-lit chart. "He's been swimming exactly eighteen hours," McKen said. "He's covered just over forty-two miles. Up with him, boys."

With an "All together," we lifted the giant up out of the dark swell, put him to bed on the tug, and then turned her nose back to the cliffs of England.

Carlyle claimed that "every stroke of honest work is throwing sunlight into some dark corner, and bringing some bit of chaos into heavenly order."



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# The Sanitary Home

[Concluded from page 486-A]

the light from entering. The ideal cellar is the cleanable cellar, and it must be cleaned regularly, lest offensive odors permeate the house.

## Doors as Barriers

TO INSURE privacy in the home there must be doors—outside ones to serve as a barrier against intruders, and inside ones to secure privacy; but whichever the door is, exterior or interior barrier, it need not be an ugly one, for the modern door ought to be a thing of beauty and an ornament to any room.

Naturally a door conforms in texture to the woodwork of the room, but the form of the door should be one that attracts rather than repels, and that can be easily and quickly cleaned. The fewer panels there are, the easier the door is to keep in perfect condition. The less beading and fancy work there is on the door, the better it will wear.

The ideal door consists of the plain panel. If the wood is done in the natural finish, it will be beautiful with the exquisite grain of the wood; if it is painted, its soft polish should bear a very constant testimony to good housekeeping. The less paneling the less lodging places for dust, and the more paneling the more little cracks and crevices to be dug out.

The door illustrated herewith is an excellent example of the inside door, its long panel and modest molding giving simple dignity in effect, as well as a rich appearance to the standing woodwork. The outer door must frequently help in the lighting of the room, and this can be done most artistically and effectually by throwing the lighting surface to the top of the door, giving privacy to those who are in the room, and making a beautiful soft light.

In suburban communities an outside door will be found very useful that can be cut in two in the center, and hung with two sets of hinges instead of one set, making what is called a "Dutch" door; so that the upper part of the door can be opened at night to inquiring callers, and the lower part serve as a barrier until the character of the caller is determined.

Too little thought and care is given to the doors in the construction of a house, and at the time when the doors are wanted for the home, the attention is taken up with so many other details, and we have such an infinity of suggestions, that we rarely give the attention to the doors that they require. In the hurry of finishing, in order to settle the vexing question almost anything is selected. It is well to be very judicious in the selection of the doors for the different sections of the house, the outside doors to make the house secure, and the inside doors to close off rooms.

If a natural finish is desired, birch will be found an exceedingly desirable wood. It finishes beautifully, is hard, and not at all absorbent, and is susceptible of many kinds of finishes. It can be presented in its own colorings, or it may be stained mahogany, walnut, or cherry, and at the same time retain an individuality.

Solid or veneered oak doors are always good but somewhat expensive. So also are mahogany or butternut. Hardwood doors are preferable to soft wood because they do not mar so easily, retain their finish better, and do not shrink from their panels. But whatever the style, or the wood, avoid fancy beading, freakish paneling, or fussy finishing. The ideal door is the old Colonial, dignified, substantial, and simple, always in good form and perfect taste.

Go over all doors daily with a damp cloth, either soft cotton or old wool. Once a week wash them with a mild soap and water solution, with a few drops—drops, mind you!—of ammonia, and your doors will be clean, the panels will not draw, and the effect will be thoroughly satisfactory.

## Improvements in Window Screens

THE use of screens to keep out flies has become so universal that, instead of recommending screens, every one is so educated to their use that we are now searching simply for better screens. No home is so poor that it cannot be screened; no home is so well screened that better screens are not desirable.

There are the adjustable screens that fit any width of windows. The trouble with them is that, unless they reach to the lower half of the sash, the flies creep in above. The best screen is that which covers the entire window, that hangs from the top so that the windows may be lowered or raised without admitting flies, and that can be taken out to allow window washing at any time. These screens are particularly desirable for all windows.

We are no longer satisfied with the light, thin wire cloth that we used in the early days of screens, for now we demand heavier wire as well as more permanent framing. A very good screen is now made with a metallic frame. Fortunately it is adjustable, and overcomes many of the difficulties of the old wood-framed screen, but well finished wood casings are still the most popular.

The kitchen screen door has been a problem for many years. It would be kicked through in the lower panel or rust out through an excess of dampness. The better way is to put a screen board over the lower panel of the screen door to protect the wire from accidents.



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Shaving soreness is usually due to a combination of stiff, heavy beard, and an over-sensitive skin. The scraping of the razor, together with the rubbing in of soap, irritates the skin and makes it sore, often producing razor-rash. Lotions and similar preparations may give more or less temporary relief, but cannot either cure or prevent shaving soreness.

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## Pompeian Massage Cream

after shaving; cleanses the pores of all irritating particles of soap, and furthermore, gradually *strengthens* the skin so that it is soon able to bear frequent shaving without discomfort. Pompeian Massage will, furthermore, take out wrinkles and blackheads, and put the skin in a healthy, ruddy, supple condition.

If you shave yourself or wish to massage yourself, you can get Pompeian Massage Cream of your druggist for home use. But do not allow either barber or druggist to substitute an imitation. No imitation has the qualities of the genuine and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Pompeian cannot possibly injure the most delicate skin and contains **no grease**. Look for the trade mark label on the bottle and be sure "Pompeian" is there, and not some other word similar in appearance or pronunciation.

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## The Wireless Telegraph Bubble

By FRANK FAYANT

[Continued from page 483]

American De Forest, executed a trust deed to White as president of the Greater New York Security Company. About \$270,000 of these bonds were sold, many of them going to investors in the West, and the remainder to American De Forest stockholders in New York, Atlanta, and other Eastern cities. They bear interest at the rate of six per cent. The quarterly coupons were honored until last December. Since then the interest on the bonds has not been paid. The bondholders, if they have any faith in the future of their company, can exercise their rights as creditors of the company and put it in the hands of a receiver. They certainly ought to have as good a chance of getting a run for their money this way as they will have by selling their bonds for United Wireless stock at a discount of eighty per cent.

These American De Forest bonds were the direct result of White's extravagant management of the company in 1904. At the beginning of the year White made a contract with the London "Times" to install the De Forest apparatus on a newspaper despatch boat to report the naval engagements in the war that was about to open between Russia and Japan. White profited by his early advices from the Far East to make a turn in the grain and stock markets. His profitable speculation enabled him to go ahead booming wireless stock. He put a good share of his market profits into the De Forest company, spending money lavishly in publicity and in the erection of useless stations. White himself says that he spent \$465,000 that year in exploiting the company. One of the most extravagant things he did was to spend \$150,000 in publicity at the St. Louis Exposition. A big tower was erected on the grounds, and messages were flashed to stations in various parts of St. Louis. White thought that this expensive object lesson would result in large sales of the company's stock, but it did not. The \$150,000 St. Louis station was almost a complete loss.

A big share of the receipts from the sale of American De Forest stock had been spent in the erection of useless wireless stations. These stations had been erected almost solely for the purpose of promoting the sale of stock. A station was installed in Atlanta, Georgia, that connected with nowhere. The station was erected because Atlanta investors were nibbling at wireless stock, and White saw that there was a chance to sell a good big block by the right kind of advertising. I am told that \$3,000 expended in the erection of this useless station at Atlanta resulted in the sale of about \$50,000 worth of stock. After the stock had been sold there was no more use for the station, and one day a firm that had supplied some of the materials for the station came along and seized it for the debt. The Atlanta investors now want to know what has become of their money.

Another favorite publicity scheme employed by White and De Forest has been to promise the early transmission of wireless messages across the oceans and across the continent. As far back as January, 1903, De Forest sent a message to President Roosevelt promising that he would be sending wireless despatches to Manila, via Hawaii "within eighteen months." That was only a dream. In 1904, when American De Forest stock was offered to investors as "an alluring proposition," White's brokers made this announcement: "The following wireless circuits have been opened for business—Chicago and Springfield, Springfield and St. Louis, St. Louis and Kansas City, and Buffalo and Cleveland; apparatus is now being made ready for a complete line of stations connecting New York and San Francisco, and we are informed that wireless communications between these two points will be established within the next eight months." This was also a dream. Only last November, when White was still counting the big profits of his lucky speculation in the stock market, he was "planning to effect instantaneous communication from the Pacific Coast to China in the near future." This was another dream.

But the biggest dream that White and De Forest had in connection with the long distance transmission of wireless messages was a little more than a year ago. White devoted \$500 worth of advertising space in one of the New York Sunday newspapers of April 8, 1906, to a big type announcement that the American De Forest Company was busily engaged in sending messages all the way across the Atlantic. The Marconi promoters, some time previously, had induced President Roosevelt to write a transatlantic wireless message to King Edward. It read in this wise: "To His Majesty, King Edward VII., London. In taking advantage of the wonderful triumph of scientific research and ingenuity which has been achieved in perfecting the system of wireless telegraphy, I express on behalf of the American people the most cordial greetings and good wishes to you and all the people of the British Empire." The Marconi people say that they sent this message, and we must take their word for it. Still, it seems rather strange to the layman that the Marconi people stopped with this one message. White did not



intend to be beaten by the Marconi people. So he sent De Forest to Glengariff Harbor, County Cork, Ireland, to receive a transatlantic message from the De Forest Manhattan Beach station. White wrote an 800-word despatch telling the whole history of wireless telegraphy, and printed it in the newspapers, along with a message from De Forest stating that the "aërogram" had been received in County Cork. "The application of man's genius and the utilization of God's natural forces represent a truly wonderful combination," aërographed White to De Forest; "this marvelous achievement recalls to mind that historic telegraph message sent over the Morse cable many years ago, 'What hath God wrought!'" It would be unkind to suggest that the 800-word history of wireless telegraphy, which White says he sent through the ether to Glengariff Harbor, was in De Forest's pocket before he set sail for Ireland. This great achievement in aërography was recorded more than a year ago. Since then nothing has been heard of the art in connection with the De Forest companies, and it may be that transatlantic aërography is one of the lost arts. It certainly does seem strange to a layman that after sending an 800-word message across the Atlantic nothing more was heard of transatlantic messages. The cable companies still continue to do business, and the owners of cable securities do not seem to be lying awake nights worrying over aërograms.

While the De Forest people are not sending messages across the Atlantic, or across the continent, or across the Pacific, they are doing some commercial business. But this business is of infinitesimal proportion to the capitalization of the De Forest companies. Instead of sending messages 3,000 miles across the Atlantic at ten cents a word, the De Forest people are doing a little coastwise business within a limit of 300 miles at a charge of fifteen cents a word or more. But this business is all handled by the Atlantic De Forest Wireless, a sub-company that is White's personal property. This company is capitalized only at \$1,000,000, and the public has never had the opportunity of subscribing to its stock. It delivers messages to steamers plying up and down the Atlantic coast. I had occasion myself the other day to send a wireless message by the Atlantic De Forest to the Ward liner "Merida" a day after she had left New York for Mexico. But no attempt was made to send the message directly from New York to the ship. The message was first telegraphed to Cape Hatteras, and from there was flashed over to the "Merida." Some effort has been made to do a land wireless business, especially in Texas, but the land stations have been unable to compete with the regular telegraph lines, and White himself tells his friends that land wireless can never be profitable until hundreds of stations have been established all over the country.

Another dream that White had mid the splendors of the McCall mansion was the Bonanza Gold Syndicate. A week after his announcement of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, he devoted much valuable space in the leading newspapers of the country to an appeal to investors for \$3,000,000 of capital to exploit "colossal gold deposits in gold-bearing sands and gravel in the rivers and in many square miles adjacent in an accessible country, showing such enormously rich wealth that the development of this apparently mother lode of golden riches would startle the world as no other great find in mining has done." Mr. White would not tell where these colossal deposits were located, but he promised to let the secret out after he had sold the \$3,000,000 of stock. He did, however, devote a great deal of space to telling what a wonderful financier he was. Mr. White described himself as "a man who has won conspicuous success in notable financial operations covering a period of many years past, and who is one of the best known financiers in the country." He also made bold to say that his operations were "the sort to follow," and that he was "the kind of man to go with in making investments." He was going to issue \$2,000,000 "to provide for the purchase price, plants required, expenses and development of what were already indicated to be the most colossal gold deposits ever discovered anywhere on earth." But finally, when White brought out his Bonanza Gold Syndicate, the public appetite for mining investments had been satiated, and there was no instant response to his appeal. Not long after, White discovered that the "colossal gold deposits" were a myth, and it is a pleasure to record that he sent the money back to subscribers.

#### A Correction

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY,  
OF AMERICA,  
Lords Court Building, 27 William Street,  
NEW YORK, May 27, 1907.

FRANK FAYANT, ESQ., The Success Company, N. Y. City:

Dear Sir:—I have read your admirable article published in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for June, and to only one matter would I take exception, viz.: that you state "the De Forest instruments did their work and did it well, as was shown in the competitive tests with the Marconi instruments." This company entered into no competitive work whatsoever and it does not approve of such tests. In lieu thereof we offered to show the Government our actual working on a commercial basis.

As the above statement is rather misleading, if you can correct it I shall feel much obliged. Yours very truly,

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA.

By I. Bottomley, Vice-President.

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| 9580 | I Want You for My All Time Girl (deKoven).....           | Irving Gillette           |
| 9581 | Kimble March (Kimble) <i>Accordion</i> .....             | John Kimble               |
| 9582 | And a Little Bit More (Fischer).....                     | Arthur Collins            |
| 9583 | While the Birds are Singing to Me (Fulton).....          | Harlan and Belmont        |
| 9584 | I'd Live or I Would Die For You (Ball).....              | Harry Anthony             |
| 9585 | Dream of the Rarebit Fiend (Thurban).....                | Edison Military Band      |
| 9586 | Because I'm Married Now (Ingraham).....                  | Billy Murray              |
| 9587 | Speed Away (Woodbury).....                               | Edison Mixed Quartette    |
| 9588 | You'll Not Be Forgotten, Lady Lou (Meyer).....           | Frederick H. Potter       |
| 9589 | The Broken-Hearted Sparrow (Bendix).....                 | Edison Symphony Orchestra |
| 9590 | You'll Have to Wait Till My Ship Comes In (Evans).....   | Bob Roberts               |
| 9591 | I Know Dat I'll Be Happy Till I Die (Rogers).....        | Collins and Harlan        |
| 9592 | Hymns of the Old Church Choir (Solman).....              | Frank C. Stanley          |
| 9593 | Anvil Polka (Parlow).....                                | Edison Concert Band       |
| 9594 | Flanagan and His Servant Girl (Original).....            | Steve Porter              |
| 9595 | Sweet Jessie Dear (Fontelle).....                        | Edison Male Quartette     |
| 9596 | Save a Little Money for a Rainy Day (Silver).....        | Edward Meeker             |
| 9597 | The Chorus Lady March (Kingsbury) <i>Xylophone</i> ..... | Albert Benzler            |
| 9598 | Tale of the Bucket (Bald).....                           | Will F. Denny             |
| 9599 | Blondy and Johnny (Original).....                        | Ada Jones and Len Spencer |
| 9600 | It's Great to be a Soldier Man (Morse).....              | Byron G. Harlan           |
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You can sell these for one Dollar, and this will furnish you capital to buy more at the wholesale price.

You can work up a list of permanent customers who will buy a copy every month, and this will give you plenty of spending money all the time—money that you will enjoy more because you made it in business yourself.

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Postal card will do.

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# ROOSEVELT—DEMOCRAT

[Concluded from page 466]

I have said that Mr. Roosevelt has a peculiar way of shaking hands, which saves him from much physical pain in cases where he has to stand at the head of a line and greet people—sometimes for hours at a stretch. All public men (William Jennings Bryan, especially, felt this) undergo excruciating torture sometimes from the too friendly manifestations of their admirers, and find themselves, after a big banquet or a public speech, with five fingers and a palm as puffed and sore as if they had been beaten with a mallet. The present occupant of the White House always folds his index and little fingers together inside his palm, and presents his hand thus contracted to each guest, in order that he may not be compelled to sustain the shock of each succeeding clasp. He throws out his hand to meet the oncomer halfway, the oncomer takes it, gives it a little wiggle, is accorded a Rooseveltian "Dee-lighted," and is gently pulled on past the front of the President and thus quietly and finally disposed of.

Those who wish to greet him are always maneuvered around so that they are in a line, approaching him from the left. This disposition of the guests, whether it is realized at the time or not, is slyly accomplished by the Secret Service men.

Much has been said about Mr. Roosevelt's belligerency and, in one way, this only goes to prove his innate democracy. He has a temper and a fighting spirit that is astonishingly like the ordinary American's well-known propensities along this line; and the dignity of high office does not abate this tendency one bit.

The time the trolley car smashed into him at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and killed his beloved bodyguard, Craig, he evinced this spirit at once. The motorman who had run into him was arrested and brought up to him.

"What do you mean by such stupidity?" demanded the President with a vehemence that showed his anger. "Do you know that, if you weren't an ordinary motorman, I'd punch your face?"

The motorman cheerfully took up the gauntlet with: "You would, would you? Well, come on an' do it. If you weren't the President, I'd make mighty short work of you!"

Another bout from which he had a narrow escape—and in which a prominent local politician did get badly handled—occurred in Colorado, the time the supporters of Bryan were rampant out there. In those days, during his speeches, he used to employ a pet phrase, which ran as follows: "Why was n't the Spanish War a great war?" Then, after the usual oratorical pause: "Because we whipped 'em in a hurry!" This was always delivered with telling effect, and was followed by prolonged cheers.

At Cripple Creek, the crowd had been forewarned by a Bryan campaign manager.

"Why was n't the Spanish War a great war?" thundered Roosevelt.

"Because WE whipped 'em in a hurry!" yelled the expectant throng.

At once he became violently angry, and, while the prominent politician tried to restrain him, he yelled something about if he could get at one of those fellows he would thrash him.

Some one in the audience heard him. "Come on down and do it," was the prompt invitation. Instead of allowing him to comply, however, the politician mentioned stepped forward and insisted that this was no way in which to treat a guest of the State of Colorado. The whole affair ended in a rumpus, while Roosevelt pulled the bell cord and ordered the train to leave.

The photographs here shown of the Yellowstone trip recall other instances of this free-for-all, rough-and-ready characteristic of the President. A band of local admirers had dedicated one of the large trees thereabouts to him, and had nailed an immense sign across its bark, bearing the word, "ROOSEVELT." With due pomp and appropriate speech-making the thing was unveiled.

"Take it down!" shouted the irrepressible Roosevelt at once. The committee was dumfounded. "That's nothing but desecration," he continued. "Tear it down, I say! Tear it down and put up my card instead." Some one took his card and affixed it to the bark of the tree—an ordinary device of memento-leaving visitors in those parts—and the affable Mr. Loeb thereupon had his first job of "squaring" the President with the offended committeemen.

Later Mr. Roosevelt had thousands of these cards torn down, also; and the photograph which I took of the scene shows Mr. Loeb meditatively smoking a cigar,



"He is all things to all men"

while he tries to make up his mind just what sort of salve to apply. "Don't ever use that photo," Mr. Roosevelt called to me, as I walked away with my camera under my arm.

One more instance; this also on the Yosemite trip. The Presidential caravan had set out up the trail in a long line of heavily laden coaches, each with the occupants' baggage strapped on behind. The President's coach led, but experienced such difficulty in making quick time, that the luggage which encumbered it was removed and left by the wayside for one of the succeeding coaches to pick up and take into camp. Among this luggage were the President's effects, including a silk tent which he had taken along with him. He intended to sleep out with the guides that night, just as a little way of showing his friendliness.

At length we all arrived. "Where are my grips?" Mr. Roosevelt at once demanded.

"What grips?" was asked. "The grips I left down there in the road for you fellows to bring along."

Nobody had brought them. "How did we know they were to be brought along? There was no word to that effect," was the justification. Finally, some one was sent back after them, but the argument had waxed so hot, and so much importance had been attached to it by the President, that he would eat no supper.

It was the party of press men against whom he felt most angered that time. And yet, perhaps the men to whom he always showed the utmost kindness and attention—and that, too, because of a personal liking for them—were the members of the press party in attendance. On one occasion, when he had been made the guest of honor at a country club and the press men didn't attend, he came back irate.

"Why didn't you fellows come up there?" he asked. "What do you mean by leaving me all by myself that way?"

It was explained that we had received such shabby treatment from that club, when we had passed through there before with Mr. McKinley, that we didn't care to attend.

"I don't blame you a bit," he declared heartily, when he had heard the details, "and if I had known all that in advance I would n't have gone up there myself."

During the last days of William McKinley, when it was so important that the news of his condition should be published to the world, the bulletins issued by the attending physicians were scarcely sufficient. Many a time Mr. Roosevelt—who was the only one in authority to issue information—would be stopped by a newspaper man as he went toward the Milburn house.

"Mr. Roosevelt," he would be asked, "will you find



out about so-and-so for me while you're in there? I'd like to wire it back to my paper."

"I'll be glad to do what I can for you," was the sincere answer, and generally the newspaper man got what he wished.

Even if he was in the middle of a speech, and a representative of the press wished him to answer a question in public, or the photographer wished him to turn a little bit more toward the sunlight, a note could be passed to him on the end of a long fishing pole without his resenting it.

So assured was the *entente cordiale* between Mr. Roosevelt and these men that, at the end of the Yellowstone trip, the members of the press party gave him a banquet. In publishing the comic circular of instruction herewith, I think the general reader may be able to get a few sidelights on the way public-speaking and campaign tours are manipulated from within.

But, in spite of this good feeling, Roosevelt knew how to be stern when the occasion arose. On the occasion, when his injured leg was troubling him the most, he called in the reporters and said:

"Boys, I am going to tell you the truth. My leg is really in a rather critical condition; but I will pull through all right and there is no cause for worry. Therefore, I want you to say nothing about it which would alarm the people. Simply send out a bulletin to the effect that I am all right and in no trouble."

We all asked him for further details. He gave out a few in a conversational way, but enjoined us all not to send them out. The next day a New York paper contained every word of that interview, printed over the name of one of the men on the private car. How it had leaked out was a mystery; but Roosevelt never stopped to solve mysteries. He had the man put off.

This injured leg was the result of a trolley car smash-up, the one alluded to above, in which Craig was killed and the motorman almost came to blows with the President. Mr. Roosevelt had gone back to Washington immediately after the accident and had then persistently started upon another tour. I have taken many photographs of him, showing him throwing the weight of his body off the injured leg while standing and addressing an audience. This trouble brought about a scene which, so far as the democracy of the man is concerned, is remarkable.

Imagine Mr. Roosevelt, perched on a cook's table in an Indianapolis kitchen; his trousers' leg pulled up, his coat thrown over the back of a kitchen chair, and a hastily summoned physician examining the injured limb. All unconscious of the facts, the banqueters in another room were merrily cracking jokes and making speeches. At once he was bundled off to a hospital and later put on a train for Washington. It was from this train that the reporter above mentioned got his dismissal.

When we reached Washington, the President was kept indoors a while; but he stayed there so long that the people began to get nervous, and so it was decided that he should show himself in public in order to restore confidence.

At one time when taking a photograph, I had jumped forward to get a closer snapshot of Mr. Roosevelt and had just succeeded in taking the picture when the policeman arrested me. The President turned, however, recognized me, and said: "He's all right. Release him."

I can't forbear mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's souvenirs. They represent his democracy far better than reams of reminiscences could. Mr. McKinley once had three carloads of such tokens hitched onto his special train; but Mr. Roosevelt must altogether have at least three train loads. He cannot stop to pat a dog on the head without that animal being immediately crated up by its fond owner and shipped to "T. R.—Washington, D. C." Horses and saddles enough to fit out a brigade, chairs, badges, turkeys, guinea pigs, snakes from a traveling sideshow, canes, vases—everything that the generosity of the American nation can conceive has been given to him at one time or another.

He used to get flowers and bouquets by the bushel generally presented by some of the young ladies of the town; and these offerings would finally pile up to such an extent that the porter would be compelled to open the car window and throw them out to make way for those of the next town. An amusing incident in this connection occurred at a little Kansas town.

The Presidential train was just pulling out of the depot, when through the crowd came a barefoot boy, running with all his might and carrying a bouquet in his hand. He yelled. Roosevelt saw him; so did the whole populace. "Well," said the President, "I can't run away like this and insult the boy," so he pulled the bellrope and brought the train to a stop.

The youngster came up breathlessly and delivered the roses. Roosevelt smiled and handed him a dollar, and the incident was closed. Later, as the train was speeding on its way, his "dee-lighted" smile was a bit troubled, and he called in the porter.

"Jerry," he said, "it seems to me these flowers are rather withered, aren't they? That boy must have had a hard time getting through the crowd."

"Well, they ought to be withered," was the answer. "That there bouquet has been on this train for three days, and I just threw it out of the window back at that town." There is a boy somewhere in Kansas who will be a captain of industry one of these days.

The world belongs to the energetic.—Emerson.

# Road of a Thousand Wonders



## SOUTHERN PACIFIC Through California and Oregon

Oregon and California, along the Road of a Thousand Wonders, with their redwood and pine forests—finest in America—clear mountain-born streams, snow-tipped peaks and long beaches where cool sea breezes blow, all natural parks through which wind the best summer wagon roads in America. For motoring and driving the oiled and sanded roads of California are an endless delight—and naturally the best roads in America. When you come west this summer under the low daily round trip rates or the yet lower rates for the National Educational Association Convention (Los Angeles, July 8-12) or the Christian Endeavor Convention (Seattle, July 10-15), or the Good Templars Meeting (Seattle, July 16-22), be sure your tickets read over the Southern Pacific and the Road of a Thousand Wonders. For a beautiful book, with 120 pictures in glowing colors of the scenery between Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles, California, and a copy of *Sunset Magazine*, describing the reconstruction of San Francisco, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. O, Flood Building, San Francisco, California.



## The Great Lakes of America NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

### SS. NORTH WEST

Leaves Buffalo Saturdays  
and Duluth Tuesdays.

### SS. NORTH LAND

Leaves Buffalo Wednesdays  
and Chicago Saturdays.

### AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN

To all Lake Resorts, including Mackinac Island,  
Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Houghton, Duluth,  
Harbor Springs, Milwaukee and Chicago.

Season from June 22 to first week in September

TICKETS OPTIONAL (Rail or Steamship)

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES.

Write for particulars. W. M. LOWRIE, G.P.A., 379 Broadway, New York City





## To Teachers, High School and College Students

What are you going to work at this summer?

The time has come when most of you must give some thought to plans for the next school year, or to the future, if you graduated this year.

These thoughts will probably involve the earning of the money necessary to your plans.

Many of you are ambitious to secure a higher education, but lack the means. We have a plan that has enabled hundreds to realize this ambition. Let us send you a booklet containing the pictures and experiences of many such, as told in their own words.

In short, if you want to earn a scholarship in any one of America's leading colleges, or money for your further education, or for any other purposes this vacation, let us tell you how we can help you.

We want you to work for us. The work is easy and dignified, and our instructions before you start, and coaching afterwards, make failure well-nigh impossible.

A postal card will bring full particulars. Address

**ROBERT J. SHERLOCK,**  
Manager, Bureau of Education  
University Building, Washington Square  
New York

## The Editors' Outlook

FIVE years ago there appeared frequently in Boston daily papers, and occasionally in those of New York and Chicago, sundry trenchant, biting, and straight-to-the-point advertisements, purporting to disseminate true information about copper and other stocks. The author of these advertisements, a Boston broker and stock operator, intended by them to affect public opinion for speculative purposes. They were sometimes instructive, and always interesting, and were read with many an appreciative laugh. The "wise ones" of State and Wall Streets, when they took notice of them at all, would usually do just the opposite of what the advertiser recommended; the "lambs" would follow his advice. The records have never as yet been made up to show who "won out," whether the wise ones or the "lambs." But certain it is that the advertiser—one Thomas W. Lawson—waxed prosperous and wealthy. He became possessed of an extensive stock farm, a magnificent yacht, and a twenty-five-thousand-dollar carnation. In eastern speculative circles he acquired reputation as a successful and always interesting plunger. He was even known in New York, and had some influence on the course of prices on Wall Street when he chose to exert his powers. His reputation, however, was purely local, and of mixed quality.

TO-DAY it is "Mr. Lawson," and his name is a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay. In a series of magazine articles on "Frenzied Finance," the like of which for apparently truthful revelation of inside financial wickedness has never appeared in periodical literature, he has amazed and shocked public sentiment. He has uprooted existing beliefs. He has started operations which have led to the downfall of reputations of forty years' standing in the financial and insurance world, and whatever may be said of his sincerity, it has never been denied that he has been able, interesting, forceful, aggressive, and is to-day a power. Wall Street first laughed at him, then sneered, and went its way. Wrapped in its own plans for wealth, it failed to recognize the tremendous hold that he was getting over the people of this country East and West, and the influence he came to exert almost at will. "A charlatan" they said, without understanding that even a charlatan might powerfully affect the destinies of their world.

THOMAS W. LAWSON is still one of the most interesting figures in our American life, although there are ample signs that his "following" is dropping away. In the East he is now pretty well understood; in the Central and Far West he is still talked of as one who has made a place for himself among the great leaders of public opinion. The truth about him is hard to sift out from the vast mass of fact, fiction, fancy, and history covering the things which he has done and is doing. But the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have commissioned Mr. Frank Fayant, the author of "Fools and Their Money," to delve into these mysteries of the past and present, in a short series of articles, in which Mr. Fayant will try to give an absolutely truthful portraiture of the man and his work. Mr. Fayant will approach his subject with as little bias as possible, either for or against. If the records show that Mr. Lawson is a great and generous benefactor to society, it will be a pleasure to present the proof; if they show him to be a charlatan, a schemer, and an absolutely selfish speculator, the proof will be presented with fearlessness. Believing, as we do, in giving justice to all and an absolutely "square deal," we shall try to tell our readers all the good we can of Mr. Lawson, and if we find that good mixed with evil, we shall feel that it is necessary to expose it because of the fact that, by some means or other, he has obtained an influence on the American public which can be

made, as he wills it, a blessing or a curse, and as such he is a public character open to criticism.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is scared. This is in itself an event, because there appear to be comparatively few cases in the history of the last forty years when Mr. Rockefeller has been scared about anything. He usually knows full five years ahead just what is going to happen at any particular time—he *pays* to know—and that knowledge, and his wonderful judgment together, form a combination which has made him, so they say, the richest man in the world. What Mr. Rockefeller is scared about now is the danger of over-production of gold. He thinks that too much gold is being produced—too much is getting away from his control into the hands of those who would not, perhaps, use it as wisely and successfully as he can. The man, or the men, or the allied banks and institutions who can control a large mass of actual gold, have it in their power to raise or depress stocks and bonds, money rates and food products, and if this control is too widely disseminated, it would naturally get into the hands of thousands of people who might fight among themselves and who would not be likely to pool their issues toward the one great beneficent "system"—atic plan of "co-operative money getting."

IT IS TRUE that never in the world's history has so much gold been mined, and never has such advanced mining machinery been created. The mines of the Klondike, of California, Nevada, Canada, South Africa and Australia, and the great possibilities of the Congo, now about to be developed, will doubtless produce a greater amount of gold, and were it not for our constantly expanding necessities for a larger basic money metal, it might be expected that gold would depreciate, and wheat, manufactured goods and labor, as measured in gold, would appreciate. We are going to talk about this "danger" of a gold increase in our August issue and our article on this subject will be written by a man thoroughly familiar with all the conditions. Possibly he will show that it is not a danger but a panacea for some of our greatest woes.

THE "Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor" sounds like Wallace Irwin and [is, indeed, by that brilliant writer's facile and humorous pen. When Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard declared Mr. Irwin's "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" to be the most remarkable combination of rhyme and humor in the English language, he voiced a popular sentiment, and Mr. Irwin has since been besieged by publishers and readers alike to write a "sequel." This he has not done, but he has produced another series in which he expresses many of the quaint and humorous things which come under the observation of a car conductor. Perhaps the highest price ever paid to a modern writer for verse has been given by us to Mr. Irwin for these sonnets.

WHEN Mrs. Isabel Gordon Curtis undertook to conduct the Pin Money Papers and other Woman's Department features of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, she invited suggestions and inquiries from the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE upon various subjects. Her previous experience had led her to suppose that she would obtain a few hundred inquiries, perhaps, all of which could be easily answered without too great a burden upon her time and that of her assistants. To her utter amazement, however, her daily mail has been simply overwhelming, nearly 20,000 letters having been received by her during the past four months. We have added largely to her force of assistants, and she and they are doing the best that they can to keep up with this vast volume of mail, but we shall have to crave the indulgence of our readers for a short time if they do not hear from her immediately in reply to their



letters, which are, nevertheless, most heartily appreciated, and will be of great value to her and to us. We are particularly glad to learn from Mrs. Curtis that the letters which she has received indicate most clearly the remarkable intelligence of our readers, and their warm feeling for *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, and we are grateful, indeed, for the co-operation which is being extended to her and to us, as evidenced in so many ways.

\* \* \*

WHILE we are on this subject of letter writing, it may be of interest to our readers to know that our Investors' Department has also been apparently of great use to our readers, as is shown by the fact that over 10,000 letters have been received asking the advice of our financial experts on the subject of the investment of savings, and inquiring about specific properties. To the very best of our ability we are answering these inquiries, and our services are always at the disposal of our readers. We feel keenly the responsibilities which are placed upon us when we are asked to advise on the disposition of the savings of years, and while we can rarely make our advice specific, we can and do recommend the general lines on which such investments shall be made when we know all the conditions.

\* \* \*

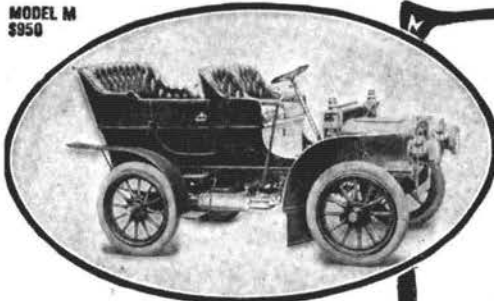
INCIDENTALLY, we will make a confession—and this is, that our recent decision to exclude speculative stock and other sub-standard investment advertisements from our columns was made largely because of what we found out through the correspondence of our readers with the Investment Department. We learned that in all too many cases the public was being misled by over-optimistic investment advertising into the belief that their savings were safe with these "wild-cat propositions," and while we have always been very careful about the admission into our columns of advertisers of this character, our conscience was aroused to the point of determining to draw the line still tighter against propositions which could by any reasonable possibility bring about a loss to our readers. We shall welcome from our readers any criticism which they may make of advertisements appearing in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, our determination being to absolutely free our columns from all of the misrepresentations of the "powers that prey."

\* \* \*

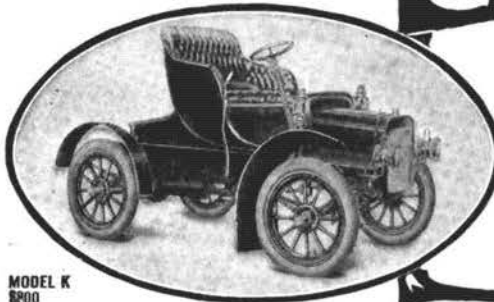
WE CANNOT forbear expressing to our Canadian subscribers our condolence upon the recently adopted policy of their Government. It seems to us an extraordinary thing that a Government should deliberately determine to protect "home-grown" literature by applying an almost prohibitive postal rate upon the great American magazines, which have become a household necessity across the border as in this country. The new postal convention between the United States and Canada, which was forced upon the United States by the Canadian Government, means that the great magazines of America will have to pay from forty to seventy-five cents per annum more for postage than they have paid hitherto. The result is obvious—the subscription price must be raised to Canadian subscribers, and must be raised by at least fifty cents in the case of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*. By a most curious and amusing paradox, the extra money which the Canadian subscriber pays goes into the treasury, not of Canada, but of the United States. In other words, a thousand American magazines pay to the United States Government the extra postage money on magazines going to Canada, while a bare half-dozen Canadian magazines, of practically no circulation in the United States, pay to the Canadian Government the increased rate on their limited American circulation. It is the Canadian citizen who pays the piper, and he contributes an enormous sum annually to the revenues of the American Government. Is this not really a curious illustration of the protective system "run mad"?

\* \* \*

THE WINNERS of the prize contests announced in our March number should have been published in this issue. We beg indulgence until the August issue. The large number of excellent manuscripts received has made it impossible to render a decision quickly.

MODEL M  
\$950

The  
"Strong and Steady"  
—Always Ready—  
Kind

MODEL K  
\$800

## A Summer's Pleasure

Almost any Family Can Afford

This applies to keeping the car without extravagance, as well as buying it. With a Cadillac single cylinder car the whole family will do more traveling than you could afford to do on a train, more evenly distributed and with far greater enjoyment. Always ready, stanch and reliable, with the style and finish of the higher priced cars.

The Cost of  
Keeping a

# CADILLAC

Shown  
by 147 Affidavits

on file in our office, runs from practically nothing to as high as ten or twelve dollars a month, but averages less than \$2.50 monthly, exclusive of tires. The average gasoline consumption runs from 16 to 23 miles per gallon or less than 1/3 of a cent per mile for each passenger. These 147 are owners of single cylinder Cadillacs in almost every state in the Union.

These cars—either touring or runabout—are the greatest combination of economy and efficiency in the world. They truly afford all there is in motoring—except the troubles.

Prices from \$800 to \$1350. Dealers are always glad to demonstrate. Fully described and illustrated in Catalogue "A B," mailed on receipt of request.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member  
A. L. A. M.



## EARN YEARLY \$3,000 TO \$10,000. IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

We will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business, and appoint you

### SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America.

Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A Thorough Commercial Law Course Free to Each Representative. Write for 62 page book FREE.

THE CROSS COMPANY, 712 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.

The original real estate co-operative company.

No connection with any other concern of similar name.

FREE  
BOOK

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## 7% GOLD BONDS

PRINCIPAL AND  
INTEREST  
GUARANTEED

The 10 year, Gold, Coupon Bonds of the Underwriters Realty & Title Co. are secured by selected

### N. Y. CITY REAL ESTATE

They bear 7% interest payable quarterly by coupon at the Second National Bank, New York.

The bonds contain a Participation Clause which entitles holders to a 5% preferential dividend in Company's earnings which brings total possible income up to

### 12% YEARLY

They are redeemable after two years on demand and are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1000.

Particularly desirable for investors seeking an absolutely safe investment unaffected by Wall St. manipulation. Prospectus on request. Address Dept. D.

UNDERWRITERS REALTY & TITLE CO.  
1 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

## THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

These glorious playgrounds of the East are unequalled mountain and lake retreats of all degrees of wildness. For illustrated description of this wondrous region as well as many other resorts in the cool region of Northern New York write for

### "A Summer Paradise"

Issued by the Delaware & Hudson, the Shortest, Quickest and Best Line between New York and Montreal; standard route to the Adirondacks, with train service of superb excellence. Through Pullmans on day and night trains from Grand Central Station. Direct Connections with Hudson River Lines.

Mailed on receipt of five cents postage.

A. A. HEARD, Gen. Pass. Agt.  
ALBANY, N. Y.

### IF WE TEACH YOU TO DRAW

You can earn \$20 to \$50 per week, and upwards. All branches of drawing successfully taught by correspondence. PRACTICAL and PERSONAL instruction. Successful students everywhere.

Large 1907 Catalog FREE. Write.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART  
5-10 FINE ARTS BLDG., - BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY EASILY?

We want Students, Teachers, Bookkeepers or any live man to take orders for the BEST MADE-TO-ORDER \$20 SUIT OF CLOTHES IN AMERICA. YOU WILL BE LIBERALLY PAID for a few hours of your time introducing our Guaranteed Clothing. Write for our special proposition (a Complete Course in SALESMANSHIP and a SUIT OF CLOTHES FREE), also Samples, Instructions and Territory.

DAVIDSON & CO., 155 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

### OWN A FACTORY

And make \$10.00 a day making Concrete Building Blocks. Experience unnecessary. Big demand for blocks everywhere and immense profits.

## \$33.25

And up.

Pettyjohn Machine for only \$33.25 and sent on trial. Send, water and cement only materials required. If you intend to build it will pay you to buy a Pettyjohn machine and make your own blocks. Beautiful booklet on this great industry FREE.

The Pettyjohn Co., 681 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

## PATENTS

68-Page Guide Book Free. Free search of Pat. Office Records! E. E. VROOMAN, Box 87, Wash., D. C.

## SONG

WRITERS, send us your poems. We compose the music. Simple songs often make great hits. Established 36 years.

GROOM MUSIC CO., 40 Northrup Bldg., Chicago



# LONG BEACH

**M**ONOPOLIES are not modern inventions, nor are they solely concerned with such commodities as we associate the word monopoly with in these days. Kings and Popes were as familiar with them as any modern student of political economy, and they used them freely for the furthering of their own ends.

The exclusive possession of anything constitutes a monopoly. When this control is of something which others want then it becomes financially profitable.

When Columbus sailed on his first voyage, he was promised a tenth part of the incomes from the lands he discovered, and after his return the Pope calmly bestowed on Ferdinand and Isabella all of the newly discovered regions of America. Queen Elizabeth gave to one of her subjects, a man named Darcy, the sole right to make playing cards in her

## LOTS

realm, a grant that the courts of England subsequently declared void. Charles I. granted a monopoly of soap. Indeed, so prevalent was this custom of granting monopolies that a British nobleman, in protesting against them publicly, declared the monopolists of the time had the populace in their control from head to heel. A modern historian of Trusts declares that in the eighteenth century the average man in England and Scotland suffered continuously more from the exactions of the butchers of the time than "New Yorkers did from the 'Beef Trust' in any months of 1904."

## CONSTITUTE A

Now that I have told you something about monopolies, let me try and show you why Long Beach is going to figure as a Twentieth Century monopoly. As a nation we are lovers of the sea and delight in its many pleasures. During the last generation individual wealth has increased at a tremendous rate, producing a class which can afford to pay handsomely to gratify its desires. This created a demand for seashore property, which resulted in placing all the best of our Atlantic Coast in the hands of permanent owners, with the exception of one long stretch known as "Long Beach," which, owing to legal causes, now overcome, could not be placed upon the market until this spring.

The ownership of Long Beach constitutes a monopoly because **IT IS THE ONLY COAST PROPERTY POSSESSING ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS WHICH MAKE IT DESIRABLE.**

These qualifications are, that the beach is long and sloping, the sand is white and clean, the climate is invigorating, the prevailing wind is from the ocean, the surf bathing is glorious, and there is still-water available for boating and bathing, as well as surf-water; there is excellent railroad service, and it lies within a shorter distance of a dense population and of our most important business center than any other ocean-front property. In addition it is the only ocean-front property

## TWENTIETH CENTURY

where the development comprises everything for the comfort and delight of the wealthy classes, including a five-mile boardwalk 50 feet in width, costing \$90,000 per mile, macadamized streets, cementine sidewalks, curbs and gutters, a splendid club house, a first class garage, fine running water from an artesian well, gas, electricity and a sewage-disposal plant assuring surf purity, and it is the only property of the kind controlled by one man, and a man (Senator William H. Reynolds) whose name is a synonym for complete comprehensiveness and high quality.

A few years ago the late Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, when at Long Beach with other wealthy men, with reference to buying the island as a speculation, asked a friend what peculiar feature or advantages it had as a resort. The friend replied, "It has many, but one of the greatest is that it lies due East and West, facing the South, and as the winds of the Atlantic Coast—especially on Long Island and in New Jersey—blow from the South-West

## MONOPOLY

with almost the steadiness of trade winds, as is proved by tendency of all exposed trees, shrubs and plants to lean toward the North-East, Long Beach has steady ocean breezes, while almost all the resorts—Atlantic City in particular—lie so that most of the winds that reach them are land breezes."

You can buy residential lots, 20 x 100 feet, on this wonderful Long Beach development, *now*, for from \$700 to \$1,500 each, sold only in pairs, threes, fours, and fives; or lots on the boardwalk or business section singly at, of course, somewhat higher but still comparatively low prices, having regard to the development and improvements undertaken, which have already begun. We sell either on cash or installments. On all lots the first payment is 10% of the purchase price, 2% of the purchase price monthly thereafter until paid for, or 5% discount on any or all cash paid in, after first 10%, up to purchase price, and full warranty deed given with policy of the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. **Railway fares allowed to out-of-town buyers from their home to New York and return not to exceed a total of 3,000 miles.** Write for full particulars.

BENSONHURST  
BOROUGH PARK COMPANY  
WESTMINSTER HEIGHTS  
S. W. GUMPERTZ, *City Manager.*

## ESTATES OF LONG BEACH

WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS, President  
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

VANDERVEER CROSSINGS  
LAURELTON LAND COMPANY  
DREAMLAND  
R. TURNBULL,  
*Out-of-Town Manager*



# Why Miracle Concrete Blocks Are the Best and Cheapest Building Material

Concrete Building Blocks are more convenient, more efficient, handsomer, far more durable, cost less and make stronger walls than wood, brick or stone. Miracle Concrete Blocks are the **only** concrete building blocks with two rows of overlapping air spaces—the **only** building material which makes a wall that is actually

**Frost-Proof; Moisture-proof, and at the same time—Fire-proof. Vermin-proof—Proof against heat and cold.**

Our patents fully cover these features. That is why you cannot secure these priceless advantages in any other building material. You can **plaster directly against walls made with Miracle Blocks**, while you can not safely do that with any other material. When you use Miracle Concrete Building Blocks you save expense of furring and lathing and 20% in cash over the next cheapest building material. And Miracle Blocks will last forever.



## Build or Start in Your Own Money-Making Business Right Now

On an investment of \$250 and upward, we will send you a Miracle Block Machine and a set of moulds for making various faces, styles and sizes of Miracle Concrete Building Blocks on

### 90 Days' Trial under our Absolute Guarantee or Money Back

Then all you need is sand, water and cement.

With plain business sense you can quickly establish a very profitable business. Because the increasing demand for Miracle Double-Staggered Air Space Building Blocks is fast exceeding the supply.

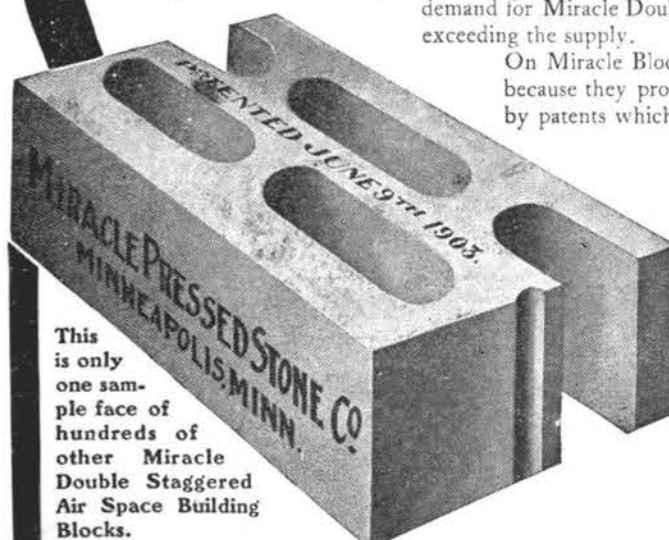
On Miracle Blocks you can have no competition on quality, because they prove their own superiority and are fully covered by patents which protect you and give you the largest profits to be gained in this most profitable industry.

Write us, and we will prove to your satisfaction that Miracle Moulds offer America's greatest opportunities for investment. Remember, our molds cost you nothing if they do not prove our claims.

**MIRACLE Pressed Stone Co.,**

812 Wilder Street,  
MINNEAPOLIS, - - - - - MINN.

Largest Manufacturers of Concrete Machinery in the World.



This is only one sample face of hundreds of other Miracle Double Staggered Air Space Building Blocks.



I want to write a letter **personally** to you—to every man or woman—who want to build your own home, or get it built at least expense.

I want to write a **personal** letter to you—to any man—who wants to start in a **most profitable money-making business** of his own.

Just write me your name and address on the **coupon below**—or a **letter**—and give me the **chance** to tell you—**free of any cost to you**—

—How easily you can build your own home and why.

—How easily you can start in the Miracle Concrete Building Block Business and make **big profits**.

—How you can defeat all competition if you start right now in your neighborhood.

—Why Miracle Machines are the best all round Concrete Block Machines.

—Why Miracle Machines have the endorsement of two Governments.

—How you get the benefit free of all our advertising.

—How we guarantee our Miracle Machines to you for 90 days and let you try them until you are satisfied in that time that all we claim for them is true—**or get your money back**.

Give me this opportunity—**personally**—and I'll guarantee you'll be much interested in the facts and documents which I'll send you free of any expense to you.

I promise you this as President of this company—the **Largest Manufacturers of Concrete Machinery in the world**.

I'll be glad to give you the benefit of my personal advice based on years of concrete building experience.

That is—if you'll just address me personally as below.

Write me any way whether you want our **Big Book on Concrete**—big as a school geography—now or not.

We will send you this large 114-page book on concrete—"The Great New Industry"—pages 9x12 inches, with over 500 illustrations. This book thoroughly covers the Concrete Industry—shows numerous buildings with size and cost, over 100 designs of blocks and the process of manufacturing, giving standard specifications for use of concrete for various purposes; the proper mixing, curing, laying and coloring of concrete blocks and specifications; the proper principle of concrete construction, air spaces, etc., for buildings of all kinds, from a \$500 house to a \$50,000 office building or a palatial mansion. It also contains expert opinions on concrete. **Mailed to you for 24c. in stamps to cover delivery expense and handling**, provided you say whether you intend to build or wish to look up concrete as a business. Address me personally as below.

Yours very truly,

*Oil. miracle*

O. U. MIRACLE,  
President Miracle  
Pressed Stone Co.,  
812 Wilder Street,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Without cost to me—or obligation—please write me full facts about the Miracle Concrete Building Block Business as you offer above free.

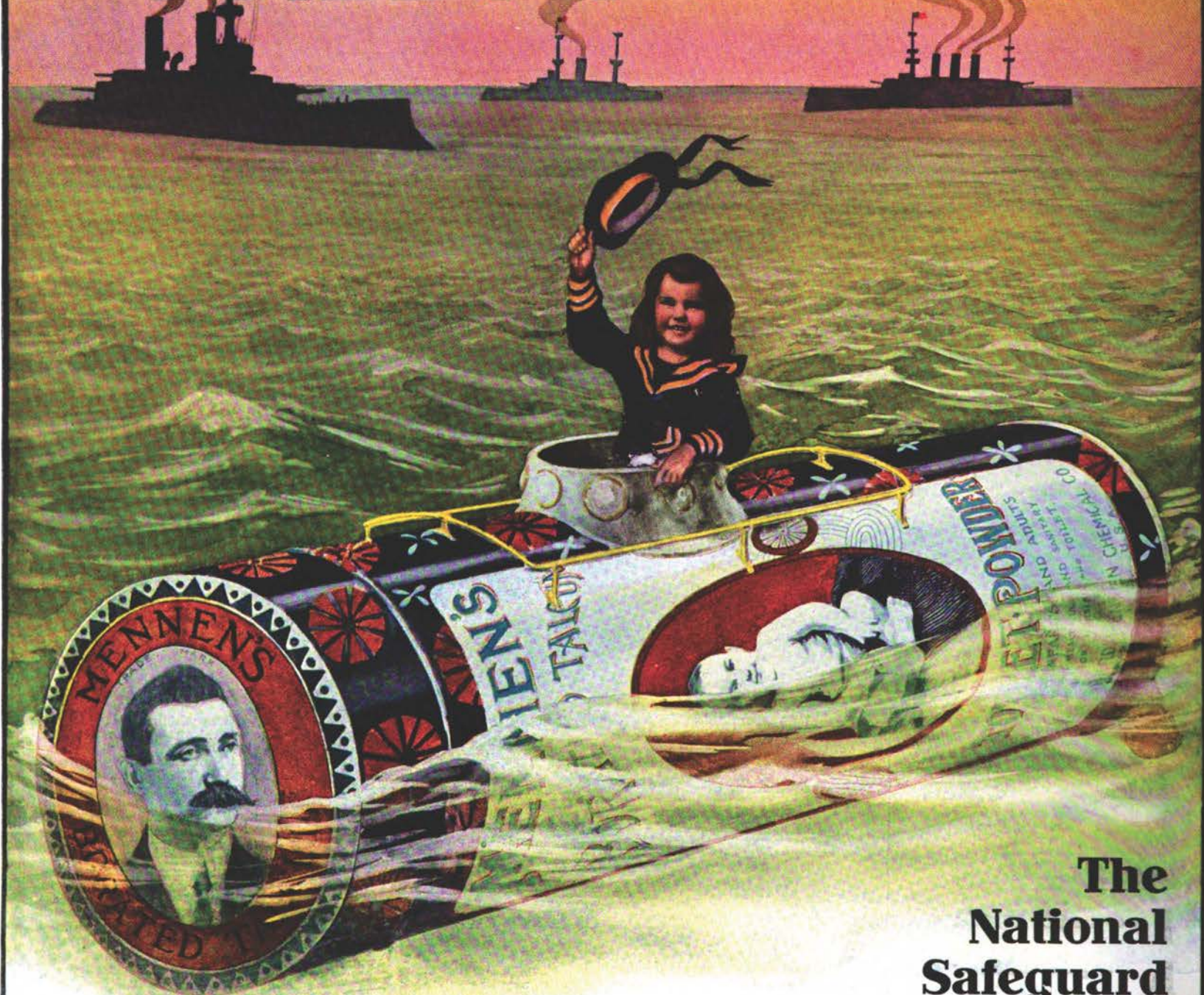
Name.....

Address.....

(Note—If you want our Big Book on Concrete, described above, enclose 24 cents stamps for delivery.)



# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



**The  
National  
Safeguard**

of American complexions and summer  
comfort is a title fairly won by test of many years for

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

a superior and safe toilet necessity. Mennen's protects the skin and is a sure relief for **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn**, and all skin troubles of summer. After **bathing** and after **shaving** it is refreshing and delightful, and indispensable in the nursery.

Put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "**box that lox**"—for your protection. If MENNEN'S face is on the cover it's **genuine** and a **guarantee of purity**. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., 30 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.**

Try MENNEN'S Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder.

It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.